

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL

FOR
SUBSCRIBERS
ONLY

FEBRUARY 1985

**HIGH PRICED
PARTNERS:
AN EXPOSE OF
RIP-OFFS IN THE
MATCHMAKING
BUSINESS**

**PHANTOM FREAKS:
THE MOST
COMICAL CLUB
IN AUSTRALIA**

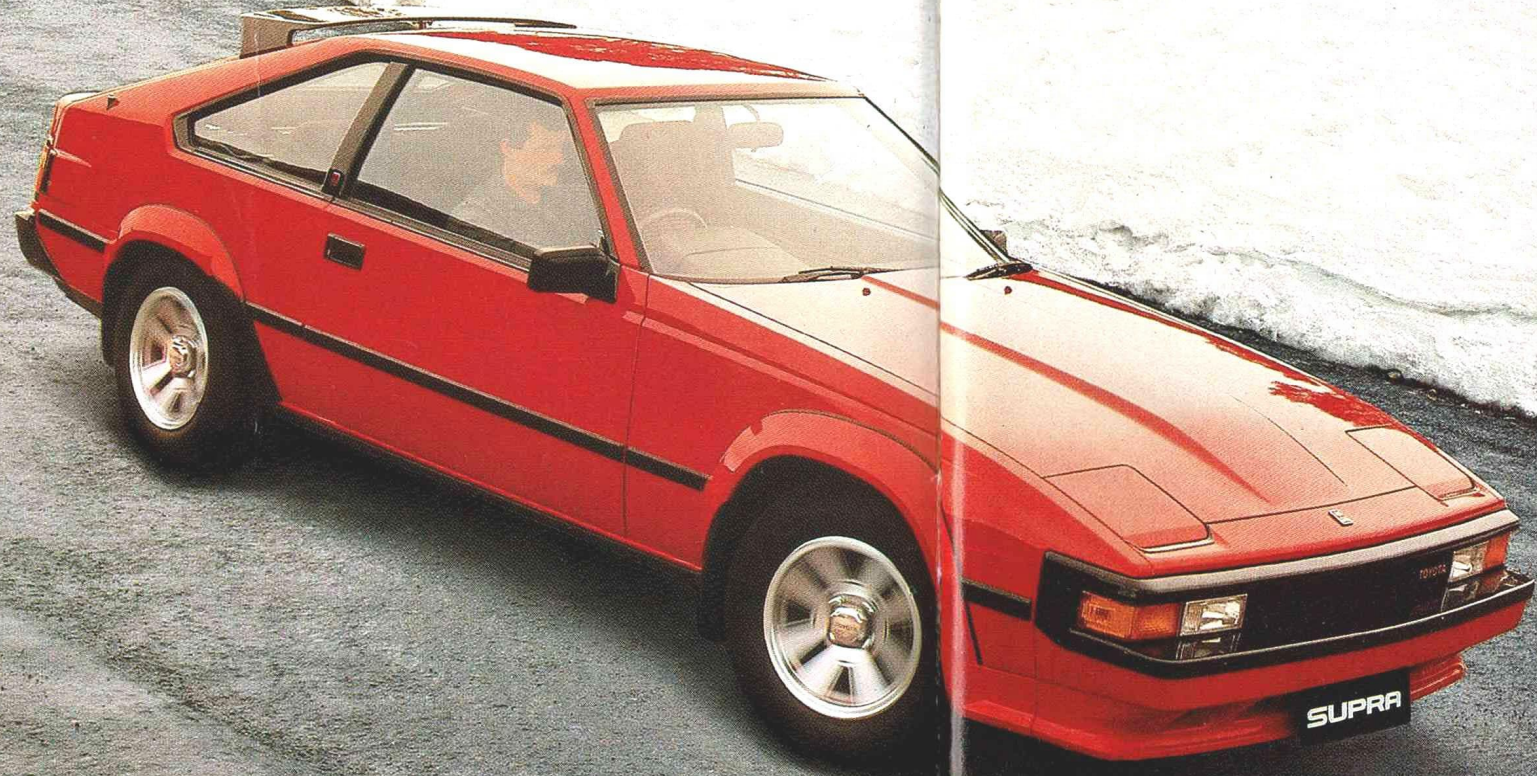
**BUILDERS' BLUES:
THE VERDICT
ON VIOLENCE
IN THE BLF**

**AMAZING
ACCUSATIONS:
JAMES ANDERSON
ON CORRUPTION
IN KINGS CROSS**

**SOUND ADVICE:
SECRETS OF
SUCCESSFUL HI-FI
PERFORMANCE**

**WIN A
SAILBOARD!**

Supra will handle a chicane at Hockenheim as easily as a hairpin at Hotham.



Toyota Supra not only has style to turn heads in Europe.

It has the handling that can easily turn the twisting hairpins on an alpine road.

And performance that is as impressive on an autobahn as it is on our highways.

A POWERFUL 6 CYLINDER HANDLING STORY.



Supra takes the exhilarating power of the 6 cylinder Super Responsive engine – with Electronic Fuel Injection – and puts it smoothly on the road.



The fully independent suspension, as part of Toyota's unique Suspension Tuning system, combines with rack and pinion steering and a limited slip differential to hug corners and straighten out sharp curves.

Then add low profile 60 series steel belt radials, on 7" alloy wheels and you're ready for gripping performance.

Not only does Supra go quickly, it also stops quickly and surely with four-wheel ventilated discs.

YOU HANDLE IT IN STYLE.

Supra's wedge-shaped styling packs retractable headlights, bumper and air scoop into an aerodynamic shape with the same drag co-efficient as a Porsche 944.

Sit inside, and Supra shows even more class.

The instruments are completely digital. The driver's seat is adjustable eight separate ways, and features something few other cars have in Australia – a pneumatic lumbar support.

Toyota Supra is a car designed for those who take their driving seriously, and place demands on their machinery.

So you get European performance with Toyota reliability.

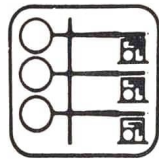
In a car ready to handle anything!

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

Australian PENTHOUSE

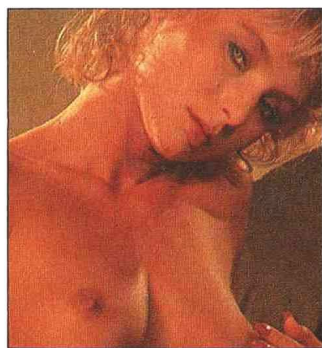
The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 6 No 2/February 1985



CONTENTS		PAGE
COVER	Sophie Jeanne	Photo by Bob Watson
HOUSECALL	Introduction	4
FEEDBACK	Opinion	6
FORUM	Correspondence	8
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Opinion	Garry Sargeant 15
SOUNDS	Reviews	Edited by Jeremy Cook 16
FILM	Reviews	Edited by C.J. Mackay 18
SEX	Opinion	Hugh Batters 20
SPORT	Opinion	Peter McDonald 22
VIDEO	Reviews	Edited by Denis Whitburn 24
WORDS	Reviews	Edited by Phil Abraham 26
LIQUOR	Opinion	Richard Beckett 28
WINNING	Opinion	Michael Korda 30
TRAVEL	Service	Edited by Fred Baker 32
THE MATING GAME	Article	Greg Hunter 34
DOWNWARD MOBILITY/JOANNE	Pictorial	Photos by Donald Milne 44
BUILDERS' BLUES	Article	David Halpin 54
THE FAST LANE	Article	Mark Fogarty 60
SOPHIE'S CHOICE	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Watson 65
PHANTOM FREAKS	Article	Frank Robson 78
SOUND ADVICE	Service	David Frith 84
FISHIN' FOR RED BREAM	Fiction	Robert Barrett 92
LA LOLA	Pictorial	Photos by Donald Milne 104
SAIL AWAY	Competition	114
THE GREAT RACE	Motoring	Peter McKay 117
JAMES ANDERSON	Interview	Graham Gambie 128
ARE YOU AN ACHIEVER?	Quiz	137
PEOPLE	Profiles	140
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL	Pictorial	142
FINDING PEACE ON EARTH IN OUTER SPACE	Advise and Dissent	Ben Bova 148
LOOSE ENDS	Service	Edited by C.J. Mackay 150



The Mating Game



Pet Of The Month



Phantom Freaks



Sound Advice

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144 Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Limited, Original Copyright (1982). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia \$3.40. *Recommended and maximum price only. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-address stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655

SHARE THE SECRET

What's the secret of the growing popularity of Guinness? Is it the rich, dark, satisfying taste? Next time round, ask for a Guinness yourself and share in the secret.



Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

EDITOR

Phil Abraham
CREATIVE DIRECTOR
Stephen Costello

EDITORIAL

Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter, John Elliot; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Assistant Art Director: Doug Finley; Contributing Editors: Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Mark Fogarty, Denis Whitburn, Jeremy Cook, Fred Baker; Office Manager: Victoria Hrelja; Typsetting: Love Typesetting.

ADVERTISING

Marketing Manager: Max Press, Tel. (02) 929 6144; P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Advertising Director: Howard Jenkins; Senior Sales Executive: Paul Dotson; Advertising Traffic Manager: Jill Van Der Horn; Vic: Bob Gaff, 349 Moray Street, South Melbourne, 3205, Tel. (03) 690 8233; SA: Krystyna Benson, Admedia Group Pty Ltd, 24 Kensington Street, Rose Park, SA, 5067, Tel. (08) 332 8144. Qld: Geoff Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069, Tel. (07) 202 6813; WA: Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 284 Stirling Street, Perth, WA, 6000, Tel. (09) 328 9593. NZ: John Scull, International Media Representation, P.O. Box 37-094 Parnell, Auckland, Tel. 793 178; Japan: Banco Media Services, Dai-ichi Nisawa Building, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-chome Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101, Tel. 252 2721. Telex: J25472 (BMSINC)

PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd; Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
(US edition).

Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Claudia Valentino; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Suzanne Locatelli.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10022. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831.

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Spain: Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

FEBRUARY



ROBERT BARRETT



FRANK ROBSON



DAVID HALPIN



CHRIS PAYNE



GREG HUNTER



YVONNE SUTHERLAND



MARK TREMLETT

HOUSECALL

THE MATING GAME

Increased alienation and loneliness coupled with a rising divorce rate has resulted in an unprecedented proportion of unattached people in Australia. Increasingly, these unfortunate leftovers are turning to introduction agencies in the hope of finding their perfect match. But value for money is very hard to come by when you're dealing with an industry dominated by unscrupulous operators. Senior Editor Greg Hunter looks at the lowdown tactics used by hit-and-run matchmakers to part the most exploitable of all consumers from their money. Mark Tremlett created the striking illustration on page 34.

BUILDERS' BLUES

The Builder's Laborers Federation is often cited by conservative forces in Australia as a symbol of all that's wrong with unionism. But as David Halpin points out, the violence endemic to the BLF's activities is far from one-sided. Halpin looks behind the headlines to provide some important insights into the angry world of the BLF. Chris Payne's illustration starts that story on page 54.

PHANTOM FREAKS

Legend has it that one Sydney solicitor, a committed member of the 3000-strong Phantom Club, quotes Old Jungle Sayings in preference to legal precedents in court. If you think that's hard to believe, turn to page 78 and treat yourself to Contributing Editor Frank Robson's extraordinary tale of a group of eccentric Australians whose lives have been transformed by a muscular apparition wearing a burglar's mask and a grey leotard. It seems the Ghost Who Walks really is immortal after all.

FISHIN' FOR RED BREAM

True Blue Aussie yarnspinner Robert Barrett is back with another balls-to-the-wall adventure featuring the unstoppable Les Norton, the Bondi bouncer with a penchant for breaking people up. This time Norton sticks his nose where it definitely doesn't belong and makes a better intercept than he could ever manage on the football field. But what does a naive country hick do with half a million bucks worth of stolen cocaine? Turn to page 92, where Yvonne Sutherland's illustration opens up the fiction for February.

SOUND ADVICE

When you cross the hi-fi threshold these days and enter the twilight zone of rampant technology, it's a very good idea to know what you're looking for. David Frith simplifies the puzzling complexities of the high-fidelity jungle with a comprehensive primer covering every aspect of shopping for sound. Illustrated by S & M, Sound Advice starts on page 84.

JAMES ANDERSON INTERVIEW

James McCartney Anderson's long-running feud with Abe Saffron clicked into high gear 12 months ago, when at the inquest into the death of Kings Cross identity Juanita Nielsen, Anderson started naming cops he claimed were on Saffron's payroll. Since then the character of this urban Tarzan has been the subject of heavy speculation. Graham Gamble's conversation with "Big Jim" covers the gamut of organised crime and police corruption, laying bare the philosophy of a man whose fierce determination to tell the truth may end up costing him his life. The interview starts on page 128.

Keppel Sandwich.



Creating the thrilling filling is just one of the challenges for your body on Great Keppel Island. All day long you can swim, snorkel, water ski, windsurf, sail, explore and play tennis. At night you can rage on the dance floor, try a squadron of B52 cocktails, find a good-looking co-pilot and head for the spa. If you think your body can take a week of wrecking, call your travel agent or TAA.

Great Keppel Island. It's a great place to get wrecked.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Heavy criticism

After having read the story Heavy Metal in an earlier issue of *Australian Penthouse*, I can safely say that I have more than enough reasons (or excuses) for enjoying heavy metal and hard rock. I must say that your writer has shown some real insight into the world of rock. Whether heavy metal is used as an escape from daily monotony or perhaps as a source of one's identity, it must be made clear (as your journalist has done) that its relation to Satanism, sexism and Fascism is strictly platonic. Heavy metal is fun. We must remember that all it is really is a form of entertainment. The mysteries and fantasies of such taboos (Satanism, Fascism, etc) are only employed by rock bands to excite their audiences. In this reader's opinion, heavy metal is much more enjoyable than the two-bit philosophies offered by the "new wave" of music. Thank you for an informative and, most importantly, objective view of a popular and often misunderstood form of music. — S. Wexler, address withheld by request.



Louise Shires... all grown up

Just checking

Just a quick note to applaud your decision to make Louise Shires your November Pet Of The Month. What a cute little munchkin! In her high-heeled shoes and jewellery (and very little else), she reminded me of a kid playing grown-up by dressing up in her mother's clothes. Are you sure she's 19? It's my bet she put her age up to get in the magazine. But then again, I could be wrong. How about another photo so I can check? — P. Forrester, Darwin, NT

Louise Shires is indeed 19 and a mature "grown-up" in every way. Check the reference material supplied. — Ed

Billy fan

I was very interested to read a little about Billy Birmingham in the People section of last December's *Australian Penthouse*. He sounds a remarkable guy, yet because of his low profile I'd never heard of him before. It would be great to find out some more about the man who was responsible for Austen Tayshus' "Australiana" and "It's Not Cricket." So how about profiling the man over a few pages, or alternatively running a full-length interview with the guy? I'm sure he'd have some interesting and amusing things to say. — Chris Gammage, Kedron, Qld

Cruisin' for a bruise

How about a travel column for the people? What gives your travel writer Fred Baker the idea that we folks out here could give a twopenny cigar about rubbing shoulders with the super-rich aboard the QE2? Baker was quite right in saying that the worst kind of bore is a travel bore. He should be an expert on the subject of ennui, having dished it out for some months in his columns. His derogatory references to "downmarket cruises offered by some ships cruising out of Australia" were the final straw.

Mr Baker, some of us like "downmarket" cruises, and very, very few of us can afford a jaunt on the QE2. So why rub our noses in it? I presume that as a travel writer you've been offered a free sample of the wares. By all means "buttonhole people in some of the better bars" and bore them with your cruising tales; just don't pay your debts from the pages of what is otherwise a fine magazine. — Jack L., Tweed Heads, NSW

Another helping

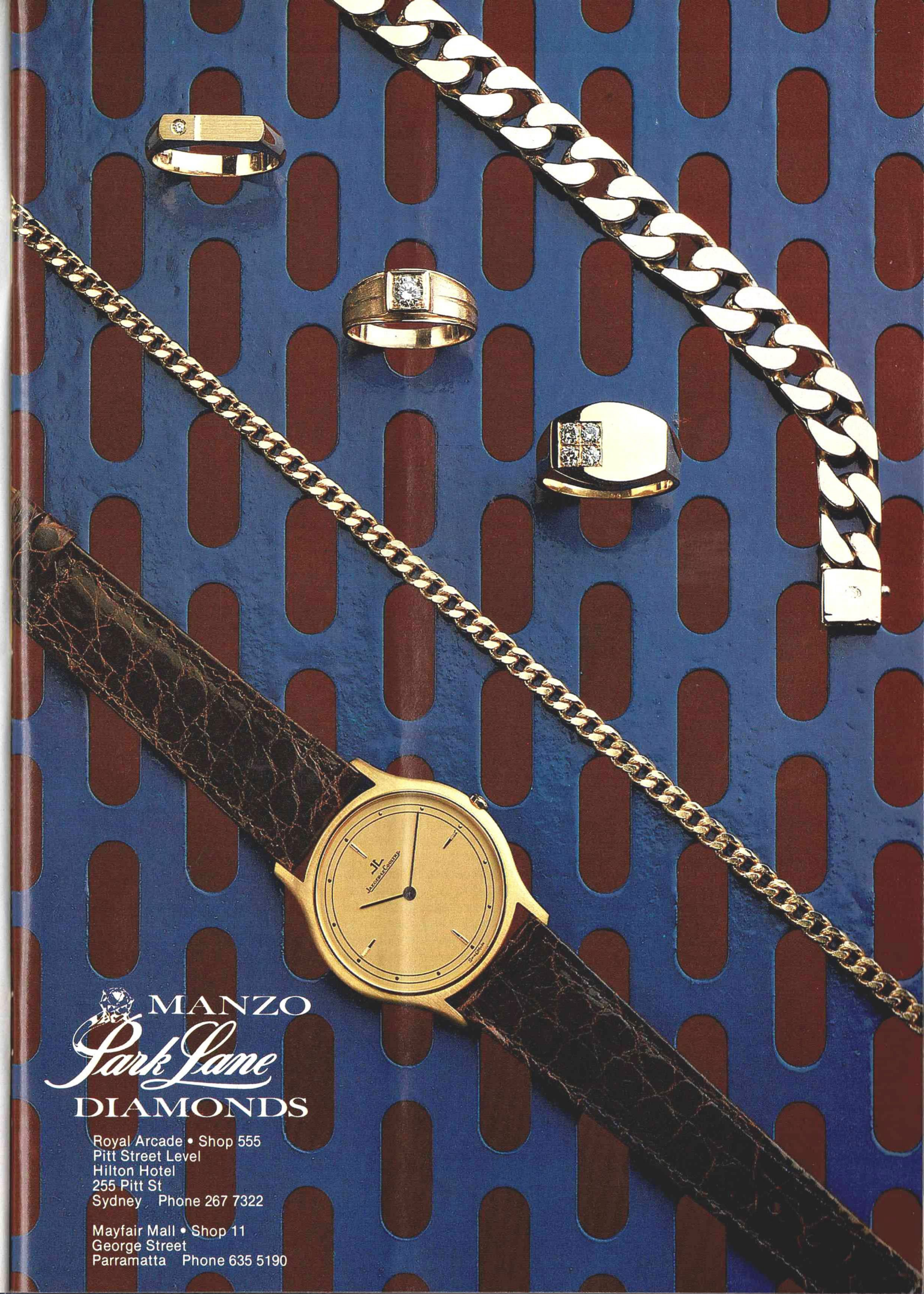
I like Richard Beckett's style. His article "The Great Australian Barbecue" in October *Penthouse* was a further fine example of his highly entertaining and no-bullshit approach to food and drink. I've never read a more humorous story about our national pastimes of charring lumps of meat and guzzling plonk. In a field of journalistic specialisation that is rank with wankers, Beckett's stories are a breath of fresh air. I'm looking forward to another helping in the near future. — R. Finlayson, Sydney

Look no further than Beckett's offering on page 30. — Ed

Keep on keeping on

Congratulations, *Penthouse*. You run a pretty smooth operation, producing a magazine that's got something for everyone. Your articles contain a good mixture of fact and humor — with none of the bullshit that some magazines insist on including. The Sealed Section especially provides some very important information. One thing I could never forget about *Penthouse* is the girls — they're all fantastic (especially Sue and Louise Elvin).

The magazine is so good I've decided to subscribe for the next year. I'm eagerly looking forward to the next 12 editions. — Phillip Bua, Peakhurst, NSW



MANZO
Park Lane
DIAMONDS

Royal Arcade • Shop 555
Pitt Street Level
Hilton Hotel
255 Pitt St
Sydney Phone 267 7322

Mayfair Mall • Shop 11
George Street
Parramatta Phone 635 5190

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request.
Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Part-time work

A few months ago my husband and I were walking through Kings Cross when a whore approached Dave. My being with him didn't seem to bother her at all. I was more than a little upset at the attention he paid her, although she was very pretty and had a nice figure, most of which was on open display. When I brought up the subject later Dave admitted that she had turned him on. He told me the two things that had excited him were the way she was dressed, and the fact that she was available to any man.

It really bothered me over the next few days. I wondered if my husband had already used a whore, or was likely to in the near future. I then decided to fight fire with fire. I am 26 years old and we have been married for four years. I am told I have a pretty face and a nice figure. My measurements are 36-25-35. My tits are firm and full with rather large nipples. My stomach is trim and flat. My arse is nicely rounded and I have long and nicely shaped legs. Our sex life has been very good, although somewhat quiet.

I went into the city and selected a new dress. The neckline was cut so low my tits almost spilled over the top, and the dress was so short it barely covered my panties. I went home and spent the rest of the day trying to get up my nerve. I then called my husband and asked him to meet me at a particular corner in the Cross at exactly 8pm.

I put on my new dress with nothing but a pair of bikini panties beneath it. When it was nearing time to meet Dave I drove in to the Cross and parked a couple of blocks from our rendezvous point. I must admit I found the attention I received from men on the street strangely exciting. My husband was waiting for me. I walked up to him, asked if he would like to screw me and quoted a price.

Dave got a hard-on right then and there. He stood staring at me for a minute, then asked what he would get for his money. I told him he could have anything he wanted, for half an hour. I then took him to a cheap hotel nearby.

Once in the room I refused to let him touch me, or to undress, before he paid me. When he gave me the money I took my dress off and told him that since he had bought me as a whore I expected him to screw me as one. He pushed me to my knees and thrust his cock into my mouth.

I sucked his cock for a few minutes before he threw me on to the bed and mounted me. He fucked me as hard as he could, and it was the wildest experience of my life. Before his half hour was up he had screwed me every which way. When it was time to leave he wouldn't give me my panties, and it didn't bother me at all. When we got home he wanted to screw me again. I made him pay for it again, but it wasn't the same.

Over the next few days we both brought up the subject from time to time, and both agreed we wanted to try it again. We set up the next episode for the following Saturday night. My husband would drive me into the city, drop me off and then pick me up at the same corner. On the drive in he told me the only thing that would make it more exciting would be if I had taken on at least a couple of other customers before he screwed me.

When Dave parked the car, instead of getting out, I asked if he was serious about other men using me as a whore. For a reply he pulled my hand to his cock to feel his full hard-on. I told him I would do it, but I wanted him to see men picking me up.

I was much easier than I had expected. After I arrived at "my corner" a man approached me and asked how much it would cost him for me to suck his cock. I quoted a price and he led me into a dark alley. He took his cock out and I knelt to suck him off. While I sucked I let him take my tits out. It took a couple of minutes for him to explode in my mouth.

Minutes later I approached a man for the first time and offered to let him screw me. We walked a couple of blocks to the hotel I was using. It really turned me on to undress before a complete stranger, then take his cock into my mouth and pussy. In the next couple of hours I put out to four men, and thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

Then it was my husband's turn to use me as a whore. He wanted to fuck me in the car. When he was finished with me he asked if I was ready to go home. I told him I wanted to take on a few more men first. By the time we left the Cross that night I had been worked over by eleven men and had sucked nine cocks.

I told my husband I wanted to go on working as a whore from time to time, and that I wanted to work a night in a whorehouse. I also told him I wanted to put out to a few men without their having to pay

for it. Now in three months I have been screwed by over 60 men. Last week I had my first lesbian experience. Believe me, it will not be my last! I have tried, and enjoyed, sex acts I had never dreamed of. My only regret is all the fun I could have had if I'd started this years ago. I have been screwed in front of my husband several times and I have come every time these men have screwed me. I will go on being a whore for as long as I find it this exciting.
— A.B., Carlton, NSW

Flying high

I shouldn't have shown him. We had a plane to catch. He suspected there was something different under my skirt when he ran his hands over my thighs and across my round bottom. He could feel the little bumps of my garters, so I raised my skirt so he could see them peeking out from under my black mesh panties. He gasped in delight and reached for my legs in an attempt to expose more. I danced away provocatively, reminding him of our flight. His disappointment was acute. I could see the bulge in his suit pants where his cock was nestling comfortably. It had swollen in size to form a large ridge, straining against the fabric. Teasingly, I stroked it, toyed with his zipper, and then pulled away. "We'll be late," I chided him, laughing. "We better go."

During the plane ride, we played with each other untiringly. We kissed slowly and deeply. His tongue caressed mine and then dipped into the recesses of my cheeks. I unbuttoned his shirt and pinched his nipples and made him wince with delight. His cock grew hard again, but it was restrained by the seat belt. I giggled at his predicament as he shifted in his seat to make room for his growing hard-on.

"You witch," he said. "When did you get that black garter belt? It's making me hot."

"You'll just have to wait," I said. I was getting hot too. I could feel little clinging droplets forming on my pussy. He tried tugging at my skirt, but he could only slide it up to the top of my stockings. We could both see where my stockings ended and my things began. The sight of black mesh hose against glistening white skin was erotic. It was just a matter of time.

We rode to the hotel in a limousine. I was wearing a grey linen suit and a white silk blouse. He was in a black silk suit with a crisply starched shirt. Shafts of light streaked in through the sunroof across his

hands as they touched my body. He fondled my breasts through my blouse and rubbed my nipples until they pouted. His fingers explored me under my garters, searching out the wetness of my folds. He jabbed them into me and I squeezed, holding on to his fingers as if they were his cock.

We had an award banquet to attend. Soon we were among the cocktail crowd and at the dinner table. Restlessly, we sat through the speeches and the presentations. Our lust was mounting. Waves of heat radiated from my crotch, attracting his fingers once again. His hand lightly grazed my thighs and travelled into my softening crevices. "Not here, not now," I whispered feverishly.

He smiled mischievously and continued his gentle tweaking of my clit. His rhythm intensified. The wetness increased. He pulled the drape of the tablecloth over my lap and hiked my skirt up higher. Peter, the creative director of our firm, who was seated on my right, smiled at me and commented on the show. I smiled back, inanely. My eyes were distant and my thoughts were elsewhere. I was so aware of the clutching in my pussy. My lover tussled with the crotch of my panties, "Go take off your panties," he ordered.

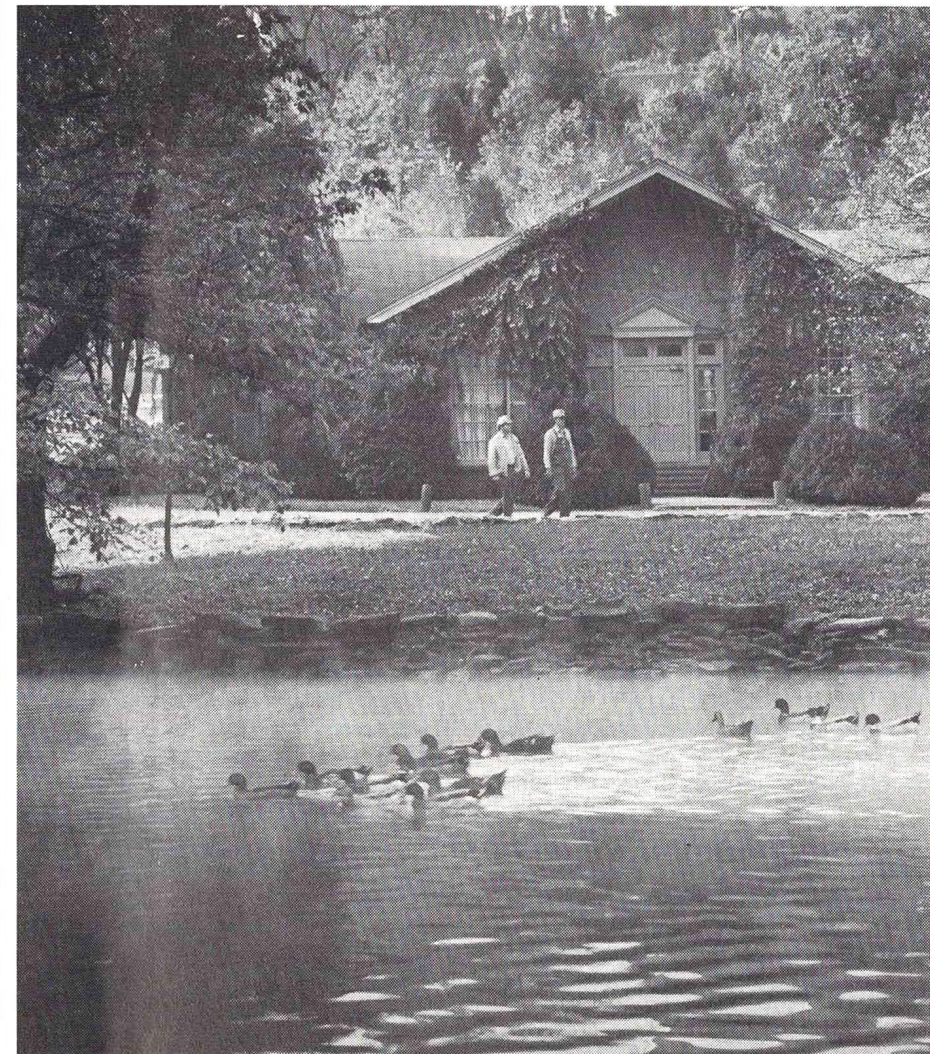
I followed his instructions and left the table inconspicuously. I removed my panties in the women's bathroom and stuffed them into my evening bag. When I returned to the table he took up where he had left off. Now, there was no hindrance for his probing fingers. Insistently, they darted in and out of my flesh. He spread my thighs apart. I was pulsating. My breathing was rapid. The sensations moved over me in swells. I was about to come. . . . Oh, my God. Peter suddenly got up to leave. He extended his hand to shake my lover's hand. It popped out of my pussy like a cork from a champagne bottle. He shook hands with Peter while I looked on disbelievingly. Peter left with my pussy juices pressed into his hand.

We laughed thinking how Peter innocently partook in our tryst. The thought enhanced our surreptitious lovemaking. We could hold out no longer. Murmuring our goodbyes, we hailed a cab to our suite.
— Name and address withheld

The best advertisement

A few months ago I picked up a swinger's magazine at a porn shop. Glancing through the personal ads I caught sight of something that gave me an instant hard-on. It was one of the sexiest shots of a woman I had ever seen. It was a frontal shot of the woman as the wind lifted her dress, showing skin-tight bikini panties and fantastic legs. She wore a suspender belt and stockings: always a turn-on for me.

The ad itself was long and detailed, offering to let well-hung studs screw her in front of her husband, and promising to



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line. We'd like to get to know you.

WE NEVER DREAMED we'd be adding on to the main office in Jack Daniel's Hollow.

Reagor Motlow built the front three rooms in 1952 and everyone wondered what he'd do with the space. Since then, we've added a little to the left of it and some to the right. And recently we've put several newer rooms out back. Occasionally, good friends inquire as to how we've grown to such size. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, they have their answer.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

JWT563.P261 AB3274/84

FORUM

suck cocks and participate in any sex act required. I bought the magazine and hurried back to my flat. I jacked off while going over that ad and picture again and again.

Eventually I turned to the next page, and found another ad of the same woman, this time with a picture of her playing with her pussy with one hand and her tits with the other. Her tits were as gorgeous as her legs. This ad offered pictures and erotic correspondence. I found a third ad, which showed her laying back naked while being screwed by a very big cock.

After relieving myself I went back to the porn shop and went through back issues. I found 11 more ads, all with fantastic pictures. I bought all the magazines and when I got back to my flat I clipped out her ads. Over the next few days I jacked off many times. I've never put any faith in these ads, but this was one I had to answer. I wrote four pages, describing all the things I wanted to do to that body.

A couple of weeks later I received a very bulky envelope in the mail. When I opened it I found a dozen pictures and a long letter from Ann. The first was a picture of her undressing as seen through a keyhole, then a couple of raised skirt shots. The rest were heavy shots of Ann sucking cocks and being screwed by different men. The

last was a picture of her eating a beautiful woman.

She described herself as 39 years old, happily married and an easy piece of arse for any man with a hard-on. She admitted to putting out as often as she could get it, usually in front of her husband. She said she was looking for big men and wanted to know what I thought of fucking another man's wife. I found the idea really wild.

We exchanged a couple of letters before Ann gave me her phone number. I called her that evening, and while we talked she told me she was feeling herself up. We made a date for a week later. I was to go to her home and would be welcome to spend the night. That was one of the longest weeks of my life!

When Ann opened the door I found her pictures had not done her justice. I was greeted by the most erotic sight of my life. She was wearing a white see-through blouse. Her tits jutted over the top of a black brassiere, showing me the biggest nipples I've ever seen. She was wearing a rather short white skirt, split in front to reveal the tops of her stockings.

When I stepped into the house Ann threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. Her tongue was darting in my mouth and she was grinding her pussy against my hard cock. She reached between us and played with my cock, telling me how much she wanted it in her. After a minute she broke the kiss and led me into the living

room where her husband was waiting. She introduced me to Dave, then sat on the couch with me while he fixed us a drink. When I agreed to pictures he took out a camera and sat down across the room from us.

Ann took my hand in hers and guided it under her skirt. We sat, talked and sipped our drinks while I played with her legs and she ran her hand over my prick. Her husband was taking pictures from time to time. When I reached her panties I found they were soaking wet and slippery.

Ann opened the front of her blouse and took her tits out, then took my drink, leaned forward and dipped her nipple into it. She then asked me to suck her tits and tickle her snatch. I took a nipple into my mouth and licked the drink from it. Her nipples were as hard as rock. I slipped my hand under her panties and started fingering her. Ann turned and lay back in my arms while I sucked her. Then she raised up her hips and slipped her panties off, then unzipped my pants and took my cock out.

Ann pulled away from me and knelt on the floor. She pulled my prick to her tits and started flicking the head of my cock back and forth across those gorgeous nipples. She then stroked my cock all over her face before taking it into her mouth.

I've never had a blowjob like that! Her head kept bobbing up and down slowly, sliding my cock in and out of her mouth while she sucked and licked it. With each

stroke she took it a little deeper until the head was running down her throat. I grabbed a tit in each hand and started squeezing them. The more I squeezed, the hotter she got, and then she was taking my prick all the way in her mouth.

Ann pulled away from me, lay back on the couch, pulled her skirt up and spread her beautiful legs. She was writhing, begging me to put it in her, to screw her like a whore. As I moved between her legs Dave came closer. He took my cock in his hand and guided it into his wife's snatch.

Ann started screaming that she was coming as soon as I stuck it in her. Her legs were kicking out in the air, then locking around my waist. She gave me the wildest piece of arse of my life, all the while begging me to fuck her, screw her, ram it to her. I could feel her gash milking my cock as her arse was whipped from side to side.

As soon as I pulled my cock out of her, Ann got down and sucked me again. It didn't take me long to get another hard-on in her mouth. She finished undressing except for her suspender belt and stockings, then led me into the bedroom. Ann let me eat her for a few minutes, then she mounted me. As soon as I had my cock in her pussy she sat up straight and started playing with her tits and clitoris. She shoved a couple of fingers up her pussy with my cock and I could feel those fingers stroking my cock inside her. She leaned

forward and started a slow grind on my cock. She stopped before I came, then got off me and mounted her husband. As soon as he had his prick in her cunt Ann motioned me in behind her. She reached back and guided my prick into her. It was extremely tight and she was crying out that the two pricks hurt her, but she kept thrusting back until I had my cock all the way in her. We screwed her together until we both erupted in orgasm.

I have screwed this woman seven times now. Once she invited one of her girlfriends along and they treated me to a lesbian display before I screwed them both. One night she told me she had been screwed by over 2000 men, and I believe her! She is by far the wildest and best piece of arse I have ever stuck my cock into. I consider the day I picked up that magazine as the luckiest day of my life. — R.B., Rockdale, NSW

Seeing is believing

Last Saturday was like most other Saturdays. I slept late, took care of some business during the day, had a run, showered, ate dinner and then hit the pub circuit. I decided to try a new pub since I was having a bad streak at my usual place. This new place was fairly expensive as pubs go, and the clientele was appropriately affluent looking. In addition to a bar, this place has a restaurant too, and when I glanced towards it, I saw a woman I recognised, a

management official who works in a different department than me, but at the same place. Claire is very attractive and I was surprised to find her eating alone. She saw me, I waved, and she gave me an extended stare signifying that she was not sure who I was. I introduced myself, and she asked me if I would care to join her. I readily agreed and ordered a drink. To my surprise she insisted on paying for the drink, and I promised to buy the next round.

The more I spoke with Claire, the more attractive she seemed to me. She was very formal at work, wore relatively conservative clothes, and was by no means a flirt. Most of the guys don't pay too much attention to her because there are more attractive women at work who are less formal, dress more attractively, and, in short, are more friendly. She is very intelligent and has a terrific sense of humor. Incidentally, she's 29, a year older than me, about medium height, with small-sized breasts, a good figure, medium-length, curly brown hair, and as I was soon to find out, great legs. When she excused herself to go to the bathroom, I saw that she was wearing a dress, fairly tight at that, and that she had beautiful long legs which I had never seen before as she wore slacks at work.

After we ordered a bottle of wine, the conversation flowed freely. I noticed that she was smiling at me and looking deep into my eyes. I decided to ask her if I could walk her home. I was a little nervous be-

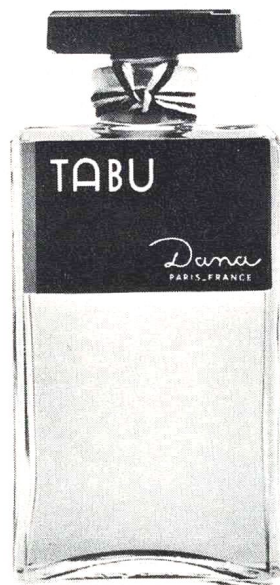
A MIXED BACKGROUND IS GOOD FOR THE CHARACTER.



Every year we blend the best from the three best wine-growing regions and make something even better. LINDEMANS NYRANG HERMITAGE.



Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

cause she was part of the brass where I work, but when she eagerly agreed, I felt like a million dollars.

She lived about six blocks away from the bistro and on the way home, we stopped in the park to look at the stars. She turned to me and gave me the softest kiss on the cheek. I kissed her back and she smiled at me, took my hand and led me to her unit.

She had a nice place. She asked me if I would like more wine, and I surprised her by saying no. When she asked me why not, I turned to her and kissed her. She smiled and suggested we sit on the couch. We began to kiss more passionately. I had had such a nice evening I wanted to give her more pleasure than she ever had before, so I made sure we had a long tender session of foreplay. I kissed her neck and stroked her breasts lightly through her dress. She pressed my hand hard against her right breast. Claire began to breathe softly but heavily as I unbuttoned her dress and slowly licked her exposed breast. By now we were lying on the couch, and I freed her other bosom from her bra and began to lick it. Her head snapped from side to side as she clutched my shoulders and neck.

She was sweating quite a bit, and moaning even louder. I continued for what seemed like an hour, and then ran my hand down her torso toward her love box. When my hand glided over it, she let out what could be described as a gentle scream. I ran my hand slowly up her legs and stroked her through her wet cotton panties. She just lay there, sweating, moaning, and languishing as I continued my assault of pleasure.

I took off my shirt, shoes, and belt, and I pressed my skin against hers. I undid the rest of her dress and bra, and gave her a passionate French kiss. She began to massage my crotch, which had been erect for what seemed like hours. I told her to lie still, parted her lovely thighs, and began to kiss her pelvic mound. I slowly removed her soaked panties and slithered my tongue into her warm, moist pussy. She writhed and squirmed as I continued the licking and gentle nibbling of her clitoris. For fear of ruining her couch with stains, I asked her where the bedroom was. She told me she was too weak to move, so I picked her up and carried her to the love chamber. I had never seen a woman so weak from foreplay. Most of the women I had been with got more excited and energetic and animalistic, but not Claire. This turned me on beyond belief. I removed my pants and socks, and freed my aching cock from my underwear. I removed the rest of Claire's clothes and lay down next to her, and we locked ourselves in each other's arms in a steaming embrace.

We kissed for a few minutes, then I

climbed on top of her and pressed my cock on her pelvic area. She begged me to enter her, but I just continued to stroke my cock on her moist pussy. Finally, I could stand it no longer.

As slowly as I could, I slid my penis deep into her hot vagina. She wrapped her arms around my neck and locked her legs around mine. She continued to moan louder as I stroked her longer and deeper. I had never felt a warmer, wetter love box. Claire was so wet my strokes were effortless. The deeper I penetrated, the more she would groan. After about 10 minutes, she began a convulsing, screaming orgasm that brought me to the most powerful and satisfying climax of my life. She held me tight for a while, and said she had never had such a satisfying experience, and that I should lay back so that she could return the favor. She played with my penis, got it hard, and gave me the longest, best blowjob a guy could want.

The moral of this story is: Don't ignore the women in the world who aren't outwardly beautiful, and remember a woman's figure and passion are often greater than the clothes she wears. — *Name and address withheld*

One special night

I am a 27-year-old blonde. My friends say I am full-bodied. My husband and I have been married for almost 10 years and have enjoyed a wonderful sex life thanks to your magazine. I would like to share with you a little game that we have been playing for a year now. Once a month, we each get a night of our own to totally plan and dominate the sexual activity of the evening. One of my favorite sessions is described below.

I usually start getting ready that very morning for my evening of fun. The first thing is I don't take my usual shower. This is where the fun begins. I start by pulling on a pair of sheer pantyhose (the kind with the nylon crotch, so I really sweat). Over that, I wear a tight G-string so that it rides up my crack all day long. While I finish getting dressed I tell my husband that I will be home a little late and that he should be waiting for me wearing nothing but his jockstrap.

When I finally get home I am ready to explode. I usually masturbate at least three times during the day. My crotch is usually drenched with my juices. When I get home my husband is usually waiting with a stiff drink to get the night rolling. I immediately remove my skirt and slip so that he can see me in only my blouse, and pantyhose, and spiked heels. As I sit on the couch I tell him that my feet hurt and could use a good rubbing. He starts massaging them but ends up sucking and kissing my feet like there is no tomorrow. I let him work his way up my thighs so that he can get a good whiff of what he will be tasting later. Next, I order him to lay on his back with his hands under his arse. Then I mount his

prick and begin to dry-hump him. I start grinding away at his crotch while burying my breasts in his face. I remove my bra and let him suck and lick my sweaty chest and neck. I remove my G-string and make him suck my tasty juices from it as I grind away on his groin. By now he has come all over his jockstrap and my soaked pantyhose. I remove the G-string from his mouth, stand up, turn around, and plant my bum right on his face. By this time my pussy is just asking to be kissed. So, as the finale, I remove the drenched panty-hose and mount that eager face for the best orgasm ever. After I am totally wiped, I make him suck my pantyhose while relieving himself with a good handjob. Next week it is his turn — maybe I can get him to write in. — *Name and address withheld*

A change of pace

I am a 30-year-old advertising executive. I must admit that my sex life has been fairly average — until recently. After breaking up with my boyfriend of three years, I decided a change of pace was in order.

On a hot, sunny day last week I walked to the beach near my place, clad in my smallest string bikini. The top barely covered my breasts, and the bottoms scarcely concealed my arse and the little curls of blonde pubic hair in front. My nipples stiffened and I felt a tingling in my pussy at the thought of what my long legs and dark tan were doing to the men on the beach.

On the sand I noticed three gorgeous hunks sitting with a girl in a red, one-piece swimsuit. I placed my things near them, put on dark sunglasses, and pretended to read a book, all the while gazing at the tan muscular bodies so close to me.

Soon, one of the guys, a tall Scandinavian type with sexy blue eyes and a sumptuous bulge in his trunks, came over and introduced me to the others. John looked much like Chris, only taller, with penetrating green eyes. Dave was darker, with a boyish smile and a body like Adonis. The girl, Liz, was shorter than me, thin, with black hair and enormous breasts that threatened to fall out of her top at any moment.

We started things off with a bottle of sparkling wine. After six drinks I have to admit I was feeling quite fine. As we talked, Chris leaned against me and whispered that I would enjoy what was going to happen. He began kissing my neck and fondling me in front of the others, who were no doubt getting quite a show. I offered token resistance at first, but Chris's nimble tongue and the growing wetness in my pussy took charge of me. I pressed my body against his, rubbing my slit against his stiffening cock. Suddenly, I felt a pair of hands behind me removing my bikini top. It was Liz. I could feel the fleshy warmth of her big soft tits pressing against my back as she pinched and tugged my aching nipples.

In a moment, John and Dave shed their swimsuits, pulled Liz away, and began screwing her from each end. I watched hungrily, wishing that I was getting all that cock, too, but I knew that my turn would come soon. Quickly, I removed my soaked bikini bottom and fell to my knees, staring at Chris's beautiful tool. Ever so slowly I sucked and licked the purple crown, occasionally swallowing the length of his rigid member. "Suck it. Oh, yeah. You love my fat cock, don't you?" he said. I could only moan with delight and increase my fervent licking.

As Chris jabbed my mouth, John took advantage of my other end by stuffing his thick shaft into my steaming box. Eagerly, I bucked against the hard meat while sucking for all I was worth. The sensation of two men inside of me at once, pumping wildly, was almost too much pleasure. The first wave of a tremendous orgasm ripped through my body as Chris blew off into my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could, but some of the slick jism flowed down my chin, only to be rubbed into my face by his glistening pole.

I needed another cock in my mouth. Dave came to the rescue, slipping his slick shaft past my hungry lips. I could taste Liz's wetness on him, and it thrilled me to think that his penis had been inside her.

John and Dave continued to have me like this for another 20 minutes, until they filled me with their hot come.

Now it was Liz's turn. The guys watched as she and I kissed each other deeply. Our tongues circled and darted back and forth as we traded the creamy love juice in my mouth. Gently she pushed me on to my back and slowly kissed her way down my body, pausing to suck on my super-sensitive nipples. I gasped when her tongue brushed against my clitoris. She licked and sucked expertly, bringing me to the brink of orgasm, then stopped abruptly. I tried to rub my legs together in a vain attempt to come, but she held them firmly. "Beg for it!" she demanded. "Please suck me, Liz. Make me come, please!" I screamed. I couldn't believe my ears. I was desperate. She started in again and I pushed her head into my pussy, thrashing wildly. Liz moved around and lowered her dripping box on to my face. It was the first time I had ever eaten another woman. She tasted wonderful. Liz's sweet snatch, and her magical tongue, sent tidal waves of pleasure surging through my body.

When we finished, I lay there panting as Liz rubbed her lovely breasts against mine. I guess the show recharged the men, because we spent the rest of the afternoon rutting and sucking. Since then I've got together with my beach buddies on several occasions. My boyfriend wants to get back together, but I think I'll just invite him over for our next session. — *Name and address withheld* 

IT'S A *Manz* WORLD

...every woman loves a Manz man

when the...
and the...
or the...
aren't enough



A week in an apartment at swinging Surfers will turn the most definite 'no' into who knows. Or if quantity is your thing see what wonders a week in your apartment at Surfers will do for your numbers game. Two more excellent reasons for taking an 'Individual Owner Holiday' at Surfers Royale. Add these to the fact that Surfers Royale is:—

- A holiday that's literally right on the beach.
- A holiday that's a step to the heart of Surfers Paradise.
- A holiday where you and your neighbours are partners in the ownership of the resort.
- A holiday with 14 one bedroom and 29 two bedroom superbly decorated, luxury apartments.
- A holiday where the apartments make you feel at home.
- A holiday that has an indoor pool, a tennis court, a sauna and spa and naturally the best barbeque area around.
- A holiday that's available now, to anyone wishing to enjoy a piece of Australia's most exclusive beach.

Individual Owner Holiday

With an 'Individual Owner Holiday' you actually own a holiday in the resort for a stipulated period of time. You can buy one week or as many as you need at a once only purchase price (excluding annual maintenance). Plus, should you and your neighbours decide to sell the resort you share in the net proceeds of the sale. Finance is available to approved clients. Applications can only be made on the form attached to the Prospectus.

To Surfers Royale Marketing Pty. Ltd.
(Incorporated in Queensland)
1st Floor, MacArthur Chambers,
201 Edward Street,
Brisbane. 4000. QLD.

I would like to know more about an
'Individual Owner Holiday'
at Surfers Royale.

NAME: _____

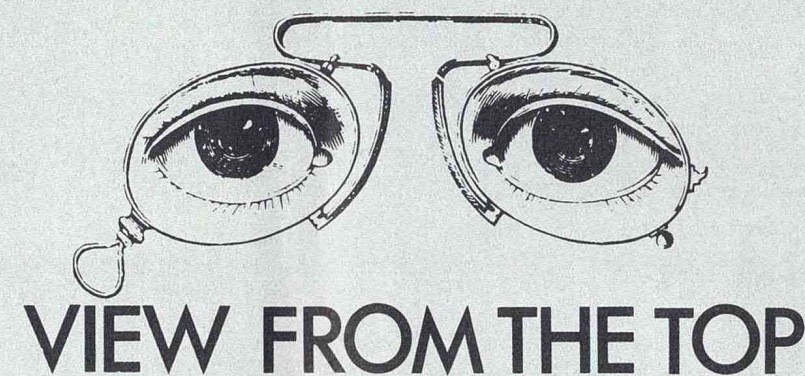
ADDRESS: _____

POST CODE: _____

TELEPHONE: _____

SURFERS ROYALE

Your piece of Australia's most exclusive beach



VIEW FROM THE TOP

NO SEX PLEASE

BY GARRY SARGEANT

One of the many great leaps for mankind — excuse me, humankind — made by the present government has been anti-sexual discrimination legislation and, as part of this, taking sexual discrimination out of government language. I'm all for de-chauvinising the English language. But let's get it right. If we're going to do it, we should make a thorough job of it.

I applaud the change from "chairman" to "chairperson" and from "mankind" to "humankind." When the human on the motorcycle delivers my mail (perhaps a better word would be "correspondence", or more accurately, "bills"), I say: "Hey, the mailperson is here." When I was younger I thought I wanted to be a fireman or a Navy frogman. Of course, I was misled then. What I really wanted to be was a fireperson or a Navy frogperson. Much more exciting than being a breadperson or a milkperson.

I note with approval that some women carry placards announcing that they are marching for womyn's rights. This move to divorce men from womyn seems to me to be appropriate and certainly in line with general trends towards divorce in modern society. What worries me is that this thing is simply not taken to its necessary conclusion. It is high time men were taken out of menstruation. Let's have no more talk of it. Let's keep the men out of hymens, too. In future, let it be hymyn and mynstruation.

Of course, menopause will have to go as well. Mynopause might be better, or personopause. Yes, personstruation and hyperson. Womyn stop having personstruation when they hit personopause — usually a long, long time after they have lost their hypersons. Yes, that makes sense. Unless, of course, the womyn has had a hysterectomy. Another invidious-sounding term. Wouldn't it be better to say a hersterectomy? Yes, a womyn who has had a hersterectomy won't personstruate anymore.

We should not be thought to neglect the other side of the coin. No, that would be sexist. How many men have had to endure the indignity of a hernia? The complaint is much more common among men than womyn. Of course, some womyn do suffer them.

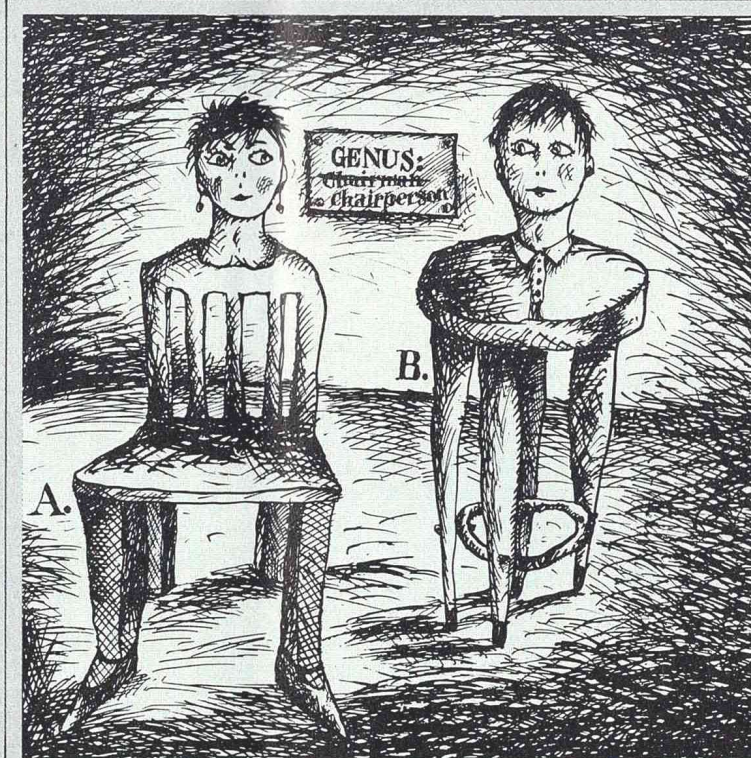
Perhaps we could have hisnias and hernias. While we're at it, it's time we stopped talking about herpes. Sometimes it's herpes, but just as often it's hispes. What about history? That will have to go out the window, too. Let's hear no more about the history of mankind. Henceforth, let it be the herstory of personkind. Yes, much better. When all is said and done, it would be unfair to blame just men for the sorry state that personkind is in at the moment. God knows. (And She would, too.)

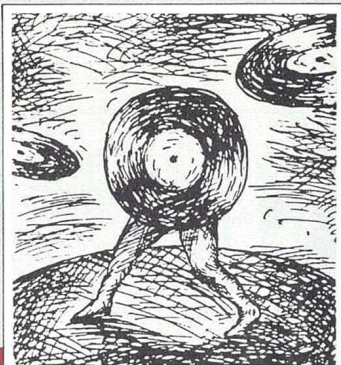
The present government doubtless has a strong mandate... I mean, persondate... to change the language. You would have to be a personiac to oppose them. But wait a minute. There's something seriously amiss here. (Amisss? We might have to change that one, too. Something seriously aperson here?) Wait a minute. There's something seriously wrong here. All this talk of humankind and chairperson and mailperson and frogperson. Oh dear, they've slipped under our guard again. Never mind, we can still salvage the situation. How about hu-person-kind? The herstory of hu-person-kind. Hu-per-son-kind. No, that would never do. Humynkind? The herstory of humynkind. That sounds better. How about chairper-offspring? Ah, now that is a definite improvement. Yes, the herstory of per-offspring-kind. It has a ring to it. My mail was just delivered by the mailperoffspring. Today, fireperoffsprings attended a fearsome blaze on the Sydney docks.

Policeperoffsprings suspect it was that work of an aroffspringist.

Naturally, it is going to take a while to adjust to these things. A few terms might sound a trifle odd at first. In the long run, however, the benefits are personifestly obvious. Every man, womyn and child should take it upon itself to take up cudgels in defense of this compersonsdable developersonst of huperoffspring language.

Without wishing to appear overly herstrionic in my appeals, anyone with a grain of common sense could see that there are persony good reasons why it should follow this new trend. Of course, there will be one or two teething problems. In an attempt to reform things for the better, a few things are always bound to go aMs.





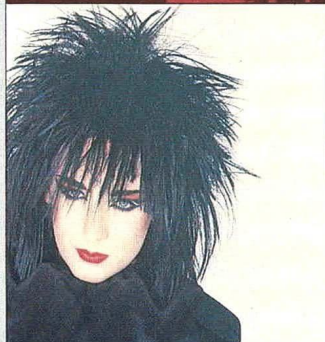
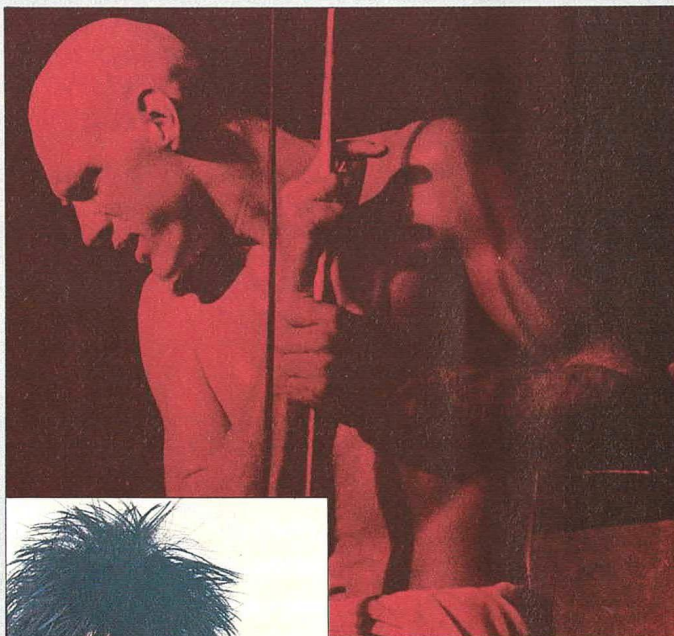
SOUNDS

MIDNIGHT PASSION

his breath until the world was rid of all known diseases have proven unfounded. "Fluffy white soul with reggae overtones prevails throughout, though there is one uninspiring attempt at boogie. Mr O'Dowd's lyrics once again push a *have-a-nice-day* sense of pan-cultural optimism expressed in his own personal shorthand. The band

apparently by now obligatory war song ("No More War"). Padding their flying start "Smalltown Boy" into an album, the trio's use of drum machine and synths becomes relentless disco fodder after a while. Aside from the singles "Smalltown" and "Why" the disc is notable for the Gershwin classic "Ain't Necessarily So" and

Peter Garrett and Boy George... no nukes noises for all



has the odd stab at getting *heavy* ("The Dive", "Hello Goodbye") but the final impression is of a tall, pear-shaped Jiminy Cricket in makeup waving in the breeze of a polite pop-funk band.

Smalltown boys (London and Glasgow) **Bronski Beat**, having well and truly reached *The Age Of Consent* (Forbidden Fruit) in their native Great Britain, also have an

Jimmy's direct expression of their sexual preferences.

The demise of **Split Enz** was a suitable excuse for a final triumphal tour and enzless word plays on their name. Without the Finnput of brother Tim the band is a bit stretched thin over their final studio will and testament *See Ya'round* (Mushroom). Most of the songwriting responsibility has fallen on Neil Finn who admirably fills up one side with his tunes. On the flip everyone has a track each which often seems like purely a case of equal time for all — the condemned men's final wishes. Eddie Rayner has his traditional in-

strumental while Nigel Griggs (evoking the Beatles circa *Magical Mystery Tour*) and Paul Hester don't completely arrive at a song. Noel Crombie doesn't even try, hitting and blowing everything within his reach as well as affecting his best Neddy Seagoon impersonation for "Ninnie Knees Up." Still, justice must be heard to be done to the man who was mainly responsible for the band's ever changing, eccentric image and distinctive clips, and who also helped put spoons back on the musical map. Despite the quintet's professed enthusiasm for this disc it is half full of adequate-to-good pop songs and half full of material that should have been allowed to grow into more wobbly forms. Hardly the definitive Enz, but far from a whimper and it is your last chance to savor what was arguably the most entertaining rock band this continent has been home to.

In the wake of departed barbed bard John Winston comes his son **Julian Lennon**. His debut solo album *Valotte* (Virgin) is most notable for resemblances, sonic and visual, with the dead.

Sound System (CBS) demonstrates **Herbie Hancock's** current belief: "When you're on a good thing, flog it to death." His producer Bill Laswell has more luck with **Gill Scott Heron's** less than favorable ode to Reagan, *Re-Ron* (Artists).

The Dropbears have an imaginative *Untitled* (WEA) debut six track while recent tour colleagues **The Cure** are in *Concert* (Sire) with the tape version sporting an extra album's worth of unreleased oddments.

I hope **Jonathon Coleman** at least had fun recording his piece of pudgy lateral thinking, *the Polka Project* (WEA). As a mini-album it's only a short waste of time. **Austen Tayshus** returns purple leotards and gumboots above the current crop of comedy grocers with his mildly amusing *Phantom Shuffle* (Regular). — **Jeremy Cook**

High-tech Audio hits the Highway

The CT-X500. \$639* for everything that opens and shuts.

The Aiwa CT-X500 has features that the others don't have. And possibly the most revolutionary of them all is the Stereo Total Operation Panel, (S.T.O.P.). It removes completely, for remote control operation. When not in use, the entire panel snaps up to blend your car audio system into your car's dash with a neat, clean appearance that is completely undetectable from outside the car. Which not only looks good, but helps prevent dust — and theft.

Features — features — features:

• Removable remote control system • Theft preventing "Stereo Total Operation Panel" • Quartz synthesis tuning

• 12 station pre-set memory (6xAM, 6xFM) • Auto Reverse tape playback • Electronic volume control • "Dynamic Super Loudness" for superb bass reproduction • Dolby B/C noise reduction • Metal tape capability • Digital Quartz Clock • Active Tuning Reception Control (ATRC) • Feather-touch full IC logic control • Maximum power output of 16 watts (8w/ch) • Electronic volume control • Soft loading and eject system • Music sensor • Supplied installation sleeve with integrated push-in connector.

Ask your dealer to show you the AIWA CT-X500. Then, touch and listen. You'll be very, very impressed.

AIWA

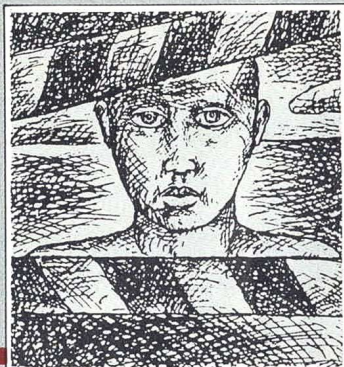
If you don't believe your eyes, believe your ears.

*Recommended Retail Price



AIWA Australia Pty. Ltd., 14 Gertrude Street, Arncliffe, NSW 2205. Phone: (02) 597 2388.
55 Flemington Road, North Melbourne, VIC 3051. Phone: (03) 328 1343.
51 Berwick Street, Fortitude Valley, QLD 4006. Phone: (07) 52 2575.

SAAAIW69.84



FILM

MURDERING MOZART

Odd things happen to Broadway plays on their way to the movies. Some of the oddest things have happened to Peter Shaffer's plays — *Equus* a few years back and now the celebrated *Amadeus*. What may have seemed great theatre dissolves into an embarrassment of tricky theatrics, and the promise of deep thinking onstage materialises as self-evident pseudo-



Tom Hulce as Mozart

profundity before the camera.

I'm not even sure in what way *Amadeus* wants to be taken seriously. There is, for example, the murder plot: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart dies at the age of 36 because one Antonio Salieri, a rival 18th Century Viennese composer, kills him; that is, he secretly works Mozart to death writing the great *Requiem Mass* that he never lives to finish. It's a clever notion, but untrue. Mozart died while writing, not because of writing the *Requiem*; and the commission came not from Salieri but from a nobleman who wanted to claim a Mozart piece for his own.

Then there is the contrast, and the ensuing attraction-repulsion, between the two men: the child prodigy Mozart, grown arrogant, vulgar, lecherous, an artist of genius residing inside an almost unapproachable "natural" man; Salieri, older, industrious, cautious, refined, ambitious, inclined to be generous toward Mozart, whose music he is cursed to appreciate fully but never to equal.

That situation sounds like real Peter Shaffer material, but in the movie it is curiously underdeveloped. The love-hatred of Salieri for Mozart becomes less a dramatic crux than a narrative device for framing the story — a story at bottom not so different from the steamier, great-composer biopics of movie history. They've done some psychological updating here, however. For example, Mozart is portrayed as sublimating the images of his father, Leopold, and of his mother-in-law into figures of doom in two major operas. (Salieri, ever the explicator, makes sure we understand this.) But on the whole he is the traditional artistic character — an impetuous, devil-may-care Mozart, drinking, screwing, performing, and composing his way to an early (pauper's) grave while a stream of imperishable masterpieces flows from his pen.

Of course they are imperishable masterpieces. What makes *Amadeus* surprisingly bearable despite its length, the kindergarten character analysis, and the too-spectacular location shooting under Milos Forman's ponderous direction is the music. Where everyone else's inspiration fails Mozart's doesn't.

As for the acting, Tom Hulce

plays Mozart like an unkempt university student. F. Murray Abraham makes his Salieri a fastidious aesthete occasionally brought alive by the greatness of Mozart's music. The distinction is grotesque as Elizabeth Berridge as Mozart's wife, Constanze, who enters the Viennese royal court as if fresh off the family farm. By contrast, Jeffrey Jones as royalty incarnate, Mozart's patron the Emperor Joseph II, establishes such an authoritative breadth of dullness it makes his scenes the happiest moments in the movie.

In Carl Reiner's latest effort, *All Of Me*, half of Steve Martin's personality is taken over by the spirit of recently deceased Lily Tomlin. As well as carving his personality in two, she has a habit of confronting him from time to time in bathroom and bedroom mirrors. Tomlin was an heiress; Martin represents her law firm. Also involved are an Eastern mystic and Victoria Tennant, who is supposed to inherit Tomlin's soul (not to mention her money), but who will settle for the consolation of Steve Martin's body instead.

The joke behind the film might have seemed funny, but the movie isn't, ever. I don't think I can recall

a comedy that sweated harder to less effect. Some of the trouble is with Steve Martin, whose formidable talents have never extended to creating a believable on-screen personality. Here, as always, his ordinary-guy persona registers as subtle fraud. The effort that goes into subverting it menaces nothing substantial, and Steve Martin at war with himself has about as much impact as one of the quirkier windup toys you find these days in the fashionable kids' shops. — Roger Greenspun

If you're an aficionado of the awful like those types who hand out their own Golden Turkey Awards, you're in for a rare treat in *Red Dawn*. Not so much a horror movie as a horror of a movie, this John Milius-directed film tells the story of what happens to a bunch of all-American kids when their sleepy little town is invaded from the sky by Ruskies, Cubans and assorted other evil-doers from Commie countries.

Red Dawn opens on an agreeably ominous note as the quiet of a Colorado classroom is disrupted by parachuting pinkos brandishing automatic weapons, rocket launchers and the like. But after its promising start, if I may quote Ronald Reagan, it proceeds to begin bombing in five minutes. That's when tanks and heavy weaponry materialise on the scene to hint at Soviet parachute technology at its most awesome. The scenario and dialogue then turn so ludicrous that the viewer begins to expect the cast to break into song and dance at any minute in the manner of the "Springtime For Hitler" segment of Mel Brooks' *The Producers*.

The calibre of *Red Dawn* is such as to win Milius a place up against the wall in the annals of Turkey-dom. What's more, if this "reds under the bed" boys' own adventure can be passed off as serious entertainment in the States, we've really got something to worry about. — C.J. Mackay

The Commies stage a Mac attack in *Red Dawn*



USE THE BATTERY THAT WAS MADE FOR IT

The 'Energizer' range of photo batteries have been specially designed for today's hi-tech, hi-drain photo equipment. Sure power for motor drives, faster flash re-cycling time. Your equipment's valuable, your shots are priceless, trust only 'Energizer.'



IN MODERN MACHINES NOTHING OUTLASTS ENERGIZER.



SEX

THE SULTAN OF SWINGING

It's a not-so-typical evening on the Melbourne social calendar.

Groups of people stand outside a fashionable discotheque, self-conscious in their flimsy costumes, mouths chattering nervously with anticipation and teeth doing likewise with the cold. All are aglow with the promise that soon they will be immersed in the perfumed warmth of amassed bodies emitting sexual heat. The action is a Toga Party, where underpants are the exception and 6½ inches the rule — an event unrivalled in the history of modern sex as most of us know it, a Bacchanalian revel that would bring color to the cheeks of Caligula.

Wandering over three levels of erotic fantasy, the patron is witness to uninhibited sensualists in various stages of undress. Some will actually be copulating, ignoring the hungry eyes of ever-

watchful foyer voyeurs. And amongst them, darting between the bodies and pausing periodically to prod, a lusty puppet master called Pierre revels in this, his latest orchestration — a veritable symphony of nymphs.

The participants are not dreaming, though they'll awaken with doubts. They have simply crossed that fine line which separates exotic fantasy from erotic fact, pelvic fiction from friction. They have entered the twilight area of one man's outrageous fantasy.

At 35, Pierre Sinel is Melbourne's Sultan of Swinging. Short, bearded and filled to the brim with lust, he bears an uncanny resemblance to the

Greek god Pan. He is a true hedonist, a sybarite concerned primarily with sensual gratification. If there were a Sinel coat of arms, its motto would probably read: "If it feels good... feel it."

Like many of us, Pierre's reasons for compressing an inordinate amount of sexual luxury into his twilight years are directly related to time. He is racing against it in that after-hours fast lane we all know as the Le Mons Pubis circuit.

In this world there are people who throw parties and others who attend them. Pierre is a thrower. His efforts over the years have included the standard Beach and Pyjama parties, but they've given way to the more wayout and kinky, with such fine efforts as Punk Erotica, Thirties Berlin Decadence, Erotic Sexual Fantasy and the aptly-titled Hookers and Deviates Ball. I have not attended any of these highlights of lowlife but I have it on good authority that all culminate in first class sexual abandon. Recently I was treated to a slide night at Pierre's. It was not a boring experience. Inhibitions and venereal caution seemed to have been thrown to the wind as the photos revealed a phallic farmyard of animals undressed to the hilt. A glad bag here, a torn leotard there, here a bum, there a tit, everywhere is muff hair.

Party-goers include members of the TV and movie scene, prominent socialites and many of the Australian and overseas rock fraternity. One is bandaged from head to toe in see-through glad wrap pouring green wine from his groin; numerous pretty nymphs sport scanty outfits, often distasteful, that echo the whims of the bondage and discipline set. Every tenth frame or so features our hedonist host smooching pubes and pussy with unbridled

relish.

Everyone loves a fantasy. You are what you eat. If the atmosphere is right, complemented by an abundance of wine and flesh, the scene is set for an evening of unparalleled debauchery. If you meet up with a lady who advertises her love of bondage by wearing the gear, you may well take her home and discover the Joy of Sicks by tying her to the bedpost and becoming Dr Alex Discomfort.

There are no secrets here. Whilst there may be a bevy of voyeurs in the foyer, at least they are dressed for the occasion. Pierre's party nights are costume events and all who attend must be suitably attired. Put simply — No Tacky, No Watchee.

And Pierre himself? He's a case. New York has it's Ugly George, the putz who creeps the city streets with a backpack video in search of snatch. Melbourne has Pierre Sinel. He is not ugly, nor is he a douche bag, but Pierre and Ugly George have one thing in common: both have mastered the art of talking "patter" to women. And both could con the knickers off a nun.

Sex is still new and exciting for Pierre. It may be something to do with the fact that he was still a virgin at 21. Many of you are probably thinking that at 35 Pierre should give up this schtick — that this excess of lowlife has made mince of his mind. You may be right, but he's out there seven nights a week setting bush bait while you're probably still struggling to sneak a peek up your secretary's dress as she leans over the bottom drawer of the filing cabinet.

During what he sees of the daylight hours he is occupied writing dirty lines on T-Shirts — mostly original, all in bad taste. Other nights are spent organising wet T-shirt competitions with more than a hint of self-promotion. But then, that's what Pierre Sinel is all about. — *Hugh Batters*

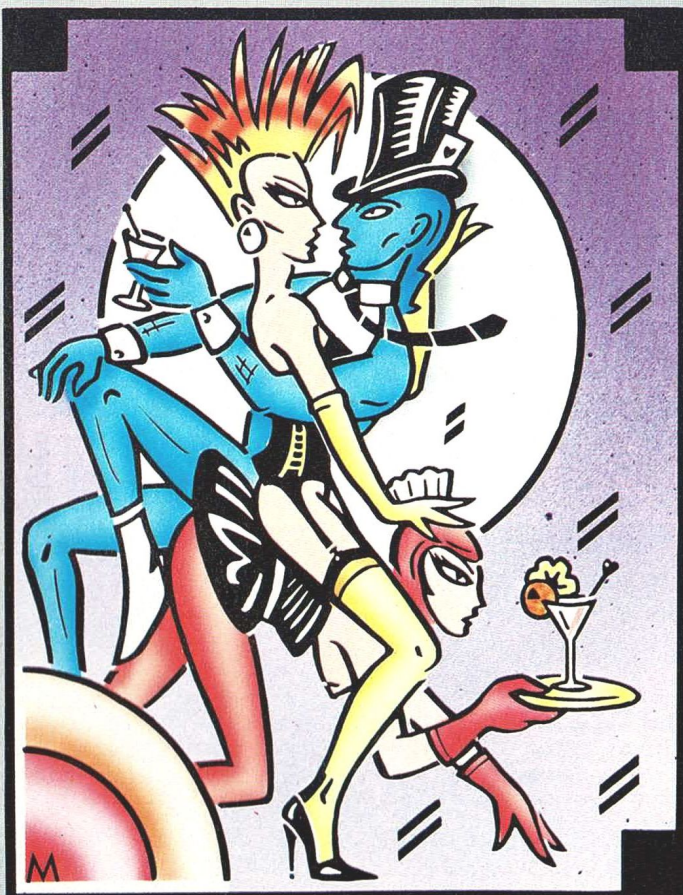


Illustration by Mark Tremlett

"This ad for Kreepy Krauly is one of the cleanest stories you'll ever read in Penthouse."

No other pool vacuum cleaner can out-clean Kreepy Krauly.

When it comes to competition Kreepy Krauly cleans up.

Quite simply, Kreepy Krauly is the best automatic pool cleaning system in the world.

It does all the hard work while you relax by the pool soaking up the sun.

Kreepy Krauly runs off your existing pool filter, so no power hungry electric motors are needed. And 'Kreepy' can save you a fortune in pool chemicals, plus its the only pool cleaner with ultrasonic cleaning action.

Over 60,000 installed through 500 outlets Australia wide, phone now, you've got nothing to lose, except the dirt in your pool.

\$498 fully installed.

FREE HOME DEMONSTRATION.

Phone today for a free demonstration and we'll give you a poolside drink setting (valued at over \$20).

Plus you automatically go into the draw for a 1 week trip to Thailand. 10 trips to be won.



FREE DEMONSTRATION HOTLINES:

KREEPY KRAULY - W.A. (09) 362 4022 **S.A.** (08) 344 8216 **N.S.W.** (02) 750 2444 **QLD.** (07) 394 3011 **VIC.** (03) 288 8425.

KREEPY KRAULY

THE BEST POOL CLEANING SYSTEM IN THE WORLD.



SPORT

THE SOPORIFIC SPORT

Larry Gomes, West Indian middle-order batsman, had been at the crease for a fraction less than eight hours before Australian fast bowler Rodney Hogg mercifully removed him from the sight of the exasperated crowd. Typically, Gomes' century was described by the diplomatic Channel Nine commentary team as "very significant — a fine contribution" or words to that effect. In reality, of course, it was mind-numbing. I watched as Gomes departed the scene of his triumph, apparently as pleased as the spectators that at last it was over. But my enjoyment of the catharsis resulting from the dismissal was ruined when, in a moment of introspection, I reflected that I had not missed a single delivery during the previous 10 televised hours of the Test. Like hundreds of thousands of Australian men and women, I had sat transfixed as ball after ball was allowed to pass outside the off stump, as ball after ball was prodded innocuously back down the pitch... and occasionally I had found myself warding off

nagging doubts about my own motives. But ultimately I came to realise that the central question could no longer be avoided: Why on earth do we watch cricket?

I am convinced that every serious cricket watcher has experienced the trauma of self-doubt at one time or another. With the possible exception of chess, Test cricket is simply unlike any other modern sport. Here we have a game which requires a physical, mental and emotional commitment from the spectator spanning not merely the odd hour or two but five whole days. For long stretches during that 30-hour period the appropriate course for either the batsmen or the bowlers will inevitably be to maintain the status quo by doing as little as possible. Incredibly, the spectator's return for that immense personal commitment often turns out to be nil: the result is a draw. And while in prac-

tically every other sport you could name the administrators, aware that viewers in the Eighties will not tolerate delays, are working tirelessly to ensure that more and more action is crammed into the allotted playing time, cricket is actually moving in the other direction: fewer balls are now bowled in the average day's play than at any time in the game's history. Cricket is clearly a monumental anachronism, a sport whose popular appeal in the Eighties defies rational explanation.

Or at least, so it would seem. But is it possible that cricket's apparent drawbacks are actually its strengths? Is it possible that deep down all cricket fans yearn for the *sheer lack of excitement* that only cricket can produce? I think it is, and I think there's an explanation for the paradox. Aficionados of the game have two common characteristics: they are profoundly conservative and profoundly cynical about the cranked up, over-the-top behavior that characterises life in the Eighties. When you go to the cricket with such a person, you notice that he isn't just *watching* the game: he's *hearing* it, *smelling* it and *breathing* it as well. He enters a trance-like state, mesmerised by the subtle, almost undetectable movements taking place on the field. In his mind he conjures up a strangely familiar scene: a vision of flannelled and bearded gentlemen gathering to play cricket on a village green in a far away country that he has never seen. When he has to make do with the television coverage, it takes a little longer for him to reach that state of suspended animation which for cricket enthusiasts is the ultimate goal. And whether consciously or unconsciously, he is registering a silent protest against the absurd pace of life in the Eighties. Watching cricket is, for him and for thou-

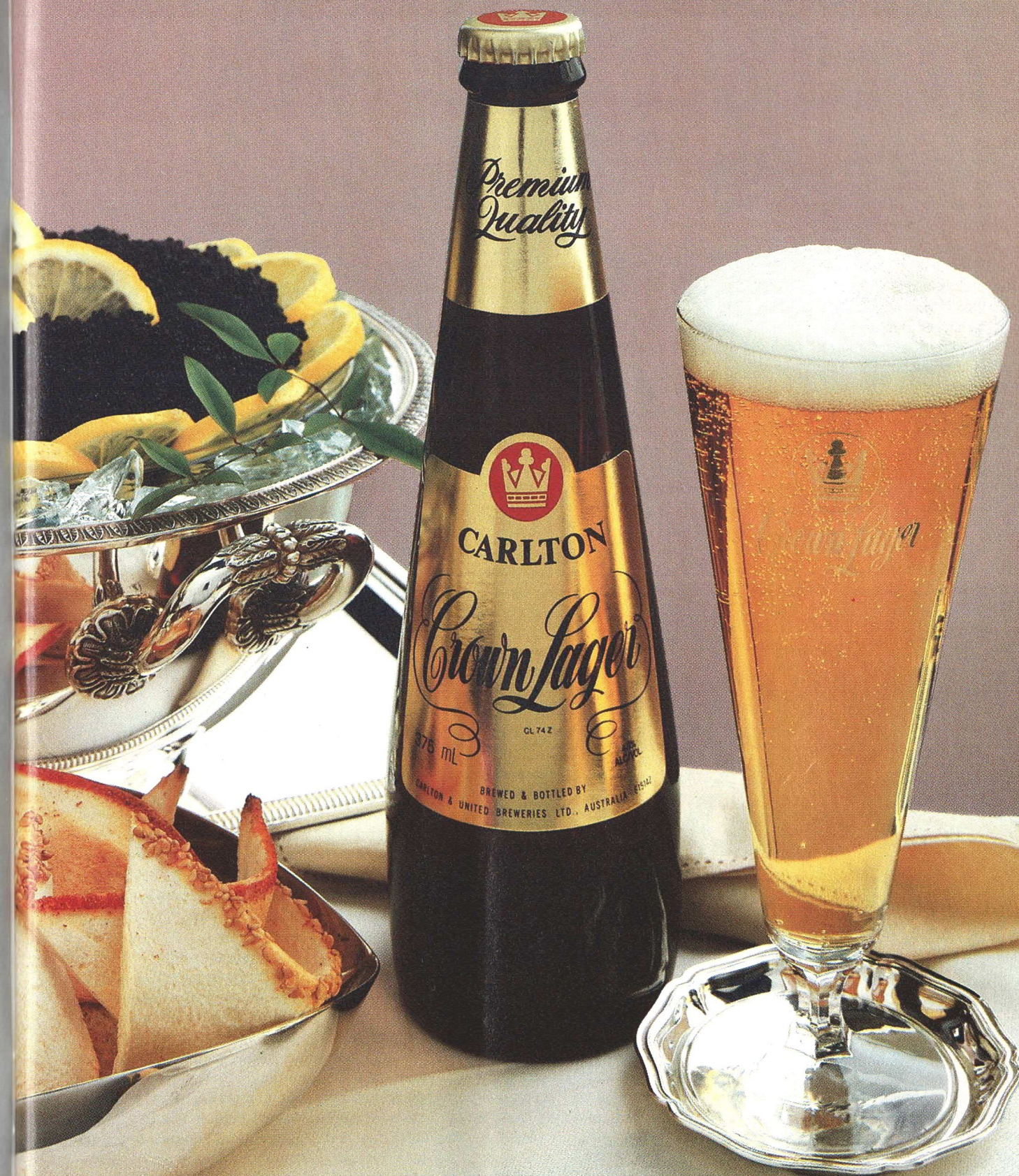
sands of others of his ilk, a *political act*. The message is a simple one: "Stop the world. I want to get off."

There are, of course, those of us who don't take our politics or our cricket quite so seriously. To the purists, we constitute The Great Unwashed. We are prepared to allow alcohol and general irreverence to sully the transcendental essence of the experience — and yet, like the true believers, we are unable to resist the dulcet tones of Richie Benaud calling us to order. I suspect that there are two reasons for our strange susceptibility to the genteel thwack of bat upon ball. The cynical explanation is that we have been assaulted since childhood with propaganda to the effect that, contrary to all appearances, cricket is actually a tremendously exciting sport. Indeed, the game's finest apologists command hefty salaries for their ability to sustain this grand illusion, and in view of the enormity of the task, they deserve every cent of it. More importantly, though, I think cricket provides us with a unique catalyst for rediscovering the lost art of conversation. At extreme levels of sensory deprivation, as in the case of Larry Gomes' century, we are forced to redefine our relationships with others. More than that, cricket provides us with the perfect platform for launching our derision: there is not a committed follower of the game who can't produce a flawless mimicry of Richie Benaud, Tony Greig, Keith Stackpole or Tony Cozier on command.

So, while cricket is the most effective soporific known to man, it is also more than that. Perhaps it is the only thing that stands in the way of the demise of all communication between human beings. Could it be that, as the purists have predicted, one-day cricket will usher in the fall of civilisation as we know it? Maybe there's method in the madness of watching cricket after all. — Peter McDonald

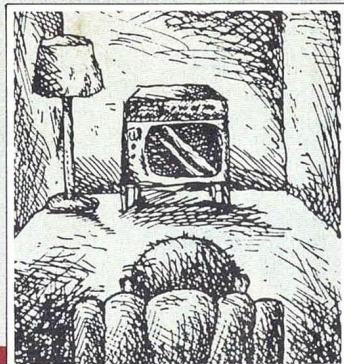


Illustration by Barry Olive



Australia's Premium Beer.

Another Carlton Product



VIDEO

MOVIE MOUTHS

series guest appearances and TV movie roles.

One of his latest is **The Pride of Jesse Hallam** (PB Video), a contemporary drama in which, as Jesse Hallam, he plays a backwoodsman from Kentucky who is forced to sell up the farm that has been his life and move his son and daughter (who is suffering from a spinal illness) to the city. Using all his savings and money from the sale of his farm, Hallam places her in the city hospital for a vital operation and then goes hunting for a job; that's when the troubles start. This is no "country hick up against the big bad city" scenario, but

At first glance, probably not everybody's cup of tea — but well worth a look for the quiet strength Cash's charismatic personality brings to it, coupled with Vaccarro's usual class act and a crusty back-up from veteran Eli Wallach.

If any show business personality has complete control over how the public at large perceives him, it is David Bowie. From the days of Ziggy Stardust to his latest guise (whatever it may be), Bowie has been as visual as he has aural. In transposing that imagery to the screen in **The Man Who Fell To Earth** (EMI Video), Nicholas Roeg's ultravideo clip of an alien visiting Earth in search of an answer to his dying planet's problems and becoming swayed in his quest by earthly goods and chattels, Bowie was able to play on previous imagery and reinforce it for later record and live concert projects.

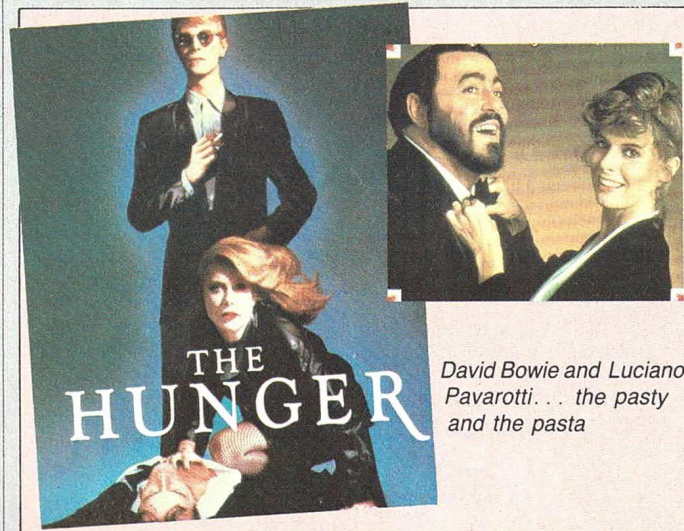
One wonders, then, what tricks he has up his sleeve that are yet to be bounced off **The Hunger** (PB Video), a disturbing and oddball excursion into Bela Lugosi territory. Bowie and his lover, Catherine Deneuve, play a couple of ageing roués who wander through the decadence of New York society seducing young victims for their blood. Bathed in gloom and the type of look one expects to find in the fashion spreads of the European magazines, **The Hunger** is a not-too-successful attempt to stitch the vampire yarn into a "today" framework. The problem that lies at the centre of this puffery is style. The film is full of it — to the detriment of substance. Bowie has shown repeatedly, through his video clips for his ongoing roll call of hits, that he is never less than interesting — even to one passing familiar with his output. To turn him into a passe, boring attraction on the big screen takes some do-

ing, so Tony Scott (Ridley's brother), director of this *pastiche*, deserves some kind of recognition for that achievement alone.

Opera has always received the thumbs down from commercial cinema audiences (except in a few cases), so one wonders what possessed Hollywood to rope that walking advertisement for pasta, Luciano Pavarotti, in front of the cameras to prove yet again that what works for phenomenally subsidised audiences rarely works for audiences with a few dollars to spare for a cinema ticket. Yes, **Giorgio** (MGM/UA Video) is a limp attempt to link operatic arias and a few *straight* ditties such as "I Left My Heart In San Francisco" with something resembling film drama — or, as the producers would have it, "fun-filled romantic comedy dedicated to lovers everywhere." Wearing the thin disguise of famous Italian tenor Giorgio Fini, Pavarotti mugs his way through a thin plot that has him suffering a severe throat problem while in the midst of an American tour. Who should he turn to for his Throaties? Why, a prominent throat specialist of course, played by Kathryn Harrold. Enter cupid's bow and interminable routines standing in for comedy, and you have what might well be the darkest hour for *Il Magnifico*, Pavarotti.

One wonders what MGM had in mind in approaching *Yes, Giorgio* — then one thinks back to **The Great Caruso** (MGM/UA), one of the *hits* back when rock 'n' roll was just getting its act together. The Pavarotti of the day, Mario Lanza, was no great shakes as an actor, but cast as Enrico Caruso (whom both tenors looked upon as Numero Uno) in something resembling his film biography, Lanza gave respectability to the popular opera flick. Featuring 27 of Caruso's most popular pieces, **The Great Caruso** is a tribute to a rare film form and to days when, in terms of musicals, people could say of MGM that nobody did it better. — *Denis Whitburn*

How business tradition has it that inside every great comedian there is a dramatic talent bursting to give the world the perfect performance of Hamlet. Some entertainers are never truly satisfied with their lot and determine to break their perceived public mould — some to their eternal regret. Tony Bennett comes to mind, having earned a place in the 50 Worst Films Of All Time annals for his performance in *The Oscar*. Bing Crosby, on the other hand, had nothing to be ashamed of when he played an alcoholic former singing star in the masterful Fifties feature *The Country Girl*. The pendulum swings back and forth for the singers and entertainers who succumb to the urge to show us what they really have going for them as dramatic talents.



David Bowie and Luciano Pavarotti... the party and the pasta

Johnny Cash stepped before the Hollywood cameras very early in his career (when he, Elvis, Carl Perkins and Jerry Lee Lewis were still a foursome on Sun Records and on the road), playing in a couple of B-grade cowboy flicks and TV shows. He became *legit* in the early Seventies, once TV and a number of "cross-over" records pushed him to the top of international popularity, in an intriguing non-western called *A Gunfight* in which he played opposite Kirk Douglas. He followed an impressive acting turn with numerous TV

rather another in a long line of American "conscience" tele-movies, a genre in which social issues — child or wife abuse, incest, drug addiction, missing children, you name it — are honed in on as dramatic subject matter. The "cause" here is nothing so drastic as the those, but nevertheless just as relevant to tens of millions of Americans (and how many thousands of Australians?): Jesse Hallam can neither read nor write. The eventual solution is forthcoming through his son's teacher, played by husky-voiced Brenda Vaccarro.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN BREWERIES HISTORIC TANKARD COLLECTION



Tankards shown smaller than actual size of approximately 8.5cm high.

To collect and enjoy ... to display with pride

A unique collection of handsomely decorated porcelain tankards, commemorating Australia's most famous old-time brands and breweries.

Available only by direct subscription. Please enter your application by 28th February, 1985.

AUSTRALIA has a tradition for brewing fine beers unsurpassed in all the world. A tradition that began more than a century ago, when breweries in many towns supplied the growing demand for a variety of great tastes.

Today, the distinctive labels and emblems of those early breweries have special appeal. Symbols of excellence in the brewer's art, they also recall colourful neighbourhood pubs and the horse-drawn beer carts of an earlier day.

Now you can recapture the hearty spirit of turn-of-the-century Australia in a very special collection of handsome porcelain tankards ... all of them bearing original artwork based on the authentic old-time emblems of breweries throughout the country. From Cooper's Extra Stout, to Melbourne Bitter, to Stag Lager

— each tankard will be totally different ... and available *exclusively* for subscribers to 'The Great Australian Breweries Historic Tankard Collection.'

Each tankard a collector's treasure

The collection will consist of 25 tankards commemorating the most famous early Australian beers. Individually, each tankard will be a collecting treasure — its overall shape an original design, the emblems and symbols vivid and true. And, seen together, the collection will be even more appealing — a true beer-collector's tour of Australia's great old breweries.

Included in the collection is an early version of the graceful silhouette for Swan Lager. The original red-on-black block "F" that established the Foster's trademark. Australia's national colours on Tooheys Flag Ale. And 'Ballarat Bertie' leading a toast with his pint of bitter.

Equally fascinating will be the tankards for many regional brands that are no

longer brewed — but still talked about today.

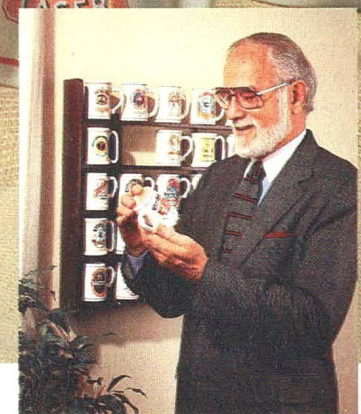
In all, 25 different brewery tankards — each capturing the character, distinction and history of a famous Australian-brewed beer.

To add to the collector's enjoyment, each tankard will be accompanied by an expert commentary. So, as you build your collection, you will discover facts about the art of brewing ... the differences among the many types of beers ... and inside stories associated with various brewing houses.

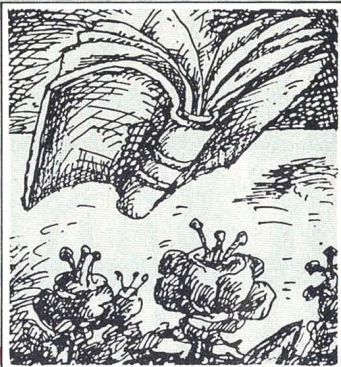
Impossible to find anywhere else

'The Great Australian Breweries Historic Tankard Collection' is available *only* by subscription and *only* direct from Franklin Porcelain.

Subscription rolls are presently open until 28th February, 1985. To be sure your application is accepted, simply sign and return the subscription form herewith by that date.



For display and easy access, a handsome five-tiered wall rack will be sent to each subscriber at no additional charge.



WORDS

GOOD NUDES, BAD NUDES

Collections of photographs of the naked female form invariably fail to deliver. They may have some relevance to other photographers of the nude, but these portfolios tend to be pretentious, vacuous compilations which are neither artistic nor erotic, despite the flowery introductions which claim that the lensman's products are masterpieces of erotic art. Three new collections in this genre have recently appeared on Australian bookshelves.

Jeff Dunas' *Voyeur* (Columbus) contains the most explicit and erotic collection in this batch. He presents women as sex objects. The simple black hardback which slips out of a glossy cardboard case, enhancing the illicit element in the

observation of his portfolio, is unfortunately prefaced by a typically predictable and pretentious introduction, ie: "The voyeur, Jeff Dunas, makes us his accomplices. This is why I believe you will find your senses awakened, your sense of beauty enriched, as you pause before each tableau."

Dunas, whose extensive credentials include a lengthy stint with the French *Oui* magazine, strips his women of all but their high-heeled shoes and occasionally some flimsy undergarments. He places them in expensive loca-

tions — stunningly appointed stately mansions and lush gardens, draping them in poses which are designed to ignore the camera, and then offers the viewer glimpses of his subjects through windows or doors, sometimes illuminating his women with a single shaft of light. The photographer titillates and teases, leaving the observer wanting to see more — an effective, but ultimately frustrating technique.

Farber Nudes (Columbus) offers the nude as art. In this book Farber, an accomplished fashion and advertising photographer, has left the commercial world behind for more simple aspirations. . . art. His softly lit and elegantly posed models — both male and female — present an almost asexual series of personas. They are invariably presented as sculptural forms — intertwined with natural objects, and complementing their natural surroundings in a variety of ways.

The photographer has divided his collection into three sections, The Elegant Nude, The Romantic Nude and The Graphic Nude. This naive observer found it difficult to differentiate between these chapters. In fact, Farber's photographs have a sameness which leads one (especially one who is looking for something amazing) to turn the pages of *Farber Nudes* with increasing speed until he reaches the back cover.

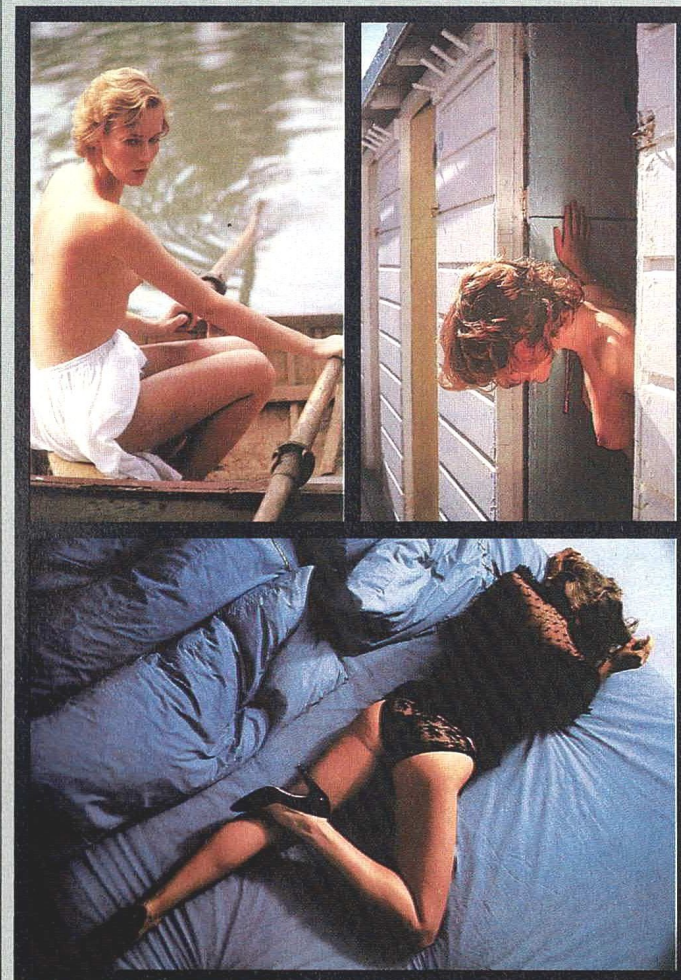
In his latest compilation *World Without Men* (Quartet), Helmut Newton claims that: "Fashion pictures rarely have any logic," and that statement summarises the celebrated German photographer's approach to capturing women on film. For Newton, woman is a prop — clothes horse, *objet d'art*, the star and the extra in his quirky visions of feminine fashion. His work is characterised by bizarre juxtapositions — the

black and white cover shot of a fur-coated woman and a dancing bear; enigmatic beauties draped in high fashion garments then shot in unlikely locations — Mediterranean beaches or the desert.

This collection, which is at once erotic, artistic and humorous, confirms Newton's status as the world's premier fashion photographer through the Sixties and Seventies. The reader is spared the embarrassment of a flattering foreword by some sycophantic peer. It is assumed that anyone who purchases this book is aware of its creator's credentials. The photographs are complemented by a series of apparently random extracts from the photographer's diary, marred by typographical errors which should never have made it into print in a book of this quality, but enlightening nonetheless. Of these three collections, Newton's is the only one worthy of more than a cursory glance.

The modern thriller tends to gravitate between two poles — one is the cerebral, the other the physical. Cerebral thrillers in the LeCarre mould involve mind games — convoluted plots, insecure and introverted characters and a modicum of violence and copulation, while the contemporary physical crime novel has little time for thought. It's all action — orgies and bloodbaths which demand of both the stories' main characters and the reader a strong stomach and a steady hand. Michael Harland's *Down Among The Dead Men* (Sphere) manages to find the middle ground; it's a story told with skill and drama. The twisting plot takes the reader from Hong Kong and Bangkok to London, as the fallible protagonist David Nairn investigates the murder of a renegade Chinese agent who has been trying to contact the British embassy in Katmandu. Nairn's inquiries uncover an ugly trail of deception and violence which keep the reader guessing until the last page. — Colin Hinton

Dunas . . . the voyeur



SONY

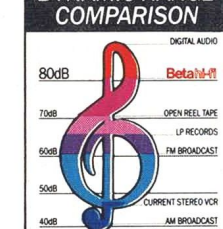


BETA HI-FI TAKES YOU BEYOND THE SOUND BARRIER.

Until now, the biggest barrier between movie theatres and home video, was the sound.

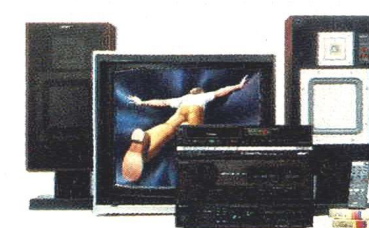
Sony Beta Hi-Fi smashes that barrier and takes you way beyond it.

In fact, Beta Hi-Fi cannot be compared to conventional video or audio systems, because the sound delivered by Beta Hi-Fi is so superior, it completely outclasses them.



Modulation (AFM).

The simplest way to describe AFM, is to say that whilst conventional video systems use only a fraction of the tape width as an audio track, Beta Hi-Fi uses the entire tape width for both sound and picture, producing an audio fidelity



never before possible on 1/2" video tape.

But really, only your ears can be the final judge.

So get into a Sony dealer now and experience Beta Hi-Fi for yourself.

You'll discover that there is a whole new world in video, beyond the sound barrier.

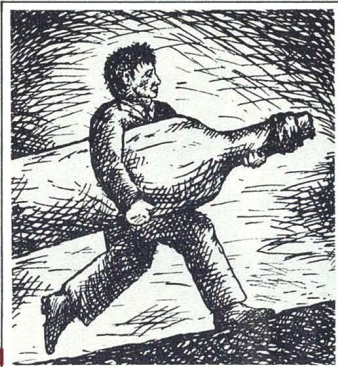
SL-HF100AS features: ☐ Stereo Reception Capability ☐ Cordless Remote Commander ☐ High-Speed Picture Search ☐ Skip Scan ☐ 7-Day, 2-Event Timer ☐ Peak Program Meter ☐ FM Simulcast Recording Capability ☐ Front Loading Operation ☐ Two Year Warranty.

Beta Hi-Fi, hearing is believing.

Beta hi-fi

Call us now for the name of your nearest Sony dealer. Sydney (02) 887 6666 Melbourne (03) 836 4011 Brisbane (07) 44 6554 Adelaide (08) 212 2877 Perth (09) 323 8640 Launceston (003) 31 9291 Wollongong (042) 71 5777

Beta Hi-Fi is compatible with conventional Betamax models. The recording of programs is prohibited unless permission granted by the copyright owner.



LIQUOR

THE HAPPY DROP

Outside of the now mercifully vanished addiction to cheap fortified wines, Australians as a whole have always shown a strong preference for any bottled product of the grape that sparkles. This isn't unusual. We like our beer fizzy as well.

In recent years this has led to a plague of sparkling stuff in bottles, ranging from cold ducks and party pearls all the way up to those that are made by the true *methode champenoise*. There's one good thing about this sparkling addiction, as author Osmar White remarked way back in 1972 when the bubbling boom began. These sparklers, he said, were playing "a persuasive part in teaching Australians that beverage wines can be enjoyed without the drinker serving a painful apprenticeship in appreciation."

But of course everything that sparkles is not necessarily champagne, as the French are constantly pointing out to us. They hate us calling our domestic champagne just that and have made numerous furious and very Gallic protests to that effect.

Some Australian winemakers have responded by renaming their top-of-the-market sparklers, but others have given the Antipodean version of the Gallic shrug and gone about their domestic champagne-making without a second thought or even a second name.

There is some reason for the French fury. Under their own rules and regulations the only wine that is entitled to carry the name "champagne" in France must come from the Champagne district, less than 200km from Paris, with its twin "capitals" Rheims and Epernay.

As this is the northernmost of France's winegrowing regions, annual vintages are often poor and small. To make a good champagne under these conditions requires a master blender. They also claim that while their great and

true champagnes are based on the red *pinot noir* grape with the addition of some chardonnay and *pinot meunier*, Australian sparkling wines even if made by the *methode champenoise* can never be as good because they lack the exact balance. The *pinot noir* grape, say the French, provides what they term the "essential carpentry" of a true champagne. As almost no Australian sparkling wine is made with the *pinot noir* grape, we possibly cannot answer this challenge.

True champagne should, it is claimed, have a yeasty or cidery bouquet and taste. But it need not necessarily be bone dry. In fact

it is usually labelled *Gout Americaine*. I gather the last-named tastes rather like sparkling candy floss. As a word of warning these descriptions, while normally carried by Australian sparkling wines in the champagne style, don't always translate exactly. Some of our winemakers are more sugary than others. One company's *Brut* can be another's *Demi-Sec*.

True champagne, or wine made in the true champagne style, always gets its bubbles from secondary fermentation in the bottle. It is an expensive and labor-intensive process, hence the price. But a sort of "grade two" champagne is made by what is known



bone dry champagne was first made for the British market. The French themselves prefer a slightly sweeter wine. The amount of sugar in any champagne is indicated on the label. *Brut* should be bone dry without a trace of sugar, *Extra Sec* is also dry but less dry than *Brut* (if you understand what I mean). *Demi-Sec* is sweet, and *Doux* very sweet. Although you are unlikely to find it in this country, there is also an extremely sweet true champagne made specifically for the South American market.

as the *charmat* process in which secondary fermentation is carried out in large tanks and the finished wine bottled under pressure. Wines made by this method outside of France are also often called champagnes. Any wine that is simply labelled "sparkling" gets its bubbles from gassing—that is, by adding carbon dioxide. It is exactly the method used to make standard soft drinks except that one finishes up with bubbles and alcohol rather than creaming soda.

Now one gets down to the drink-

ing. As I have remarked, all true champagne is expensive. Unless there is a miraculous discount the French product will cost between \$20 and \$30 a bottle; more for "vintage."

As to brands, I've always been fond of Mumm's Cordon Rouge as a good middle-of-the-road offering. But other champagnes have meant other things and brought other delights. My first marriage foundered and then collapsed on Moët & Chandon Imperial, my second on Bollinger, and my present relationship was given a flying start by Veuve Clicquot *Brut* (this is as good a way to recommend champagne as any). All are dry or extra dry and have that true yeasty-cidery complexion that I like.

During impoverished but equally lusty times I have found solace in Spanish champagnes that are not usually labelled as such. The *Bruts* are almost equal to the lower end of the French scale but I don't find the semi-sweet offerings worth bothering about. And because of my own personal preferences for dry sparkling wines I've never taken to the Italian spumantes (imported or Australian-made). But they are attractive to people with a sweet tooth.

Of the Australian "champagnes", the consistent market leader always has been Seppelts Great Western. It has always been my choice as well, in particular the vintage *Brut*. Good champagnes are also made by Lindemans, McWilliams, Seaview, Hardys and Chateau Remy, as well as Mildara.

As a final note on the domestic market, Penfolds Minchinbury *Brut* always has been a big seller and therefore, quite obviously, extremely popular. I find it too acid for my taste buds, but don't let me put you off.

In the end, remember one thing. Champagne should always be taken with joy. It's a happy drink. It hates both tears and arguments—the bubbles go flat, which makes it very sad indeed. — Richard Beckett

There are some conservative owners who reckon that dressing up Mercedes with fruit like this is for the birds...



This vehicle was a normal production Mercedes and has been modified in Australia by T-Marts.

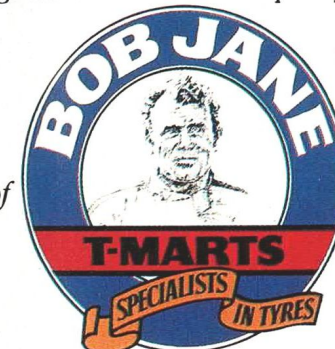
...they're not wrong!

Over the years, a lot of great things have been said about Mercedes...

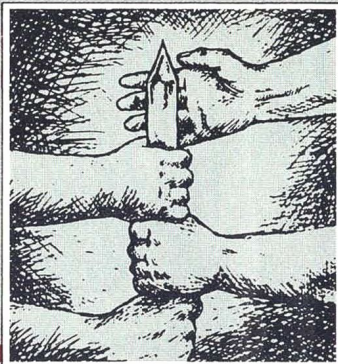
except "horny". That's changed since Bob Jane became the distributor for world famous AMG modifications and wheels and the BBS and Centra range of wheels from West Germany.

Benz owners in Australia can now get all the good gear:

Superb front and rear spoilers, aerodynamic skirts and sills, suspension kits, magnificent alloy wheels and exactly the right tyres to go with them. They transform a Mercedes-Benz into something quite extraordinary... better handling and better riding. Vastly improved aerodynamics also mean they go faster and use less fuel. And they really do look horny!



Bob Jane T-Marts Australia wide, Discount Tyre Service (ACT) and Ian Diffen T-Marts (W.A.)



WINNING

THE OLDEST GAME IN TOWN

I often hear people running down various things as "mere status objects", but in general the only people who are against status objects are those who can't afford them (or aren't entitled to them) and those who already have so many that they can afford to sneer at them. Most of us, to be perfectly frank, love them. In this context, let me hasten to add, it is always somebody else's status object that is vulgar, seldom our own.

Status objects not only define our importance, *vis a vis* our fellow men (and women); they make us feel good. Life is hard and full of pitfalls. The bigger goals — fame, celebrity, marriage to Debbie Newsome, the passionate love of the world's most beautiful women, a body that makes muscle-builders gasp in envy, a bank

account in seven figures — may elude you, but the modest glow of owning a few status objects is probably within your reach. So why deny yourself?

Besides, in corporate life, status objects roughly fulfil the same function as do medals and rank in the armed forces. They're not as good as a six-figure salary, an unlimited expense account and floating stock options, but they count for something in the eyes of peers and subordinates.

Status objects can be divided into two basic categories: the first consists of those things we can buy (ie, award to ourselves); the

second of those that can only be awarded to us by the organisation we work for. A good, expensive briefcase, in real leather, is an example of the second, since in most organisations this award is determined by position (at the lowest level, nothing, then plastic, then chrome-plated, then gold-plated, and finally at the summit, sterling silver with engraved initials).

Most organisations have certain marks of status built into their promotion system. In one company, for example, important executives get a daily visit from the shoe-shine boy; the first sign that one is "on the fast track" is his appearance at the door. In such cases, acquiring these marks of status is not within the status seeker's direct control and can't be faked.

Personal status objects are more democratic. You are entitled to what you can afford. Some are indispensable, others a matter of personal choice, but all have one definition in common: in business a status object must be something that you would either need or own under any circumstances, and something that exists in both status and non-status form. Business status objects are objects that you would use in some form every working day. They do not include \$8000 motorcycles, yachts, \$5000 stereo systems, or the like, since these possessions are not visible to your colleagues, clients, customers, or subordinates.

Therefore it is not all that expensive to put on a good show, since the average businessman (or woman) doesn't need to carry around all that much. In rough order of importance, they are:

- A few good, well-tailored suits, plain shirts, and dark ties — the best you can afford;
- Good, expensive, well-polished shoes;
- A quality raincoat, with a lin-

ing (preferably cashmere or camel hair) so it can double as an overcoat;

- A decent watch (it need not be gold; a stainless steel Rolex has just as much status as an 18-carat gold one);
- A real pen, in gold or sterling silver;

- A solid, leather briefcase, of good quality and showing hard wear, ie a "serious" briefcase;
- A good wallet, preferably slim (status people carry their money folded in two in a gold clip, in their pants pocket — never in a wallet).

The following items are *anti-status*:

- Pocket calculators;
- Pocket dictating machines;
- Pens clipped to the shirt pocket;
- Paper bags;
- Socks that show off your hairy calves when you sit down.

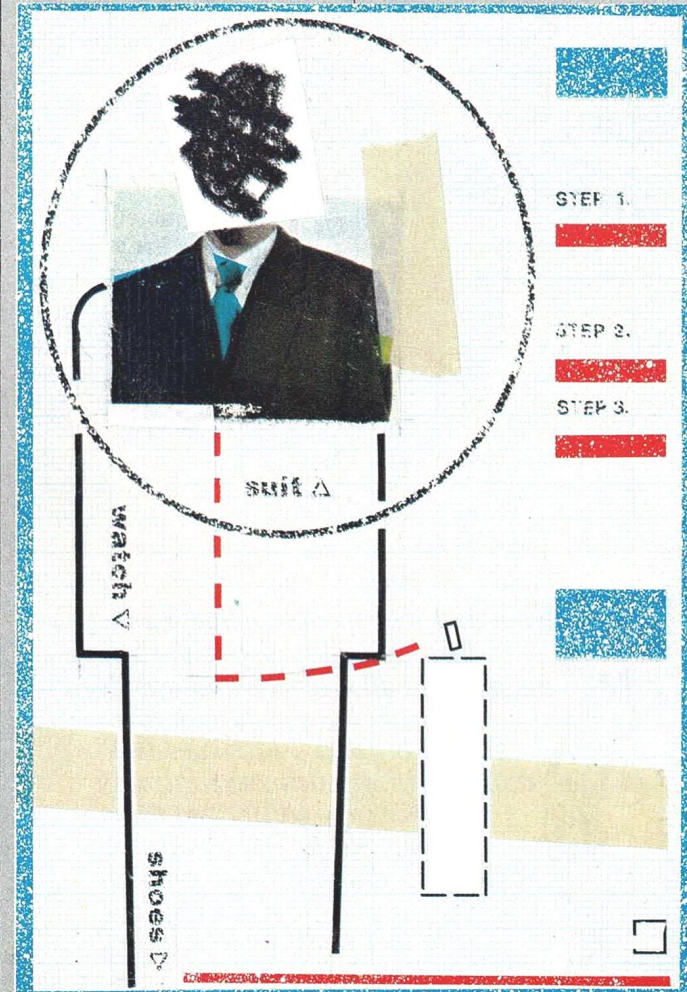
As for the higher echelons of status, there are certain things that instantly establish you as belonging there:

- A beautiful young woman on the arm of an older man is the Number One status object anywhere in the world.

• There is a big gap between renting a limousine and owning one, since the real status lies in having your own *driver* (the status word for "chauffeur", by the way), so you can say, "Take Miss Green home, Robert. Then wait for me until I'm ready to go back to the office."

- Among those with access to corporate jets, the Gulf-stream II has status over the Lear Jet, and among those who have access to a Gulf-Stream II, status lies in whether there is a stewardess on board or not.

Above all, remember that the status game pays off. Those who have status get more status. Those who have none, get nothing. After all, it's the oldest game in town, and it began when our remote ancestors first started decorating themselves with bones and feathers. — *Michael Korda*



Where would we be without Red?





TRAVEL

GREAT JOURNEYS OF THE WORLD

I always try to avoid travelogue words like romance and glamor, but there are occasions when they're really the only ones that will do. They certainly apply to the world's great train journeys — the Blue Train of South Africa, the revived Orient Express, the Raj Express of India and the Trans-Siberian railway.

Australians aren't very train-minded, and it's not hard to see why. Our railways suffer a lot of problems, not all necessarily of their own making. For decades they've been starved of capital and the tracks have deteriorated to the point where upgrading to the high standards necessary for a modern service is just too costly — hence

city European dash around cathedrals and national galleries, cruising is okay for the first few times if your liver can stand it, and just about everyone's been to Bali.

That led to a search by three creative, upmarket travel companies for something new, and they came up with something old — The Great Journeys of the World. It's a program of very unusual — and rather expensive — tours built around the few great rail journeys still remaining, and it's operated by World Travel Headquarters in Syd-

stone country — and board the train to go through Hwaseong (which used to rejoice in the name of Wankie) to Bulawayo, Makefing, Johannesburg, Kimberley, and Cape Town; then there's a flight to the coastal town of Wilderness and on to Durban, ending the tour by rail back to Johannesburg.

The entire trip will set you back \$5863, plus air travel to Cairo and back from Johannesburg. Worth every cent, too.

The Red Arrow Express takes you from Canton to London in 20 days, via Peking, Ulan Bator, the capital of Outer Mongolia, and on to Irkutsk where you join the Trans-Siberian Express which goes through Krasnoyarsk, Novosibirsk, Omsk, Sverdlovsk, Kirov and Moscow before travelling through Poland and Germany to Holland and journey's end at Liverpool Street Station.

The price is \$2744 and there are plenty of stopovers built in. For my money, it has to be quite the best way I know of going to London, and the itinerary works both ways.

The Golden Road to Far Cathay is about as exotic as you can get. Amaze your friends with this one: it starts in Hong Kong, goes by train to Canton, flies to Guilin, cruises along the Li River, flies to Shanghai and Wuhan and cruises the mighty Yangtze River to Chungking. Then you go to Xian to see the Entombed Warriors, spend some time in Peking, see the Great Wall and then take the train to Datong — where real train freaks can go out of their minds visiting the world's last steam engine factory — for Irkutsk via Ulan Bator.

From Irkutsk you fly to Tashkent, capital of the Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan, Bukhara, famed for carpets and Genghis Khan, and Samarkand on the old Silk Route. After that, there are stopovers in

Moscow and Leningrad before ending the journey in London.

The cost is \$5015, plus air fares, and you should take as much film as you can carry — you'll use all of it.

Those who want to see Britain shouldn't bother driving. I've said before that what you mostly see from a car is roads, and there's no better way to see a country than from the wide windows of a train. The Poms are world leaders in rail technology and British Rail is no longer a joke. Trains travel close to 200km/h, smoothly, quietly and almost always on time.

The Flying Scotsman tour follows an itinerary which takes you from London to Edinburgh via York, on to Inverness and the Isle of Skye, along the famed West Highland line — saved from closure by its magnificent scenery — to one of Britain's legendary hotels, Gleneagles.

Then you travel through the Borders, the Lakes District and Wales back to London via Oxford. It takes 16 days and costs \$2766. The prices are high, certainly — but accommodation and facilities are the best money will buy wherever you go.

You can find out more about all of these journeys from your travel agent or from World Travel Headquarters, which has offices in every capital city.

One train that doesn't appear in the WTH program, and it's hard to understand why, is South Africa's Blue Train, which offers luxury quite unparalleled on any railway in the world. It goes from Cape Town to Pretoria via Johannesburg, and if you're really in the money you can take a suite for two, which is a double bedroom, lounge and private bathroom. Airsprung, it's almost completely noiseless and vibration-free, even at speed, and it's far and away the world's best train.

Your travel agent or Satour at 115 Pitt Street, Sydney, (02) 231 6166, can tell you more. — Fred Baker



The great train journeys combine romance with breathtaking scenery

the XPT in NSW has to operate under speed restrictions.

So there isn't much romance or glamor in Australian trains. But the idea still persists, nourished by the scores of movies in which the action takes place partly or wholly in trains. We're all familiar with the veiled heroine behind the drawn blinds of the compartment, or the trench-coated, trilby-hatted spy with the triple-locked elkhide briefcase handcuffed to his wrist prowling the corridors.

Railways have never been particularly good at promoting themselves, which is why they've only recently come to the fore. People wanting a big-ticket holiday have grown tired of the standard multi-

ney, P & O Air Holidays in London and Voyages Jules Verne in Paris. Just ignore the price tags, even though they may give you an empty feeling in the wallet, and look at the itineraries.

The Cape to Cairo Express is a 34-night journey through Africa. It starts in Cairo with the customary boggle at the Pyramids, which nobody should die without seeing, and goes on to Luxor by train for a two-day Nile cruise to Aswan; then there's a flight to the ancient Islamic city of Khartoum before moving on to Mount Kilimanjaro — Hemingway country — via Dar-es-Salaam.

From there you go through Harare to the Victoria Falls — Living-

PATROL POWER

6-Cylinder power to go and power to tow.

From Patrol Pick-Up, Cab Chassis, Hardtops, 6-seat Wagon, to the Deluxe 7-seat Wagon, Nissan know-how gives you 6-cylinder power. After all, if you've got some really tough driving in mind you'll need more than a four.

Turbo diesel, 4-litre petrol and more.

Choose your power. There's the gutsy 3.3 litre diesel turbo.

Compared with a 4 litre diesel Landcruiser it offers around 10% more power and torque! Or you can choose from the economical standard 3.3 litre diesel, the 2.8 petrol with optional automatic on

Deluxe Wagon, or the big 4 litre petrol, a great engine for towing.

Limited slip rear diff is standard on every Patrol, too, so you can be sure of great traction. Landcruiser doesn't have it as standard, it took Nissan know-how to bring it to you.

The whole world knows Nissan reliability.

In 148 countries around the world and with 50 years' experience in Australia, Nissan has earned a reputation for reliability and economy.

And, with an Australia-wide service network of some 300 dealers, you're never far from Nissan know-how.

So, when you're looking for 6-cylinder power and performance, you can't go past a Patrol.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE

NISSAN

KNOW-HOW



People who need people are easy meat
for the hit-and-run operators in the introduction business

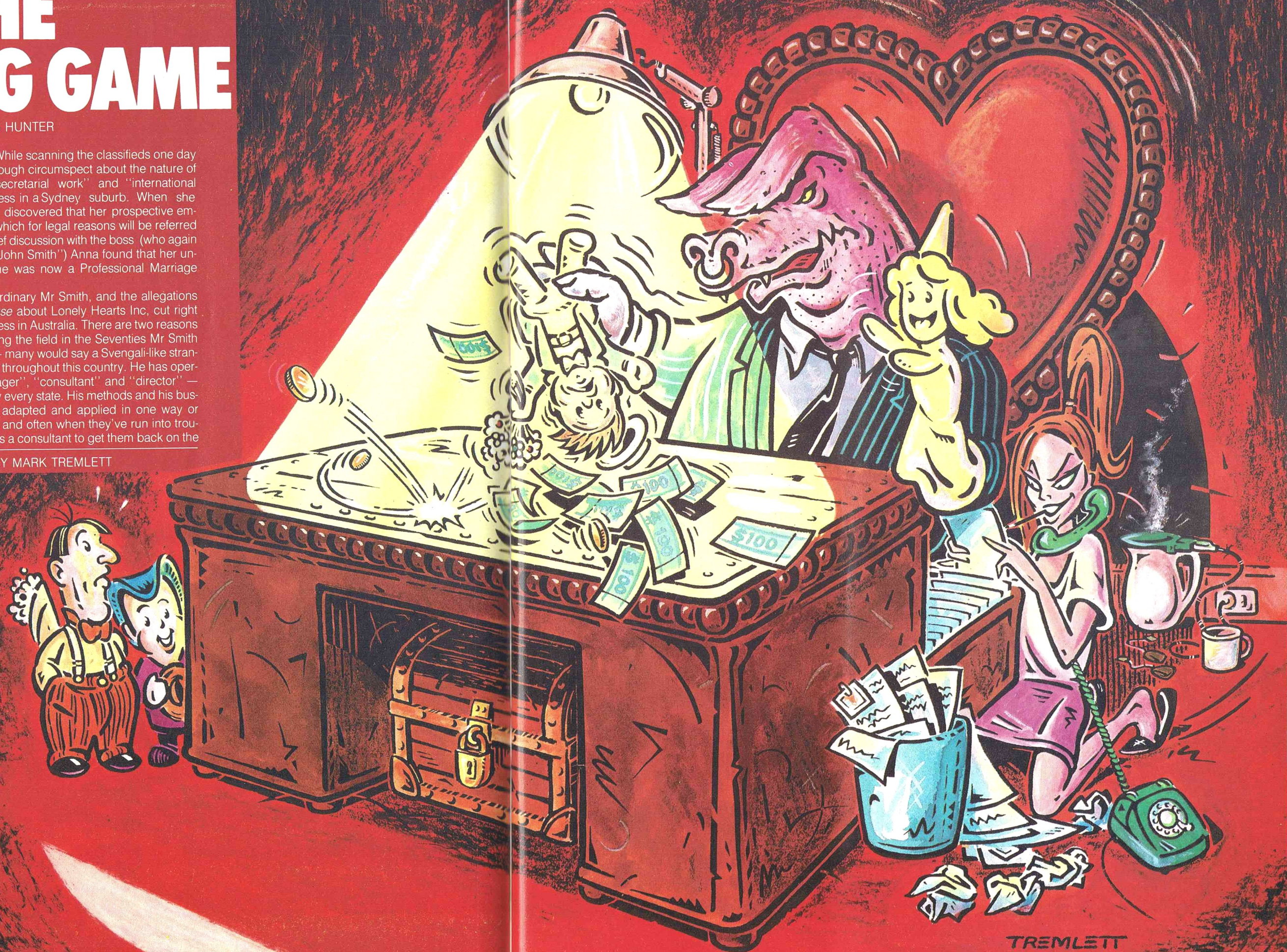
THE MATING GAME

BY GREG HUNTER

Anna M needed a job desperately. While scanning the classifieds one day she alighted upon an ad which, although circumspect about the nature of the job, promised "a new sort of secretarial work" and "international travel." Anna was given an address in a Sydney suburb. When she arrived for the job interview, she discovered that her prospective employer was an introduction agency which for legal reasons will be referred to as "Lonely Hearts Inc." After a brief discussion with the boss (who again for legal reasons will be called "Mr John Smith") Anna found that her unemployment worries were over. She was now a Professional Marriage Consultant.

Anna's encounter with the extraordinary Mr Smith, and the allegations she subsequently made to *Penthouse* about Lonely Hearts Inc, cut right to the heart of the introduction business in Australia. There are two reasons for that. The first is that since entering the field in the Seventies Mr Smith has exercised enormous influence — many would say a Svengali-like stranglehold — on the introduction game throughout this country. He has operated in various capacities — "manager", "consultant" and "director" — in one or several agencies in virtually every state. His methods and his business ideology have been copied, adapted and applied in one way or another by most of his competitors, and often when they've run into trouble, Smith has offered his services as a consultant to get them back on the

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK TREMLETT



MATING GAME

track. So the evolution and present state of the industry owe much to this self-proclaimed doyen of matchmakers.

The second reason is that Mr Smith decided to become a marriage agent because of the total absence of specific legislative controls over the industry. Linking the lonely and lovelorn for profit is a *carte blanche* business proposition tailor-made for a man of Mr Smith's "libertarian" political leanings. The lack of consumer protection legislation makes the introduction business the last bastion of unfettered free enterprise in this country; combine that with several other factors, most importantly the natural reluctance of embarrassed victims to complain about matchmaking rip-offs and the minimal capital outlay required to start an introduction agency, and what you have is a veritable goldmine for hit-and-run operators whose only interest is in lining their pockets at the expense of the most exploitable of all consumers. To describe this business as a haven for the unscrupulous would be a ludicrous understatement.

So when a young lady like Anna, unschooled in any interpretation of business ethics beyond the traditional "fair go", blunders into an operation like Lonely Hearts Inc and the redoubtable Mr Smith, what follows is an ideological conflict which

throws stark light not only on the introduction business but also on the nature of "good" and "evil" in the context of private enterprise. It leads ultimately to a question which is fundamentally political: to what extent should governments legislate to protect hopelessly naive and stupid people from themselves?

"At the end of the job interview," said Anna, "Mr Smith said exactly these words to me: 'Are you prepared to look past the loneliness of these people and look at the benefit you can gain from that loneliness? You can't work here unless you are committed to making lots of money for me, and therefore lots of money for yourself.'" That commitment, according to Anna, was the first stage in the training process at Lonely Hearts Inc. Was this "training" ever directed at enabling the consultant to make better matches between clients? "Good Heavens, no. It was purely directed at teaching the consultant how to extract more money from clients without them realising you were doing it."

The methodology which facilitates the extraction of the maximum possible amount from customers is based on a system, endemic in the introduction business, of a sliding scale of fees which supposedly corresponds with increasing levels of service. This exclusivity principle is viewed by many industry observers as the fundamental "scam" in the introduction game.

The first step is to ensure that volume advertising keeps the phones ringing continually. According to Anna, the golden rule is that *everyone* who calls, whether male or female, must be persuaded to come into the office, "because once you've got them in there, they've had it. So the idea is to get as many details as possible over the phone, including the caller's number and address, so that [if they fail to keep the appointment] you can plague them for years afterwards with the form letters until they finally turn up for an interview."

When clients arrive for the first consultation, they're met by a lineup of pretty young girls who usher them into a private room, where they fill out a file card listing personal details and partner preferences. When that's done, it's time for the consultant to go to work. "The consultant's sole task is to get as much money as possible from the client," said Anna. "You can never let a customer go without getting at least the minimum fee; if you do, you face lots of abuse from the other consultants. It's a real high-pressure situation." To ensure that employees do not lose sight of the major objective, they're given special bonuses for taking more than \$2000 a week from clients.

The consultant must first assess the client's capacity to fork out the dollars before deciding where to begin on the sliding scale of fees. The fee structure varies according to the sex of the client. For men, the top bracket costs \$3000; the sales pitch on this one is usually reserved for the obviously affluent. \$3000 clients are referred to as "potential marriage candidates." They're told that payment of that fee assures them of an eventual marriage. In this bracket, according to Anna, clients are entitled to remain on the files for a period of five years or until they're joined in matrimony — whichever comes first. They're given first bite of the cherry whenever a new female calls the agency, and ads are placed for them in the personal columns. The \$3000 bracket is the only one which involves a written contract; clients usually pay off the fee at around \$100 a month.

If the consultant fails to nail the client for three grand, she proceeds down the scale to the "red spot" category. This is the one that confronts the majority of male clients. For \$800 the customer is told he'll receive one year's worth of introductions — again, no specific number is mentioned — without having to call the agency each time he wants a new date. He's also entitled to a certain number of personal ads, and is next in line after the \$3000 clients for consideration when a new lady comes on to the files — although according to Anna, "the selection process is pretty erratic." The next bracket down is the \$500 file, which Anna claimed is "almost the same as the \$800 category." Consultants are instructed not to talk about a fee lower than \$500 "unless you're dealing with someone really sleazy. You're told to say: 'No lower fee is

acceptable.' If the client still refuses to come across, it then becomes a process of pure bargaining. You've just got to try and get whatever you can. You talk about all sorts of fictitious brackets — \$400, \$300, \$200, \$150 — and pretend that each of these involves a different set of services, when in reality they don't."

The bottom line is the \$100 category, which is different from the others in that it only entitles the basic client to a single introduction. His file is then placed in a separate compartment, where it remains for one year before being discarded. He is told that his \$100 fee entitles him to a year's introductions, but that after the initial contact he'll have to ring the agency and hassle for more if he wants them. No personal ads will be placed for him. According to Anna, the sales pitch used to talk the client back up into a higher bracket is a standard line: "Unless you give us adequate money, we cannot perform an adequate service for you. How can you put a value on meeting somebody? It could lead to marriage. It's priceless. You can afford it; don't be selfish; don't be greedy; pay that money!"

"If you get a good consultant," according to Anna, "you're going to have a hard battle to get out by paying just \$100. I never willingly let anyone go if I'd only got \$100 from them. If the client refuses to fork out the basic fee, you're encouraged to stand up and shout at them, to treat them

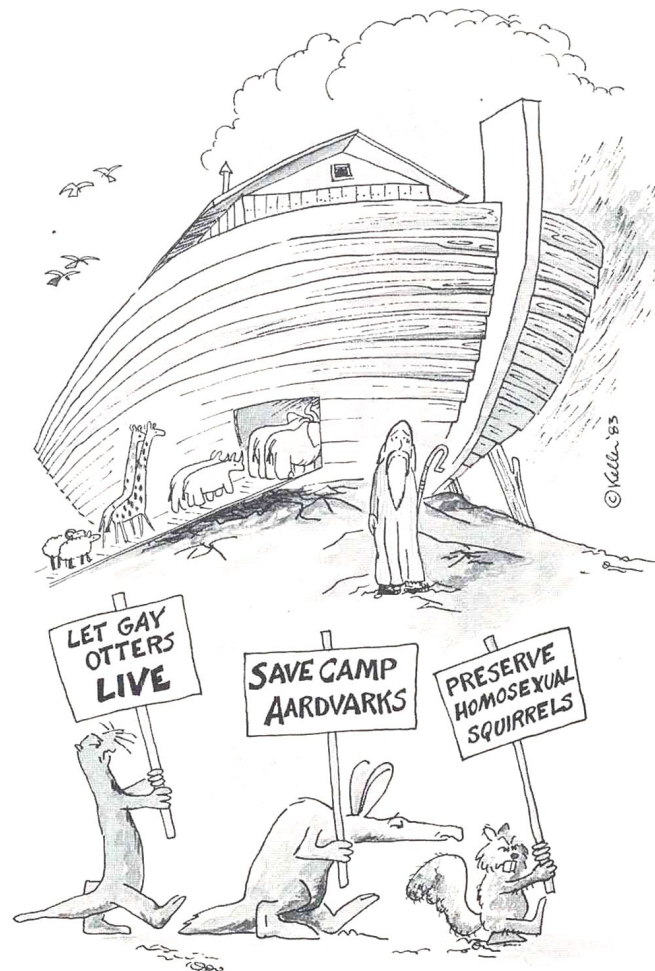
with absolute contempt, to throw them out of the office... because you, a Professional Marriage Consultant, have been *insulted* by them. At Lonely Hearts Inc it was not unusual to hear screams emanating from the consulting rooms — it was quite incredible."

According to Anna, most of the male clients at LHI bought the \$500 package, although a great many joined the hopefuls on the \$800 red spot file. Most men, she said, did not pay less than \$200 for the service. Typically, the fee structure is entirely different for females. "Women don't have to pay a cent, the reason being that they're generally terrified of getting involved in this business — particularly in the western suburbs of Sydney, but the same applies anywhere." So when a woman rings the agency, usually in response to an advertisement placed for a male client, the consultant again tries to elicit as many details as possible — but the lady can have her desired introduction immediately over the phone. If that one proves unsuitable, she can have another any time she wants simply by calling the agency. Again, however, the consultant must try to persuade female callers to come into the office for a consultation. If they're successful, the same procedure is followed as for male clients. Because of the dearth of eligible ladies, they must be treated with extreme caution; there is, however, no shortage of *ineligible* ladies, and according to Anna,

"it's easy to get these women to trust you and give you money. They're so lonely, so hung up about their appearance and the fact that they can't meet anybody, they'll pay to join without much trouble." The maximum fee for women is \$500, and very few pay that much. Then, said Anna, it's a case of charging \$400, \$300... or whatever.

We are talking, then, about moderately large amounts of money. But what do the clients really get for their investment? In the majority of cases, according to Anna, the answer is very little. You don't need to be Einstein to work out why that might be so. Most men, it can be assumed, would like to meet a young, attractive, interesting female. Logic decrees that young, attractive, interesting females don't need to join introduction agencies; they can meet all the men they want — and often a lot more than they want — with a minimum of effort. And so there is the eternally unsatisfying triangle: middle-aged, divorced mother of two, pleasantly plump, loyal and devoted, wants to meet similar-aged or older male, who in turn wants to meet young, attractive, interesting female who has no desire whatever to meet middle-aged man, who in turn has no desire to meet pleasantly plump middle-aged mother-of-two.

This "compatibility imbalance" is exacerbated, according to Anna, by a huge numerical imbalance. It's not merely a case of too many men and not enough women;



GIVE YOUR SPIRITS A LIFT!

In the land where bourbon was born, Old Grand-Dad is known as the spirit of America. A premium bourbon — smooth, mellow, rich on the palate.

If bourbon is your drink, experience the best. Come on up to the Spirit of America and be pleasantly surprised that the best of bourbons comes at such an affordable price.

Old Grand-Dad Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey.
The Spirit of America.



COME ON UP TO THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

MATING GAME

the real problem lies in the distribution of the sexes according to age. "We had enormous numbers of very young men — 19, 20 and 21-year-olds," said Anna. "There was a dearth of middle-aged males, and then there were quite a few old men. On the other hand, we had very few young women and huge numbers of females in their late 30s and 40s. The majority of them were divorced, overweight, and terribly lonely. So the overlap between what's *wanted* and what's actually *available* is negligible. There were virtually *no* young ladies who were actually good-looking, which is of course what all the men want. So you'd have about three ladies who'd be introduced endlessly and come to take more introductions for granted, with hundreds of men who've paid hundreds of dollars getting very few introductions. Whenever a young woman rang the agency we'd jump on her — but there just weren't enough to go around, and those that were available weren't what the men wanted."

The upshot of this is that *any* introduction agency — no matter how well-intentioned — is facing an uphill battle trying to come up with the goods for its clients. According to Anna, "the number of successful matches (ie introductions

which led to marriage or long-term relationships) at Lonely Hearts Inc. was negligible. We did get some marriages, but the fact is that matches are simply not regularly successful."

The "matching" procedure, as in the case of fees, varies according to sex. When the male client has handed over his money, the consultant flicks through the files to find a lady who appears to fit the most basic requirements — nationality, spoken language, and such. She shows the attached photo to the client, and if he wants to meet the lady, the consultant must contact her first. If she agrees to a meeting, the consultant gives the client her phone number or address (some men prefer to get the ball rolling by letter). However, if the consultant is arranging an introduction for a female client, the lady can contact her date immediately. The male half of the match can only ask to be informed first if he's in the \$3000 bracket. To select the appropriate male, the consultant runs through the files in order of priority — the "potential marriage candidates" first, then the red spot men, and so on. "If one looks suitable," said Anna, "you pull out his file and supply the phone number. But the idea that clients are actually 'matched' is pure bullshit. Nothing about the man — his appearance, his hobbies, and so on — matters at all. What matters is how much he's paid. The excuse used for making clients come

into the office is that the consultant has to see how presentable they are — but in reality, no matter how *unpresentable* they are, they're still introduced if they've paid their money, and the more they've paid, the more priority they get." As for the \$100 clients, "They're treated with absolute contempt. They get one introduction and if they don't push it after that, they're forgotten about. The attitude is that they've only paid \$100 so they don't *deserve* introductions."

The level of client dissatisfaction with the goods provided under this system is, according to Anna, "quite phenomenal." Inside LHI the phones rang at a frantic pace, and "80 percent of calls were from people who were dissatisfied with their last introduction and wanted to complain." The consultant's response would again be a standard line: "Look, you've been given one introduction, but you need *several* before we can find the right person for you." This, it appears, can be a convenient lead-in to another face-to-face confrontation with the consultant, whose argument once again is that if the client doesn't provide more money, he can't expect reasonable service. Thus the policy is that *every time* the phone rings, the client should be persuaded to show up at the office for a personal consultation . . . and this is why the priority system, where the client is encouraged to believe that the problem of insufficient or unsuitable matches can be

remedied by the payment of extra cash, is viewed by many as the basic "scam" in the industry. The tactics employed to extract those extra dollars can, according to Anna, become very dubious indeed: "One of the tactics is to deliberately 'hold' all further introductions until the client pays more money. Say if the client has paid \$500 and you think he could pay \$800, you whet his appetite with a few introductions which you know aren't great but okay . . . then you refuse any more introductions until you get the extra \$300. You give it to the client straight: 'I am not going to introduce you to anyone else until you give me that money. I *know* you can pay it. How can you put a value on meeting someone? It's *priceless* . . .'"

When the money runs out, the consultant's next move is take something of value. One anecdote related by Anna illustrates the sequence in action: "We had one guy on the files who was blind and had taken to drink because of the difficulties he had in meeting women. He paid \$200 initially and we did find a few introductions for him by advertising — 'This man is blind but a lovely person because etc etc . . .' Anyway, none of the matches worked out because of his drinking problem. Subsequently he came in and paid another \$200 after John Smith had spoken to him. He got a couple more introductions which were again hopeless, and he couldn't pay

any more — but he kept ringing up for dates and obviously he really wanted the service. Anyway, he had worked for some time in the video industry so Mr Smith told him to come into the office and bring a video recorder with him, which he did . . ."

This, according to Anna, is standard procedure. During one three-month period at Lonely Hearts Inc., she claimed, two television sets were acquired, two trail bikes, a surfboard, a stereo, a set of curtains . . . one lady even carpeted the entire office in return for a place on the files.

The promise of advertising is another method employed to up the ante. Male clients who pay \$3000 down to \$500 are entitled to a particular number of advertisements, while no \$100 client ever makes an appearance in print: "They're lucky if they get an introduction." And so, according to Anna, the standard line is: "We can't find suitable people if you don't give us enough money to advertise you. If you do, we'll find a lady for you — no worries." In reality, this is an optimistic prediction: "Often there's no answer to a man's ad at all."

Advertisements for women are a different proposition; they attract big responses. (Perhaps this is unsurprising in view of the following copy which appeared in *Singles* magazine in September 1984 on behalf of The Sydney Marriage Agency, under the heading "STUNNING DIVORCEE": "Joan Col-

lins eat your heart out, this lady is movie star material, blonde, blue-eyed and beautiful! Cuts a mean shape by anyone's standards . . . Does like younger men, but young at heart to 50 would suit!") "These women *do* exist," said Anna, "although their names are changed and the copy may be exaggerated. At LHI I wrote many of them myself. The details aren't actually made up, but you embellish them; you can basically say what you want to. If a man rings in response to a lady's ad he'll be introduced if she's suitable, but usually she isn't. And although these young women are real, there are very few of them."

Anna's allegations about the conduct of the introduction business are substantiated by a number of sources. *Penthouse* has copies of statutory declarations signed by former clients of two Sydney-based marriage agencies.

A statement submitted by Geoff T. illustrates the badgering of clients linked with the sliding scale of fees and the unreliability of the service. Geoff's first contact with the introduction industry was in November 1983. "I went along in response to an advertisement in the paper," said Geoff. "The pretty young consultant told me that if I joined I would have access to *hundreds* of girls. At first they wanted \$300 from me, which they said would buy me quicker service and more girls to choose from. Ultimately I agreed to pay \$100, which would

THE NUMBERS GAME

It's not hard to imagine why the introduction business is one of the growth industries of the Eighties. Increased alienation and loneliness, coupled with a rising divorce rate, has resulted in an unprecedented number of unattached people who have little hope of finding a permanent relationship under the revolving silver ball at the local singles venue. People *want* this industry, and society needs it.

One agency operator recently estimated the number of introduction outfits in the country at 200 (counting individual branches of the national networks). In NSW alone there are about 40 agencies with an estimated annual turnover of \$20 million.

No controlling legislation exists in any Australian state. However, the NSW Consumer Affairs department is currently considering serious action to regulate what it regards as a problem industry. The department has always believed that because of the "embarrassment factor", the number of people complaining about marriage agencies is minuscule compared with the actual number of dissatisfied customers. The figures, therefore, don't tell the story:

90 complaints in 1980-81, 68 in 1981-82, and 92 in 1982-83.

In a statement delivered to Parliament in May 1984, NSW Minister for Consumer Affairs George Paciullo identified the major areas of complaint as: failure to supply suitable matches; the supply of inaccurate information; delays in providing services; failure to define the precise nature of services to be provided; and false or misleading advertising. Mr Paciullo presented a selection of 20 case histories, of which the following was typical: "A male client paid six months membership for \$720 . . . not one contact was provided from the day he joined for more than two months and he was totally unable to get any communication from the agency." The largest amount forfeited by a dissatisfied customer was \$7000.

A spokesman for the department identified two major "scams" arising from the complaints available. "The most common form of rip-off is the multi-level, multi-fee operation — the priority system — where the agency initially signs up the customer on the basic fee and then bounces him up the scale by deliberately providing him with poor service until he pays extra money."

The second major scam is the mail order operation, a time-honored method of parting the naive from their money, "and one which causes a great deal of grief to the public." Customers supposedly receive lists of available contacts in return for payments sent to a post office box. Box numbers and company names are changed constantly, with the perpetrators simply pocketing whatever money turns up in the mail. In his May 1984 address to Parliament Mr Paciullo named Deidre's Associated Services (an outfit which requested clients to pay their money to The Associated Bureau, an unregistered business name) as a "particularly nasty version" of this style of operation, because Deidre's appeared to be offering a street address which was in fact a post office box. "My strongest advice to people is that they *never* deal with any company that is giving only a post office box as an address," Mr Paciullo said.

Another fraudulent area is the advertising of women who are not on the agency's files but can't be shown to be "phoney." Tony Trimmingham, a Sydney resident who has thoroughly researched the industry, firstly as a client and secondly as the proprietor of a very reputable service called Computer Dating, has run tests on the women advertised by rival agencies. "A lady will ring the agency and provide certain details during the conversation, without

actually joining. The consultant doesn't tell her that all these details are being taken down on a card. The next day an ad appears for her in the name of the agency. When you ring in response to that ad, the agency says she's 'taken' or whatever, 'but come in anyway.' We did numerous telephone tests using several different people and *not once* did any of us get to meet the lady advertised."

It's difficult to imagine a *legal* business activity which would be more attractive to unscrupulous operators than the introduction game. The lack of specific legislation means that such people need no particular licence or qualifications to open an agency; all they need to do is rent premises and install a telephone, and they can generate *immediate* cash flow with minimal capital outlay. If necessary they can walk out in three months' time with very minor repercussions, particularly if they've adopted the standard introduction agency tactic of applying the "corporate veil" — company and trading names which aren't registered, non-existent or dummy directors, strippable assets, and so on. Apart from that, the targeted consumer is in so many cases a sitting duck. Three factors operate to ensure that the consumer backlash will be minimal: (1) the embarrassment factor; (2) the type of clientele attracted to introduction agencies, who according to the Consumer Affairs spokesman, "may

not be capable of complaining or articulate enough to do so"; (3) the amounts of money involved, which although fairly substantial, are not quite enough to cause *most* people to take legal action when they finally realise they're being taken for a ride.

And so we have an industry riddled with conmen who, according to the Consumer Affairs spokesman, "play *the numbers game*: they know that only a certain percentage of consumers are going to complain, and they set their costings accordingly. So when an officer of the Consumer Affairs department fronts up with a complainant, they simply write out a cheque and tell the client to get lost. Their attitude is that as long as you walk the tightrope between what is legal and illegal, ignoring what may be moral or immoral, then you've done nothing wrong."

In an interview with *Penthouse* Mr Paciullo didn't mince words in his appraisal of the matchmaking business: "The unscrupulous operators in this industry would be amongst the worst predators in commerce, and I see the introduction business as a major threat." In May 1984 Mr Paciullo put the industry in NSW on notice to the effect that if it didn't clean up its act he would seriously consider the introduction of controlling legislation — an action he did not want to take because of its "Big Brother" political connotations. At present, therefore, he was running with the

preferred option of an attempt at self-regulation by the Association of Introduction Agencies (AIA), formed in January 1984 and consisting of 10 businesses who have agreed to adhere to a Code of Ethics drawn up by the Consumer Affairs Department. Mr Paciullo conceded that the AIA's current membership in NSW represented "only a clear minority of the 40 outfits who are into this style of operation — and that's worrying." Other sources — including Mr James Darby — have condemned the association as "a paper tiger, a sham, formed by many of the least reputable outfits in order to stave off the Consumer Affairs department and give themselves some credibility." Mr Paciullo stressed that he would make a judgement in early 1985 as to how well the industry's attempt at self-regulation had worked and then consider whether legislative action should be taken.

Whatever the outcome, it's clear that a lot is at stake. As more and more marriages break down, as people become increasingly isolated and lonely, the industry *must* grow rapidly. Ultimately Australian society may reach a level of dislocation that makes introduction by agencies an everyday affair, as is the case in the US. And so, according to Tony Trimmingham, "it is *vital* that this industry be cleaned up. The potential exists for the introduction business in Australia to become a huge, incredibly lucrative industry dominated by criminals."

MATING GAME

buy me one year's membership. The agency told me I'd get heaps of introductions. In fact I was given two introductions; the first turned out to be a non-existent number — I checked at the exchange. The second woman told me she was no longer a member. . . . One girl also rang me — she was Maltese, where I'd said I wanted an Australian, and she was totally unsuitable. In fact, both of us agreed we would complain about the agency. The agency would ring me every fortnight and try to get me to come into the office. I went in there three times and each time they wanted more money in return for 'faster service.' The most they ever asked me for was \$300, and they offered to let me pay it off in instalments. I knew all along they were trying to get at me, so three months after joining I asked for my money back. They re-

fused to pay. I lodged a complaint with Consumer Affairs, but didn't follow it through."

Perhaps the most disturbing of all Anna's disclosures about the operation of Lonely Hearts Inc was the statement that although LHI was "essentially typical of the industry, it was, believe it or not, one of the best." A great many of the clients at LHI were in fact dissatisfied former clients of other agencies, who often told stories which Anna described as "just atrocious." While she conceded that LHI may not have been the best agency for its \$100 clients, "at least they could ring the office and push for introductions and get them. At some other agencies you can be turned away and never be heard of again. And people are being told by other outfits that they can't meet the woman in the advertisement because she doesn't exist — therefore, will they meet this other woman who's a 20-stone divorcee with three kids?"

Summing up her experience of the introduction business, Anna expressed this view: "At the moment the industry is almost entirely money-orientated. Some agencies have branches Australia-wide — big national networks. It's an extremely lucrative business if you know how to handle it, as Mr Smith does, and you have a good staff. There's a huge need for this industry — there are so many lonely people out there — but the way they're handling it is all wrong. Mostly the clients are not treated as people needing a service. In some cases it's disgraceful."

Mr James Darby, a veteran of the introduction business, was approached by *Penthouse* to respond to the above allegations. It is, however, impossible to describe Mr Darby's reaction to those allegations by addressing them individually. The methods by which he runs his introduction agencies are inextricably linked with the broad spec-

trum of his political philosophy. This became clear during a five-hour interview which took place in the Bankstown office of the Sydney Marriage Agency. Although allegedly normally reticent about being thrust into the media limelight, he produced an inspired dissertation on the nature of good and evil as the rain pelted down on to the shabby streets of Bankstown's business district. At times it appeared that Darby exerted a charismatic influence over his attractive office manageress, who sat attentively through the exhaustive monologue and regularly interjected to express her unbounded admiration for her boss and mentor.

To understand the Darby world view it's necessary to go back to the early Seventies, when the future matchmaker was employed as a used car salesman in Sydney. The NSW Consumer Affairs Department was beginning to make inroads and Darby foresaw the introduction of compulsory warranties — an example of what he described as "consumer terrorism." Convinced that "ideologically I could no longer sell cars", he moved into selling real estate, but again found himself restricted by government intervention. Deciding that he "would no longer pay taxes to a socialist government", Darby packed his wife and kids into a "hippie van" and headed in the unlikely direction of Nimbin on the NSW north coast. There he preached to assembled audiences of hippies, condemning them for living off a high dole stolen from the people who created the wealth, and advancing a "philosophy of abundance" based on the merits of free enterprise. Eventually he landed at a place called Bald Rock, "and in that very spiritual country I had a vision that I must build an alternative free enterprise society based on a man's right to keep what he produces and share it *voluntarily*, but not compulsorily." At Bald Rock Darby tried to organise a Nimbin-style festival of the Right, "where people would recognise the value of wealth — a festival which would hopefully lead into an alternative society."

Darby's vision was relegated to the backburner when he decided that he had to campaign against Gough Whitlam. He launched a massive recruitment drive for the Liberal Party in the Liverpool district in Sydney but was ultimately blackballed by party members who, he said, "came to believe that I was orchestrating a movement to remove all the Lefties from the Liberal Party." However, he has maintained contact with the extreme Right by contributing funds to the ultra-conservative Liberty Research organisation which operates under the direction of Lyenko Urbanchich, a man who evaded expulsion from the Liberal Party by a handful of votes in 1980 when it was alleged he had been a Nazi collaborator in German-occupied Slovenia. "I am a great admirer of Urbanchich and I support his views," said Darby. These include the desire to return to a White Australia Poli-

cy and the doctrine that land rights for Aborigines is a communist conspiracy.

As is often the case with the ideology of the far Right, Darby's convictions are bolstered by the belief that God is on his side. But in a somewhat original interpretation of the scriptures, he believes the Bible was misquoted on the doctrine that it is better to give than to receive: "I believe it is better to give *and* to receive. The way a man comes close to God is by giving heaps and taking heaps." This leads him into conflict with the "consumer terrorism" of the Eighties, which programs consumers to be suspicious and thus "*they will not part with sufficient money because they are now aware of their own vulnerability*." So the employer is faced with the *crisis* of providing a greater service than the client has paid for. I believe that's a sin. It is *evil*." Compounding the problem for employers, according to Darby, is the socialist propaganda fostered by the education sys-

"I'm the greatest thing that's ever happened to unattached people in this country"

tem, which turns out a succession of unemployables "*who are more interested in the welfare of the consumer than the employer*." These people have to be ideologically retrained, to learn that their task is to help *the employer* make a profit."

And so it was that in 1977 James Darby, creative thinker and staunch enemy of protective consumerism, having previously abandoned the used car and real estate businesses, became an employee and subsequently the manager of an introduction agency called Unique. Now occupying territory within the last bastion of unsullied free enterprise in the country, Darby set about revolutionising the industry by the application of his libertarian political philosophy.

When he opened his own agency — Australian Companion Services — in 1978, the major problem was that he "didn't know how to charge sufficient money for the service." The answer came to him in two instalments. The first of these was the discovery that one of his own staff was charging the clients hundreds of extra dollars and pocketing the money. "So then I thought: 'If she can charge that much

money, so can I!'" The second revelation appeared in the form of a 77-year-old man who came into the office, peeled off an enormous wad of notes and threw them in the direction of Mr Darby, explaining that his wife had been dead for 12 months and he was terribly lonely. "He gave me all this money and he just kept feeding it to me," Darby recalled fondly. "In return I gave him phenomenal service and within six months I had him remarried to a beautiful petite lady of 69."

From those experiences Darby developed the priority system and later introduced numerous other innovations which were copied universally. There was a proliferation of introduction agencies, perhaps resulting from the belief that a new era had dawned and there were big bucks to be made. "The others were charging the same fees as me but had no understanding of how to provide the service," said Darby, "so to forestall bad publicity I took over their files whenever I could, and I still do that all over Australia."

From that broad philosophical perspective it's not difficult to anticipate Mr Darby's responses to the specific allegations made by Anna and others about the conduct of introduction agencies. On the matter of the "training process", Darby responded: "The training in getting the money from the clients is the important thing. I have never said that I take advantage of people's loneliness, but the best kind of employee I can hire is one who will create abundance for me. *We are not training social workers here*. The marketplace decides what a client is prepared to pay and what he will get for his money. It's a form of voluntary sharing."

Anna's explanation of the tactics used to extract money from clients during office consultations met with the following reply: "This girl obviously exhibits all the tendencies of stealing from the employer that I've talked about. Her responsibility is to charge the clients the highest possible fee in return for the best possible service. She's the kind of employee that employers are forced to hire today." Darby decried the existence of "fictitious categories" which amounted to a situation of pure bargaining. "Each category at my agencies has a specific service and period of time attached to it. I strictly ensure that the client receives satisfactory service." As to the priority system itself, Darby's justification was that "everything that's available is sold with *options*. After the client has paid his \$100, he then has the option of lifting himself into a higher category providing a comprehensive service." Anna's most serious allegations concerned the unavailability of the desired commodity — particularly, the lack of eligible women. "There is some truth in this," Darby conceded. "At most agencies the compatibility imbalance is out of control. It's a problem here too — but it's not out of

Continued on page 152

TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEET

Having gained experience on both sides of the business during the past six years, 36-year-old Tony Trimmingham has a unique and comprehensive perspective on the lonely hearts scene in Australia. In 1978 he made his first contact with an introduction agency and subsequently tried each of the other dozen major outfits then advertising in Sydney. Almost all of these were using precisely the same methods, according to Trimmingham. He classified them as "category A" agencies, characterised by a basic aim of providing no service whatsoever, a "matching" procedure which appeared to be performed out of a hat, and a strict adherence to the priority system coupled with the pretence that the client was "extremely difficult to match."

While the vast majority of matchmaking outfits belonged in category A, Trimmingham drew a distinction between them and the "category B" companies — a group now represented by Yvonne Allen & Associates and Compat. These are a different ball game altogether. They're "upmarket" services characterised by in-depth psychological testing, professional counselling, contractual guarantees to provide a certain number of genuine matches, and expensive fees. At Yvonne Allen, clients pay a registration fee of \$350 plus \$200 for three months, \$300 for six months or \$500 for 12 months membership. The category B agencies enjoy an excellent relationship with the Consumer Affairs Department in NSW. According to a departmental spokesman, "These agencies are providing a proper commercial return to the consumer. They're totally upfront about the nature of the service, how much it's going to cost, and what the

clients' chances are of finding what they're looking for." Trimmingham agreed that category B agents were sincere people who were striving to provide ethical service, but asserted that "although they operate what appears on the surface to be a very good service, they are in many ways no better than the outfits in category A, because their clients pay *big* money and they still may end up disappointed." The expensive fees, according to Trimmingham, resulted in a very limited clientele and hence the chances of a successful match were slim. "They also offer a guarantee, but in reality it's worthless, because if the conditions of the contract aren't fulfilled they merely offer an extension of membership rather than money back, so clients normally stay on the books until they get fed up and drift out."

In 1979, when Trimmingham had realised there wasn't what he considered a decent service operating in Sydney, he set up the first Computer Dating Service, offering dates for \$5 and aiming merely to provide ethical service and to cover costs. Computer Dating operated for four years with a "good" success rate and a total clientele of around 4000 — evidence, said Trimmingham, of the enormous need for a genuine introduction agency run by people who cared about the clients. However, the service folded on the verge of bankruptcy in 1982. As a result of this grand experiment, Trimmingham concluded that it was possible to operate an ethical introduction service, but that a substantial capital outlay was required. "And even if you *are* ethical, you will still have a massive amount of problems, as I did, because of two factors: the stigma attached to join-

ing an agency, particularly in the case of young women, and people's general lack of honesty and extreme fussiness."

An anecdote told by Anna, the former consultant at Lonely Hearts Inc, illustrates graphically the difficulties under which marriage agents operate: "I got a call from a lady in Picton (NSW) who desperately wanted to go out to lunch with a man on the following Sunday. She didn't tell me until the end of the conversation that she weighed 22½ stone. I racked through the files, tried numerous men, and eventually came up with a Christian guy who was 20 stone himself and who agreed to meet her out of a sense of charity, although he wasn't really interested. Anyway I rang her back to inform her of the prospective match. Her response was, 'Oh no. I don't want to meet a man who's *overweight*.'" Obviously, said Anna, an agency is operating under tremendous strain trying to pretend that it's possible to arrange matches for such people.

Although Trimmingham conceded it was possible to feel some sympathy for the unscrupulous operators in the marriage game, his experience of the industry was best summed up by a conversation he had with the boss of one of Australia's biggest national introduction networks. "This man tried to hire me in 1982 when I went out of business," said Trimmingham. "We sat down, face to face, and he told me: 'You've got some good ideas, Tony. You can get the message across in your publicity, and that's really good. But if you come and work for me, you've got to get rid of this idea of *helping* people. The money is what it's all about. *We've got to get their money off them*.'" "

There is absolutely no secret to Drum's success.



When you buy Drum roll-your-own tobacco, there is no hiding what you're getting. In fact, we put it right on the pack: Excellent, bright and dark cigarette tobacco.

And that's exactly what you find inside; a perfect blend of tobaccos – bright strands of flue-cured Virginian, with the darker, aromatic strands of fire-cured Kentucky leaf.

You will notice the strands themselves are longer, which makes Drum very easy to roll. We achieve this by selecting



carefully only the larger leaves, and by laying them out by hand so we can cut each strand across the full width of the leaf. (The small circles of tobacco you will find are proof of this; they're actually tiny cross-sections from the central vein of the tobacco leaf.)

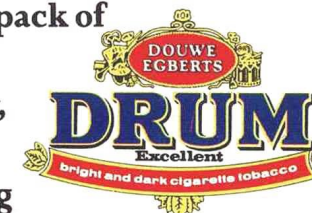
You'll also be able to feel and smell the total freshness of Drum tobacco.

This is mainly due to the specially designed polyethylene wrapper you had to remove after you bought the pack.

This wrapper allows the tobacco to 'breathe' without allowing moisture to escape. And that means your Drum tobacco stays fresher, longer.

So our secret is really no secret at all. We simply take the care and the time to put only the very best quality tobacco into every pack of Drum we sell.

Which is why, when you know what you're looking for in a cigarette, you will look for Drum.





DOWNWARD MOBILITY

PHOTOS BY DONALD MILNE

If there's one thing 23-year-old Joanne Latham can't stand it's hypocrisy. "Take that Miss America farce last year," says the outspoken blonde. "The organisers stage a meat parade to get people licking their chops, then get all shirty when they discover their winning chop has already been licked!"





"Next thing they'll be crowning a nun," she continues. "Well, I see the reigning winner is a religious girl and a virgin to boot. I thought her harp playing talent added the right squirt of saccharine to that little piece of American apple pie."



There's no stopping Joanne once she gets fired up: "But how do they know for sure she's a virgin, that's what I want to know. I thought

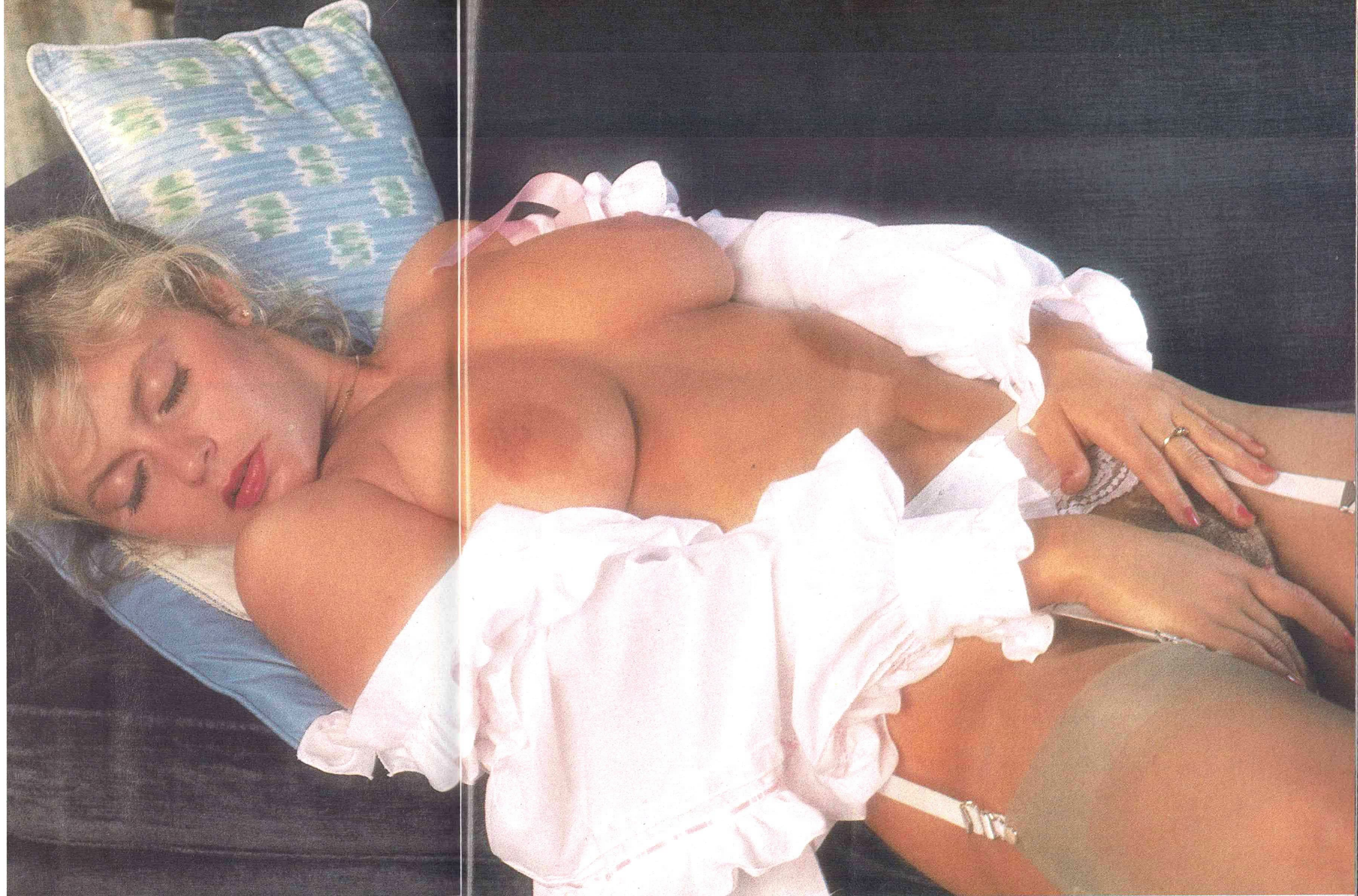
Americans like to see some proof. What, with their cowboy history, I felt sure they'd be calling for the stirrups by now. I hope they do that in years to come."





Joanne has no desire to wear a tiara, a satin sash and a beauty queen's plastic smile. She likes wearing as little as possible. She's a nude model and she seldom attempts to conceal her erotic attractions. Also, her unhomogenised past makes Vanessa Williams' little indiscretion look like a Brownies' picnic.





"My best talent is also something a beauty queen would rather die than admit," says Joanne, pausing to be probed for more. Any chance to probe Joanne is usually leapt at. "Well, I'll give you a hint," she giggles. "It's what the lift operator says when he reaches the top floor."

0115

Victims of the maverick Builder's Laborers Federation's guerilla tactics warn that the union's bite can be worse than its bark

BUILDERS' BLUES

BY DAVID HALPIN

Bobby Pringle, a former leader of Australia's toughest union — the Builder's Laborers Federation — knew he was in for a rough night when four hard men walked into the pub near Chinatown in Sydney one June evening last year. Pringle was alone and watching the TV above the bar, on which Jack Munday was recalling the halcyon days of the BLF for *Nationwide*. Those were the days of the Green Bans, when Munday, Pringle and a little terrier named Joe Owens stood up to the corrupt Premier Askin and the Big End of Town. The recollection brought a nostalgic smile to Pringle's face.

He recognised three of the new arrivals — one as a NSW branch official of the current BLF rulers and two of the others as staunch supporters of Federal Secretary Norm Gallagher and NSW Secretary Steve Black. But the fourth man was a stranger. As *Nationwide* concluded, the four moved around the bar and began to abuse Pringle over his association with Munday, who in 1983 had led a futile challenge against Black and his team in the union elections.

Pringle, a sturdy man of 43, argued back vigorously, wishing that some of his mates had stayed behind in the pub to back him up. He ignored several attempts to provoke him into a fight and finally turned away from the flood of invective. As he did so, one of the men slammed a full middy glass into his neck, sending a spray of blood into the air. Pringle collapsed, bleeding profusely, as the men ran out and the publican called the police.

At St Vincent's Hospital Pringle received more than 25 stitches in the wound. Doctors told him that the broken rim had just missed both his carotid artery and his facial nerves. He was lucky the attack didn't cause him to bleed to

death or leave him with a paralysed face. From his hospital bed, Pringle told reporters he could identify his attacker and would consider laying charges. He eventually sought legal advice, but subsequently decided to abide by the knockabout's code decreeing that police should not be involved in fights between the working class. Pringle said he "wouldn't seek vengeance against my attacker", but refused to rule out the possibility that his mates might take their own action against the man who had slashed him. He added: "My position is that to seek vengeance against cowards is only lowering yourself to their level, but as far as the union membership is concerned, I can only control my own actions."

That incident was not the first time Bobby Pringle had suffered serious injury as a result of his involvement in the tumultuous arena of BLF politics. In 1974, at the height of the struggle for control of the union between the Munday-Pringle-Owens faction and the NSW rebels backed by Victorian Norm Gallagher, Pringle received a broken jaw — inflicted, he says, by a federal organiser of the union. Since then, and prior to the latest attack on him, he and the other two officials who lost to the Gallagher forces have experienced some peculiar incidents. One night in Balmain a car came out of a side street and made repeated attempts to run them down; Munday has been threatened with violence by a well-known standover man while out on a training jog; threats have repeatedly been made to all three men in pubs by thugs they say are connected with "very heavy" Sydney criminals. Munday, Pringle and Owens, who cost the big developers tens of millions of dollars with their revolutionary Green Bans, have been black-banned from the building industry since they were voted out in 1974, although Owens has

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE



BUILDERS' BLUES

worked for short periods when sub-contractor mates have hired him.

After the June '84 attack on Pringle, journalists sought comment from Gallagher and NSW Secretary Black, but both men were "not available" — a tactic they have perfected for defusing bad publicity. However, that reaction cannot be taken to imply that Gallagher and Black had anything to do with the attack on Pringle. In the the murky atmosphere of violence which has dogged the BLF's affairs for decades, even Sherlock Holmes would remain a confused outsider. The world of the BLF officials, their members and their steely brand of politics is another country to Australians who exist outside the harsh workplace inhabited by building workers.

Although the BLF really began to establish itself as the country's maverick union in the Sixties and the Seventies with Munday's skilful use of the Green Bans, it has been around for nearly 75 years and its origins go back to the Gold Rush days in the middle of the 19th Century. In 1857 the demand for building skills was high; there were more than 45,000 canvas dwellings in Victoria alone. In Melbourne, building workers were the first in the world to win an eight-hour day. The BLF was formed in 1910, registered in 1911 and got its first award in 1913. In one of the supreme ironies of the union's history Bob Menzies appeared for the BLF in many cases, and "Big Norm" Gallagher has described Menzies as "a brilliant barrister who never lost a case for us." Gallagher has also stated that Menzies figured in one of the BLF "milestone cases" when he won the fledgling union coverage of bridge workers in 1927.

From those mild beginnings on the gold fields the BLF has developed into an industrial dragon, breathing fire and mayhem on to building sites, defying all the normal tenets of industrial relations and often proving uncontrollable even by the tough men who rule the union. It is now the second-biggest union in the building industry with over 130,000 members nationally, including 30,000 in NSW and 13,000 in Victoria, the two states where its public profile is highest. Only the Left-wing Building Workers' Industrial Union (BWIU) is larger than the BLF.

The BWIU, for many years an ally of the BLF — particularly when Jack Munday was in charge in NSW — is now one of the hostile unions seeking to destroy the BLF and absorb its members. Jack Sharkey, the BWIU's influential NSW Secretary, is a hard man but mildly spoken, a man no less determined than anyone to fight for the workers, and a well-read political activist who has come to the conclusion that the overall strategy of Gallagher and Black will do nothing to advance the union cause.

He is vocal about his belief that Gallagher and Black are out to look after themselves and their own communist factional political line (the Maoists led by barrister Ted Hill in Melbourne), and that their actions are so misguided they will lead only to a new round of unemployment and anarchy in the building industry. Sharkey is at the forefront of the current union moves — backed by the ACTU — to bring the BLF back into line with the more moderate attitudes of the union movement in general. Relations are now so bad between the BLF and the other unions that some Right-wing unions are talking about going to court to have the BLF deregistered — an action unthinkable in the union lexicon only a few years ago.

Last September the blue between the BLF and other unions became so bitter that another normally taboo action was decided upon: the ACTU authorised unions to cross the picket lines set up by the BLF at the

For many workers the BLF represents those who not only talk and think Left but are game to take on the police, men who live and work by their own rules

Sydney Police Centre project in central Sydney. ACTU Secretary Bill Kelty said the BLF picketing was unauthorised under ACTU guidelines, which state that other unions must be consulted before such picketing is begun. The Secretary of the Right-wing NSW Labor Council, Mr John McBean, said the ACTU decision was "the most significant" in the long-running battle between the BLF and other building unions. The Police Centre strike was a typical BLF situation, with about 70 BLF members on strike while another 200 workers continued working and running the gauntlet of the BLF picket line.

Legislation aimed at restricting BLF activities in NSW and paving the way for the union's deregistration without referral to the industrial courts was passed by NSW Parliament in late October last year. NSW Industrial Relations Minister Pat Hills called the legislation an emergency move in the light of the then two-month-old strike at the Police Centre. The legislation coincided with stepped-up threats by the ACTU to authorise other unions to take over BLF jobs if there was not an immediate return to work.

The BLF was expelled by the NSW

Labor Council in 1981 but the ACTU, although its patience has been sorely tried for many years by Norm Gallagher, has so far backed off from expelling the BLF from the national union body.

The BLF is often cited by reactionary forces in Australia as a symbol of all that's wrong with unionism. Typically it is alleged that anarchy rules, that BLF members don't care about the national economic health, that they selfishly strike without due cause, that they're generally riff-raff who demonstrate at the drop of a hard hat, that they're all a bunch of dangerous Commo ratbags and it's about time the forces of law and order and the full weight of the courts were brought to bear upon them.

The BLF is a handy target for the political Right — both the DLP-Labor Right (now so powerful in the NSW and federal governments) and the conservative movement, because Gallagher and his lieutenants do display a roughneck disregard for public opinion. But the union also represents for many workers a group of Australians who scorn the Tory press and do their own thing as transient laborers, men who not only talk and think Left but are game enough to take on the police, men who aren't afraid to be classified as outlaws and who, rather like industrial bikies, work and live by their own rules.

Undoubtedly the current public perception of the BLF is of a group of radicals who scorn Bob Hawke's Lib-Lab government and his consensus politics, his calls for all Australians to pull together. They are seen by many people who trustingly believe all they read in the mainstream media — controlled by a few conservative monopolies — as excessively militant, perverse in their sense of industrial relations dealings, and a class apart, a kind of sub-human mob which does the hard and dirty work in the building industry.

But the true picture of the BLF is much more complex than that. The actions and attitudes of the BLF and its members are often justified and often understandable. Builder's laborers are not in a secure industry where a career path lies before them subject only to the normal economic pitfalls faced by any fairly unskilled worker in a world of rapid technological change. They are often young men, transients — of all ethnic backgrounds — who get into the tough game for a few years and then move on to something easier if they can. Danger is nearly always present on the job, and the harshness of the workplace — the steel, concrete, the constant dust, the heat and noise — helps to develop the rugged personal outlook which inevitably moulds the collective character of the union and its officials. There is class hatred and there is contempt for the cops and the bosses, but there are reasons for that as well.

Over years of battles for a fair share of the enormous profits realised on many giant building projects by ruthless

employers and fast-quid developers, the builder's laborers have created their own special working environment. This is sometimes run according to a truly Australian ethos of mateship, of solidarity against the ruling class and the politicians who serve and are servile to that class. This world of hard hats and steel-tipped boots, inhabited by faces worn from heat, dust and the requirements of self-preservation among hard men, is not a part of everyday Australia: rather, the building site is a sort of monastery of hard yakka where sins are punished not by the head abbot but by a brick launched from the third floor. Let no apologist for either the BLF or the building bosses tell you that violence is not a part of the workplace. In fact it's nearly as regular as payday.

Recently on a big job at Kings Cross in Sydney an employer carefully vetted new employees to make sure "no BLF stirrers" were among those recruited. The employer also signed on a few of those bouncer types who occasionally seek more honest work than belting drunks outside strip joints. A few weeks into the job these special watchdog employees heard one BLF member urging other workers to demand BLF rates and conditions on the site. The thugs dragged the man into a work shed and thumped into him with fists and boots, sending him to hospital with an impressive array of injuries. Unfortunately for them, some of the victim's workmates contacted the BLF head office, and within hours more than 50 angry builder's laborers had marched to the Cross, invaded the site, showed the professional thugs that honest workers could also throw a good punch or twenty, and sent some of the most notorious heavies around the Cross fleeing from the site. Then the laborers told the employer they were closing down the job until a new contractor took over — one who would not use bash-artists to stand over BLF members. The injured man received monetary compensation and the job was duly completed.

Of course, this kind of guerilla action — as the builder's laborers call it — is invoked by the employers' spokesmen as yet another example of BLF lawlessness; less biased observers, even the tame sheep of the mass media, might see it as a worthy expression of Australian mateship and an exemplary method of turning back the lower reaches of organised crime when it tries to intrude into the workplace.

On another job, a BLF member on a picket line during a dispute was injured by shotgun pellets when a contractor fired at the pickets — another case which demonstrates that violence is not only the preserve of the BLF member, but is often used by the men who pay the wages and don't care what methods they employ. The contractor in question, keen to keep the job moving, offered the injured man a large sum of compensation through the BLF

office, provided that the police were not called in and the strike was called off. The injured man copped the deal, but claims he eventually received only \$5000, with a lot of the money disappearing as it moved through official BLF hands.

If Jack Munday's environmentally-conscious pronouncements and links with the middle class colored the public perception of the BLF in the Sixties and Seventies, Big Norm Gallagher stands dominant as the union's public face in the Eighties. Now 53, short and gone to bulk after an earlier stint as an amateur boxer, Gallagher is probably Australia's best-known trade unionist. He is hated and vilified by a large number of ordinary Australians, in and out of the union movement. His detractors range from Prime Minister Bob Hawke and Victorian Premier Cain to many of his own union's members, who feel Gallagher does more for himself than he does for them. But he also has many admirers among unionists and the general public who believe a lot of the mud slung at him is a reaction to his extraordinary effectiveness in standing up for the BLF and the working class. Even his enemies don't underestimate him, and he has amazing contacts in all kinds of unlikely places.

Gallagher was born in the famous Melbourne working class suburb of Collingwood and still barracks for its

football team. He questioned authority early in life, was expelled from school at 13, and began work in a boot factory at 14. He also used to spend Saturday mornings working as an assistant to his father in jacking up houses for removal. His father was "a little bloke", but even as a teenager Norm weighed in at nearly 14 stone. Gallagher later spent 16 years as a builder's laborer, doing all the hard and dangerous work which tends to put builder's laborers at the bottom of the status ladder even in the union movement. He became a shop steward, then an organiser until 1961, when at the age of 30 he became Federal Secretary.

Gallagher and his supporters proudly claim that the union wasn't much of an establishment when they took over. They say they "put it in the boot of a Holden and drove it to Melbourne." Like so much of BLF mythology this sounds like an apocryphal anecdote, but the BLF did indeed have little financial backup when Gallagher took over. Today it is still financially weak when compared with giants like the Metalworkers' Union, which controls annual revenue of over \$8 million, but the BLF can still muster substantial resources. Gallagher is reticent about the union's real financial position, because the money that flows in and out of the union official's hands is one of the most controversial aspects of the way the BLF is run. Libel laws in Australia forbid too



BUILDERS' BLUES

much detail about such matters, but pub gossip flies thick and fast year after year.

Gallagher has repeatedly been accused of taking bribes from big developers who want their projects to come in on time, but like so many accusations of this sort, they're very hard to prove in court. However, in July 1982, after a lengthy Royal Commission, Mr John Winnecke QC found that benefits and favors worth between \$140,000 and \$160,000 were given to Gallagher, his son Wayne and his "constant companion" Patricia Mary George. Winnecke's 410-page report said the evidence "presented a fairly convincing picture of a man who used his position in the industry to personal advantage." Evidence also showed that favors were done "because of an understandable desire not to offend Mr Gallagher."

In February 1983, Gallagher faced the Melbourne Magistrates Court on 41 counts of receiving secret commissions totalling more than \$133,000 while acting as BLF General Secretary. The Crown alleged that Gallagher received the benefits in the form of work done on his large house at McLaughlin's Beach, near Yarram in Victoria's Gippsland. The Crown Prosecutor told the court that the beach house was built almost from the ground up as a result

of benefits from big building developers "in the clear expectation that they were buying industrial peace." On the previous day four developers, Mr George Herscu, Mr Maurice Alter and brothers Bruno and Rino Grollo, had pleaded guilty to 117 charges of giving corrupt secret commissions to Mr Gallagher and another BLF official, Mr Harry Dalton, between 1977 and 1980. The charges were adjourned because Gallagher, who was serving a three-month sentence for contempt of court, had been in Pentridge Prison hospital for diabetes and high blood pressure. During the hearing the Prosecutor highlighted something of Gallagher's contempt for the courts. He recalled how Gallagher described the Winnecke Royal Commission as "an exercise to destroy Norm Gallagher — the multi-nationals are cashing in on our resources and they want the BLF out of the way."

Gallagher has taken on the High Court, the Arbitration Commission, the ACTU, the Victorian and NSW Trades Hall Councils, the Prime Minister, Victorian Premier John Cain, the Lord Mayor of Melbourne and some of the biggest unions in Australia. He has been fined and jailed (for contempt only) and has seen the BLF deregistered for two years from June 1974, but remains undaunted by the odds against him. The 41 charges have still not been heard, but should soon be listed for hearing.

The ACTU, the national building

employers and a lot of heavy union officials are looking for Gallagher's blood, especially if they believe the maverick attitude of the BLF could threaten the Accord. But Gallagher is clearly a master of brinkmanship; it always seems that this time he has gone too far, his enemies will have the union deregistered, and the other unions will move in like industrial vultures to sign up BLF members. Then, at the last moment, Gallagher backs away from the precipice. He's used the tactics of brinkmanship for years, keeping his enemies at bay by agreeing to keep the industrial peace, extracting concessions from the employers (such as a superannuation scheme or a four percent wage increase inside the Accord guidelines), then "stacking on a blue", making hostile noises, and finally calling off the strike at the last minute, when the threat of deregistration moves right up to the BLF's doorstep. The current healthy state of the economy and the building industry mean that employers and the government will go to great lengths to appease the BLF and try to coax them back to help build the great corporate towers in our cities.

Gallagher has gone to the brink so many times that no-one can predict his industrial demise under the combined weight of the corruption charges and the other unions keen to take over his members and put the BLF out of business forever. Apart from that, he is not just street-smart, but exhibits some depth of thinking about the long-term future of the building industry. He said recently: "I believe that unions will have to face up to amalgamation in the near future. Eventually technology must play a part. The industry will be made up of process workers who are neither tradesmen nor laborers. There will be a move towards one union for the building and construction industry. The trend is toward us rather than the tradesmen. Carpenters are already split into different specialities. That's why we fight so hard for work."

Although this viewpoint is evidence of Gallagher's talent for strategic thinking, very few industry observers could imagine one big building industry union embracing the AMWSU, the FIA, the AWU and the BWIU, all absorbed by the BLF. Either Gallagher is an unrecognised genius who has a secret master plan to take over all the other building unions, or he is whistling on his way past the industrial graveyard to keep his spirits up. He has lasted a long time against what at times have seemed insuperable odds, but with Australia moving away from union militancy as a result of Bob Hawke pushing the union movement to the Right along with his Labor Government, no realist could see Gallagher and his "boys" taking over the much better accepted unions now bitterly opposing the BLF.

For all the chaos the BLF causes on the industrial scene, Gallagher seems to run a tight ship at his efficient office in Lygon

St, Carlton, an inner Melbourne suburb. The inscription on the wall states in Gothic black lettering: "We are here to serve the members. Without exception the members shall have the benefit of the doubt in claims against the employer." The BLF motto is "Dare to struggle, dare to win."

Gallagher has 18 organisers who also act as social workers and as industry watchdogs. They're well equipped with two-way communications, cameras and loud speakers. The BLF publicity machine can produce pamphlets and posters within a day and would put many big-budget public relations departments to shame. Gallagher also believes he is better organised than many employers, with a decision-making process that takes only 24 hours but is able to formulate a policy in one hour if he needs it badly enough.

Gallagher admits he is not in the best of health, and that may turn out to be the only way his enemies will see him leave the union scene. He's winding down, and on Fridays he likes to escape from Lygon St to his controversial beach house for the weekend. He says he doesn't see himself going past 60 as General Secretary. In the rumbustious world of industrial politics there are many who can't see him lasting that long, especially if the 41 corruption charges go against him, or if the BLF is deregistered and he has to fight a back-to-the-wall battle to keep his membership in the face of workaday reality. Even now there are many BLF members, particularly in NSW, who wouldn't mind moving into the relatively calm atmosphere of the BWIU, which is still Left-wing and militant, but seems to take a more rational approach to industrial problems.

Gallagher has his successors ready, including one likely lad named John Cummins, a university graduate who uses his working class accent and contacts to good purpose. Gallagher doesn't see any chance of a change in direction when he's gone, but equally, realists reckon there is no-one else like Gallagher and that even if his faction endures his personal stamp is not likely to survive his departure.

The last challenge to Gallagher's power, which stemmed from pro-Munday forces in NSW, was ineffectual, even if there was much muttering in pubs about "the guns coming from Melbourne" to ensure that Gallagher stayed at the helm. There are no other likely challengers on the horizon, although there is frequent talk of an emerging dissident group in Melbourne. Steve Black, the NSW Secretary, is widely seen as very much Gallagher's man, and he may not survive any individual challenge in NSW unless Gallagher rules that Black must not be challenged. Many BLF members talk about Black in derogatory terms behind his back, and some developments could mean that Black, much younger than Gallagher, will depart before his mentor.

Black is also an integral part of the

strange relationship between the BLF in NSW and the giant building company Multiplex Constructions Pty Ltd. Multiplex has built and is building a great many New World shopping centres around Sydney and in some NSW provincial centres. New World is owned and controlled by the controversial developer Warren Anderson, who has been the subject of many allegations of strange links between himself and powerful NSW political figures including Cabinet ministers, senior public servants and Labor Party figures associated with the NSW head office machine.

When Multiplex first came into NSW from Perth in 1979 it rapidly caused a split in the Master Builders' Association, which had succeeded in closing ranks against the BLF and presenting an organised front to industrial demands. (The MBA also maintained the black ban on Munday and his mates getting jobs in the industry when they lost the leadership struggle to

union members working on Multiplex jobs around Sydney agree with the MBA claims, saying that Black's friends are employed to keep the natural anarchists under control, and to make sure Roberts and Anderson bring in the jobs on time — something other big builders have found impossible to do because of BLF guerilla tactics.

Not all BLF members like the close connections between Multiplex and Black's faction, and many of the New World projects have been marked by acts of sabotage aimed at slowing the job down and extracting special penalty rates. At Bondi Junction in Sydney an arsonist set fire to some work sheds and caused long delays for the job. Further south, at Sylvania Shopping Centre, a much more serious act of sabotage was carried out: somebody poured concrete into all the down pipes, costing Multiplex hundreds of thousands of dollars in lost time. Then at Ashfield, in Sydney's west, an act of sabotage occurred which could have led to loss of life. The pins of the form work were pulled out so that when the concrete was poured the floors collapsed, causing a major delay and costing more than \$500,000.

Mr Roberts strongly denied that any of these incidents were acts of sabotage but insiders laughed at this, claiming there was no doubt that the anarchists had struck to show their scorn for the sweetheart deal between Black and Multiplex. There are many nasty allegations about the Multiplex-Black-Gallagher relationship, most of them involving colorful tales of huge bribes or the use of gunmen from the Painters and Dockers Union in Melbourne. Although there's frequent pub talk about bribes and "enforcers" hired to intimidate people, there is very little in the way of evidence that would stand up in court.

Lately the cosy links between Multiplex and the Black-Gallagher forces have been strained; Multiplex has reportedly lost many millions because Black and Gallagher, beset with their struggle against the ACTU and other unions, can't keep their own anarchists in line. The Multiplex projects have suffered as much as those builders who refuse to get on side with the BLF. In fact it's said that relations became so tenuous that at one stage Anderson hired security guards to patrol his luxury Vaucluse mansion day and night in case any unhappy BLF members wanted to pay him an unfriendly visit. Anderson has also told many friends he's sick of the BLF tactics and he's going to leave NSW for the quieter environment of Western Australia. Given his state government contacts and the profits he stands to make from the building boom in NSW, he must be genuinely fed up with Gallagher and his boys.

Or maybe Gallagher's time really is running out, and in the next couple of years the big bad grizzly bear of Australian unionism will indeed bite the dust. 

Either Gallagher is
an unrecognised genius
who has a secret master
plan, or he is whistling
on his way past the
industrial graveyard

FROZEN EMBRYO PROGRAM



Oops...



Geoff Brabham's decision to race for US dollars turned out to be the smartest move he ever made

It looks easy. Four straights connected by banked corners. No gear changing, no braking. Left turns only. As racetracks go, the Indianapolis Motor Speedway looks a snack. Just gas it and go.

That's the great misconception about Indy. From the outside the Indianapolis 500 seems more a test of stamina than skill: a matter of hanging on, pedal to the metal, for 200 laps. Doesn't matter who's behind the wheel — it's the car that wins, not the driver.

Well, yes and no. Yes, compared with the twists and turns of the grand prix circuits, Indy appears to be a slot car track. But no, it is not a four-kilometre rectangle around which cars run on rails. Far from it. There are no free rides at Indy. The course demands at least as much physical and mental expertise from drivers as a classic road circuit. Some, like Geoff Brabham, say it requires more.



BY MARK FOGARTY

THE FAST LANE

PHOTOS BY CHET JEZIERSKI

Brabham was brought up on a strict motor racing diet of road racing, but for the past three years his race schedule has centred on Indy Car competition, a good deal of which takes place on superspeedway oval tracks. In American "racespeak", oval tracks are any courses with single-direction banked turns, whether they're shaped like an oval or are rectangular, triangular or kidney-shaped. Regardless of the shape of the circuit, Brabham says, oval-tracking is much harder than it looks.

"It's a very challenging type of racing — a lot more so than people who aren't involved give it credit for," he says. "Racing on the ovals is a lot harder than road racing, there's no doubt about it. It's harder to set up your car and the racing is a lot closer. The cars don't slide around as much as they do on a road course, but that's just the nature of oval tracks. It's a very difficult sort of racing."

The difficulty is emphasised at Indianapolis on the last Sunday of every May. That's when just about everybody who's anybody in US motor sport is trying to win The Big One — the Indy 500. Indianapolis isn't the fastest track in the world but the combination of consistent 320 km/h lap speeds and the pressure on drivers to perform in the most important race of the Indy Car year makes it the most difficult to master. As many hot-shot Formula One drivers have found, winning Indy is not like taking candy from a baby.

The Indianapolis 500 is 10 times bigger than the Bathurst 1000 in terms of the crowd it draws and offers 20 times the prizemoney. It attracts 400,000 people to the track, making it the biggest one-day sporting event of any kind in the world. And with prizemoney of more than two and a half million dollars, the 500 is outspent only by world heavyweight boxing champion-

ships. According to Brabham, the lure of Indy to drivers is a mixture of "atmosphere, tradition, glory, the amount of money to be won, and the size of the crowd. I don't think there's another race which can really rival the 500."

It is also one of the few races about which drivers get excited. "You can't help it," says Brabham. "When you go out on to the grid it's like walking into a football stadium. The atmosphere's so much greater than with your normal race. Everywhere you look there's just people. It's an incredible sight."

When Brabham left Australia eight years ago, Indianapolis wasn't his destination. As the son of former three times world Formula One champion Jack Brabham, his natural inclination was to head for Europe to try to work his way up the motor racing ladder to grand prix level. He tried that and failed. Beaten, but not defeated, he decided in

FAST LANE

late 1978 that his future was in the United States. In utter contrast to his European campaign, he was immediately successful and soon in demand. Within three years Geoff Brabham was hot property, respected as one of the leading road racers in the US and regarded as a potential oval track star.

Brabham suffered the biggest disappointment of his career at Indianapolis last year. He went into the annual Month of May at Indy feeling justifiably confident. He shared top billing with another second generation driver, Michael Andretti (son of '78 world champion Mario), in the amply funded, well-equipped Kraco Racing Team.

After finding his March 84C-Cosworth — the same sort of car 90 percent of the field ran — too soft in the suspension on his first qualifying run, Brabham posted a four-lap average of 204.931 mph (they don't talk in metrics at Indy) later in the day to qualify eighth fastest for the middle of the third row of the grid. It was the best starting position he'd achieved at the Brickyard — so called because the track was originally paved with bricks — and the first time he managed to qualify on the opening day of trials. Looking back, Brabham remembers he was "really excited about the race. I felt we had a lot more left in the car and I was confident that we had a shot at doing really well in the race."

He had good reason to be excited. His smooth, analytical style of driving and his proven record of being a better race performer than qualifier bode well for his chances in the 500. There was also the consideration that his qualifying speed came easily, requiring no extension of the car or himself, and was much closer to the anticipated race pace than the speeds clocked by co-favorites Tom Sneva (210.029 mph) and Rick Mears (207.847 mph).

But Indy can break your heart as easily as it can make your career. Brabham struck trouble on the second turn and didn't even complete the first lap. It sounds like a sports writer's cliché, but it was a \$2 part that ended Brabham's race before it had really begun.

"The line to one of the fuel injectors came off and sprayed fuel all around. The fuel caught fire and burned out all the wiring deep in the 'Vee' of the engine block," he explains. "As to why it came off, nobody knows. There was a little bit of a panic before the race, when they had to get down between the cylinder banks to change a cable. They had to disconnect some of the injector lines to get in there, but apparently not the one that came off. So whether it was knocked loose or whether it came from the engine-builder a bit loose, I don't know. All I know is that 30 days to prepare for 30 seconds of racing is a bit hard to

take. When you spend a whole month preparing for what I think is the greatest race there is, and to be so excited about your chances, something like that is really depressing."

But as frustrating as it was to finish dead last — which was still worth more than \$50,000 — Brabham will be back at Indy in a few months to try again, as long as he's offered the right deal by the right team.

Getting it right is what racing at Indy is all about. The track is very sensitive, says Brabham, to minor variations in car configuration, despite the apparent simplicity of the layout. "Early in the week before the race I had my car set up fairly soft. It was very stable and very comfortable, and even though it was a bit windy this day, I could run absolutely flat out through turns one, three and four. I had a little lift in turn two because of the wind, to which these cars are very sensitive at that speed. They move around a lot and their handling characteristics can change one corner versus another. That particular day it was making the car understeer [meaning the front wheels lose traction, requiring extra steering lock in the direction of the turn] a lot through turn two and I couldn't quite flat-foot it through there. I was running 202 mph when the car was soft and flat-footing it through the three corners.

"Then we went back and stiffened the car up a lot, kind of freed it up [reduced traction, front and rear], and I went back out the next day and ran 204, lifting off in every corner. Even though I couldn't go through any of the corners flat, I wasn't scrubbing off as much speed. So you treat the corners however you've got the car set up."

Life in the fast lane at Indy is not, as you might expect, all white knuckles and bulging eyeballs. "It's really quite smooth and quiet" is Brabham's surprisingly docile description of *what it's like out there*. "These cars are a lot quieter than your normal racecar because the big turbochargers they run really act as mufflers. And because Indianapolis is such a smooth racetrack, you're not jumping around on the bumps very much. Other ovals are bumpier and you get a lot more g-forces through the corners because they're more steeply banked. They're really hard work, but physically, Indy's quite easy to drive on. It's really quite a pleasant ride."

Of course, when you're racing up around the 300 km/h mark, safety is a pretty pressing matter. After winning pole position for the 500 last year at close to 340 km/h, Tom Sneva expressed concern that the cars had become too fast for the track. Brabham doesn't believe faster speeds increase the likelihood of accidents. But he does concede that when crashes do happen, as they inevitably will, they're going to be bigger than ever.

"It's not more dangerous driving at, say, 205 mph [330 km/h] than 190 [305 km/h]



because you can't tell the difference in how the car reacts. You just drive the car to its limit, and if that limit is 205 instead of 190, it doesn't really make that much difference to the driver. But I think the faster you go, the less time you've got to react to things, like missing something in front of you. So there does come a point where it's just plain too dangerous. At Indianapolis — or any oval — there's no room for error at all. They're very unforgiving racetracks and I wouldn't like to see the cars go any faster. The ultimate thing for me at Indianapolis would be for the front row to get just over 200 mph in qualifying and everybody else between 200 and 190. That would keep the magic 200 mph lap appeal for the spectators, but it would keep speeds down to where all the drivers are comfortable."

Because they're on the ragged edge most of the time, Indy drivers tend to be far less suicidal than their F1 counterparts. Nudging, crowding and barging are definite health hazards. "In oval racing, you don't make any sudden moves — you're going too fast to do that," relates Brabham. "More than in any other type of racing, you really have to give your competitor that little bit of racing room. If you don't, you're both going to end up out of the ballpark. Everybody knows that and the racing on the ovals is fairly clean.

"When they have to, oval racers will give an inch, whereas on road courses you'd rather run them off the road than give way. But in oval racing there's nowhere to go — there's a wall all the way around the racetrack. People respect that... you have to, otherwise you'll kill someone, if not yourself."

Indy drivers really put their lives on the line when they're going for maximum speed laps in qualifying. At Indy, the cars are quickest when they're on the verge of instability, when they're what the Americans call "loose." It's the opposite of "pushing" (understeer) and means the cars tend towards tail-sliding (oversteer).

"For qualifying, a lot of guys run their cars a little loose," says Brabham. "But they can't run that way in the race because you just can't hang on that long without making a mistake. You can have the car slide a little bit and get away with it. But if the tail really jumps out and you make a big correction, if you're not spot on the first time it really catches up with you. Your big fear is going head-first into the wall because you slightly over-corrected.

"So, really, the safest thing to do once you know that you're not likely to save it is turn hard left and lock up the brakes. Then you just go in a straight line — you don't turn sharp right into the wall. That's a hard mental adjustment because in a road racer you tend to fight it to the end, whereas on an oval you've got to make the instant decision whether to fight it or give up and just take whatever you can get."

At first glance, Indy Car racing looks like a poor man's Formula One. But the only thing "poor" about Indy Cars is that they're considerably cheaper to run than grand prix machinery. While you need at least \$10 million and as much as \$20 million to be competitive in F1, the top Indy car teams run on annual budgets of between two and three and a half million dollars. Yet they're no less professional than the F1ers. In some ways they're more professional. Certainly, team management and the star drivers are very media-conscious, and there's a welcome absence of the prima donna attitude so prevalent in grand prix racing. Almost without exception, the Indy Car team owners are high achievers in the business world — men like Roger Penske, whose Penske Corporation has an annual turnover approaching half a billion dollars.

Indy Cars have that same jet-fighter-with-wheels look as F1 machines, yet they're actually very different. For a start, they're only a fraction of the cost. For just \$130,000 you can be the proud owner of a new Indy car chassis; for a mere 50 grand extra you get a shiny new engine. Gets a bit pricey

though when you have four cars and 12 engines, as the serious Indy teams do. But who said motor racing was cheap?

The cars have strict limits on their dimensions, aerodynamic aids and tyre and wheel sizes. Generally speaking, they are heavier than F1 racers, with smaller wings and less tyre tread on the track. The most popular Indy Car engine is the Cosworth DFX, which is a 2.6-litre turbocharged version of the three-litre Cosworth DFV D8 which used to dominate grands prix. Unlike F1, the amount of turbo boost is severely limited, which is why top whack for an Indy car is 800 bhp — about the same as a race-spec F1 motor of only 1.5 litres. Indy cars run on methanol rather than petrol for safety reasons (it's less volatile) and fuel load is limited by a complicated formula that determines the cars should return at least 1.8 miles per US gallon.

One of the things that impresses Brabham most about Indy Car racing is the depth of driver talent. There's the old guard of A.J. Foyt, Johnny Rutherford, Al Unser Snr, Mario Andretti and Gordon Johncock mixed in and still competitive with the likes of Rick Mears, Tom Sneva, Bobby Rahal, Howdy Holmes, Kevin Cogan, Brabham and more. Then there is the new breed of "boy" racers like Michael Andretti and Al Unser Jr, and F1 "rejects" Roberto Guerrero, Teo Fabi, Bruno Giacomelli, Derek Daly and Danny Sullivan.

"I've never been in a class of racing that's more competitive, one in which you can go to a race that so many different people could win," says Brabham. "I think a lot of us could run in F1 competitively. But it's the same old story: unless you're in with the right team, you're going to look bad no matter who you are or how good you are."

When your name's Brabham and your old man was three times motor racing champion of the world, accepting second best isn't easy. But Geoff Brabham's decision eight years ago to swallow his pride and chase money rather than glory turned out to be the smartest career move he ever made. Instead of being just another Aussie hopeful who failed to crack the Formula One nut, Brabham has established himself as a respected member of the Indy Car racing elite in the United States.

"The problem for Australians racing overseas," says the Son of Jack, "is that it's very hard to get any sort of sponsorship to go and do the job properly. That's where I failed in Formula Three in Europe, as have many Australians. I wanted to continue racing, so even though it was a risk coming over here, as things turned out, it was the best thing I could have done under the circumstances.

"I'm disappointed that I never made it to Formula One, but I'm also very happy that I got the opportunity to run Indy Cars because I think they're a very close second. It's great that there's a series like CART [Championship Auto Racing Teams

racing] so that if you don't make it to F1 for whatever reason, there's another series which is nearly as good and which gives you the same sort of satisfaction because you're driving some of the best race cars in the world."

To the average Australian revhead, CART and Indy Car probably sound like video arcade games. But there is life beyond Bathurst, and next to the F1 grand prix circuit, CART Indy Car racing is *The Greatest Auto Racing Show On Earth*. CART's showcase race is the Indianapolis 500.

CART racing is big time, and having established that the method in Geoff Brabham's apparent madness back in late 1978 is clear. In the US he saw opportunity — that is MONEY — whereas in Europe he faced the prospect of buying drives (a common practice which explains why there are drivers in F1 with more money than talent). Without big sponsorship, he couldn't afford to buy the right drives, anyway. His famous surname may have opened doors, but they led nowhere because the Brabham moniker only had value if it was as the signature on a six-figure cheque.

But it's not as if being the eldest son of 1959/60/66 world F1 champion Jack (now Sir John) Brabham was Geoff's only claim to fame. After finally convincing his reluctant dad to let him go racing in 1973, Brabham showed promise — if not world-beating form — in three years of local racing. He contested six Formula Ford racing car events in '73 and performed well enough to be invited to join the Grace Bros/Levis Racing team, which in the mid-Seventies was the team to which all young up-and-comers aspired.

Brabham finished second in the 1974 Driver to Europe FF series, earning himself a promotion into Formula Two. He ended the 1975 season as Australian F2 champion, decided he would achieve little by staying in Australia, and in early '76 he trod the well-worn Kangaroo Route to England. For the next two and a half years, Brabham the younger followed the European F3 circuit. But despite strong links with Ralt racing car constructor Ron Tauranac, who used to build Jack's F1 machines, the financial odds were against him. His best result in '76 was a third, followed by two wins in '77. Just half a dozen races into his third F3 season on the Continent, Brabham realised the futility of it all. But rather than return to Australia to live out his racing life with a roof over his head in touring cars, he took what was then the unusual step of transferring his racing aspirations to the US. It was an unorthodox move and a gamble... and a successful one.

Success and progression came rapidly for Geoff Brabham in the New World. He hit the tail-end of the Super Vee season, won a race, then secured support for a tilt at the SV title in '79. The tilt turned into a take when he dominated the series, which

FAST LANE

in turn won him a drive in the Can-Am (Canadian-American) sports car series. Can-Am cars are brutish, stock-block V8 monsters far removed from low-powered VW-engined Super Vee open wheelers, but the move didn't faze Brabham.

He finished third in the 1980 Can-Am, won by Frenchman Patrick Tambay, who used the victory to re-establish himself in F1. Brabham's series debut earned him the Sports Car Club of America Professional Rookie of the Year award — on top of race earnings of nearly \$63,000 dollars.

It all came together for Brabham in 1981. Driving for Belgian beer baron Count Rudi van der Straten, he became the second Australian to win the Can-Am. (Alan Jones won it in '79.) It could've been his springboard back to Europe and into F1, but by that time Brabham had decided that unless a grand prix drive was served up to him on a plate, his future lay in the USA. Considering he'd already broken into the Indy Car big league with a short string of impressive drives, it was a sensible move.

The CART crowd really sat up and took notice of Jack's kid at Indianapolis, which to American auto racing fans is hallowed ground. After being the fastest rookie at the season opener at Phoenix, where he finished ninth, he qualified 15th at Indy. His debut at the Brickyard was exactly 20 years after his father's. Back in '61, "Black Jack" caused an almighty stir by turning up with a modified version of his F1 Cooper-Climax, which in stark contrast to the big, heavy front-engined roadsters of the day was small, light and mid-engined. Jack's "Funny Car", as it was called, finished ninth after showing enough potential to convince the locals that they should be lying in front of their cars' engines rather than sitting behind them. Indy was never the same again.

Geoff's rookie performance didn't set any trends, but he did get closer to Victory Lane than his dad: fifth place on a rough-running motor. Next stop was the Pocono 500, the second leg of the Indy Car Triple Crown, which also includes the Michigan 500. Brabham was runner-up to the legendary A.J. Foyt. What looked like being his first CART victory — an achievement which continues to elude him — nearly happened in the late-season Riverside race in California. Unlike the Phoenix, Indianapolis and Pocono banked oval tracks, Riverside is a road racing course... perfect for road race-trained Brabham. He broke the track record in qualifying to clinch pole position and was the early leader until handling problems in his car forced him out.

Brabham ended the '81 season more than \$180,000 richer and went into 1982 as twice Indy Car national champion Tom Sneva's teammate. It looked good on paper, but Sneva dominated the team's attention and Brabham's results reflected the

bias. He ended the season eighth on points, with best finishes of a third and a fourth. At Indy he was behind the 8-ball from the start. A burned piston ruined his first attempt to qualify, and even though he posted the 11th fastest time on his second go, the quaint qualifying system at Indy relegated him to 20th position. Engine failure ended his second 500 after only 12 laps. In CART racing alone — he also dabbled in Formula Atlantic and Can-Am — his winnings amounted to a tidy \$139,000.

Brabham went into 1983 without a regular CART drive, although his road racing expertise won him a seat in Ford's two-car assault on the International Motor Sport Association (IMSA) sports car/GT series. The radical Mustang GTP he drove — which looked more like a slot car than a Mustang — was fast but fragile and the exercise was less than successful all around. He looked like missing the Indy 500 until Team VDS's driver broke his ankle during the first week

“
At Indy, the
cars are quickest when
they're on the verge of
instability, when they're
what the Americans
call "loose”
”

of qualifying trials. When it came to finding a quick replacement, VDS recruited Brabham to reform the combination that won the Can-Am in '81. The reunion was almost spectacularly successful. Almost, but not quite.

Once again Brabham had to qualify on the second weekend, "so we decided just to be sure to make the field and to concentrate on the race set-up." He made it into the field in 26th position and had charged through to second by the middle of the race. "There I was, with only Sneva ahead of me, and I must admit I was starting to taste a win," he recalls. "I expected Sneva to break since he had so much trouble in practice with his engines." Then it all went wrong. "On my next to last pit stop I was almost overcome by fumes leaking into the cockpit. I guess I was more concerned with staying alive, but unfortunately I stalled the motor. I was on a yellow and the darned pace car beat me out of the pit by 10 seconds." Sneva didn't break and went on to win, while Brabham's pit panic knocked him back to fourth place.

Brabham contested a further five races in the 1983 Indy Car series — the Michigan

500 and the final four events of the season, three of which were run on road courses. His end-of-season drives were with the Kraco team, and while his results were nothing to call home about, they were good enough to secure full-time employment with the team last year. Brabham's CART prizemones in 1983 dipped to \$135,000, of which \$108,000 was earned at Indianapolis.

For a year that promised so much, 1984 was a disappointment. You already know what happened at Indianapolis. The rest of the year had its "ups and downs", says Brabham. His best results going into the final round of the Indy Car World Series were a couple of seconds, a third and a pair of fifths — all scored, predictably enough, on road courses. His teammate Michael Andretti fared little better, which backs up Brabham's view that the Kraco team fell behind the others as the season progressed. "We didn't do enough development testing during the season," he says. "We started off being competitive, then we fell behind because the other top teams were doing more testing than we were. After Indy, neither of us looked like we were going to win a race." When this was written, Brabham was heading for ninth in the CART Indy Car championship. His only other race last year was a one-off appearance in Ford's IMSA Mustang. He got short-changed on that one when his Turbo 'Stang blew up on the first lap while in the care of his co-driver and fellow Indy Car pilot Bobby Rahal.

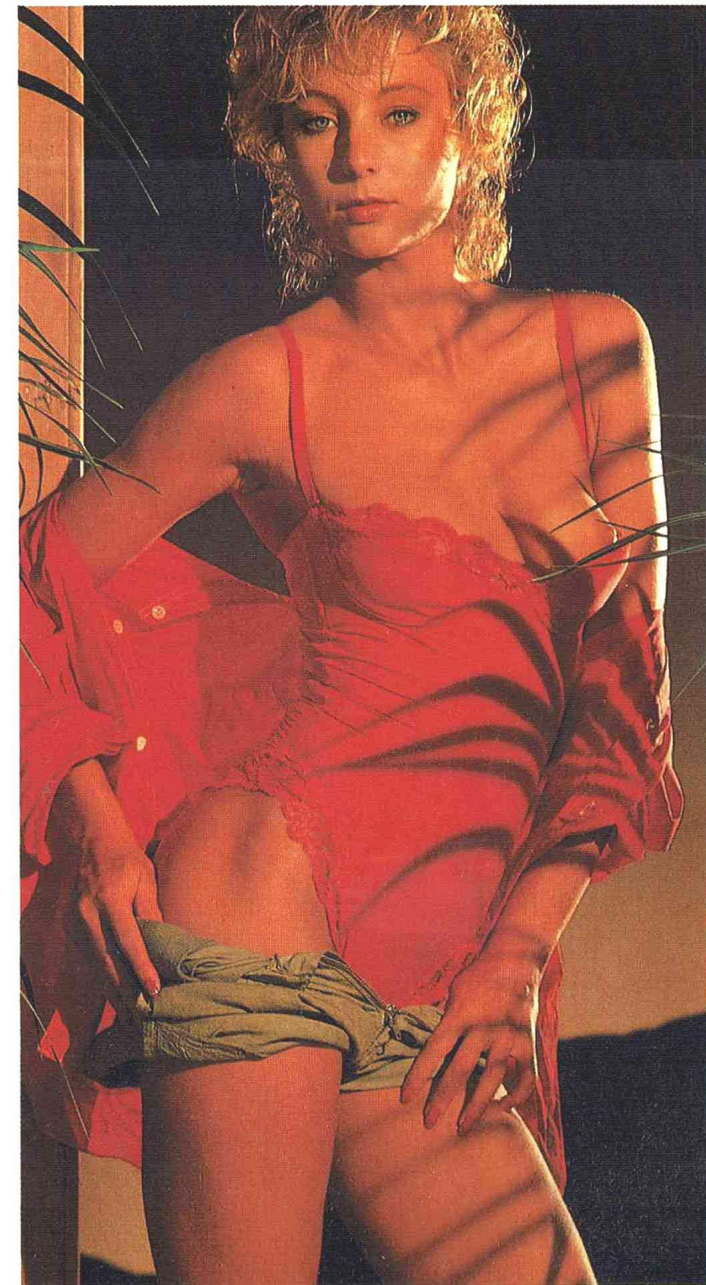
Brabham hasn't completely finalised his plans for this year. He feels it's "unlikely" he'll resign with Kraco and has had talks with other teams. He'd also been offered an attractive package by Ford, which is planning a renewed attack on the IMSA series. "I'd rather do the Indy Car series, but if I don't find a top drive, then the Ford deal will obviously be a better thing to do," he said.

One thing seems certain: Geoff Brabham's future remains in the US. He has no desire to return to Australia, and definitely no interest in racing here. "There's really nothing over there which would interest me enough to keep my enthusiasm," he says. "I was brought up on open wheelers, and to me, driving an Indianapolis car or a Formula One car means you're driving the best racecars there are in the world. To start racing something less than that, other than just for a bit of fun every now and then — I just don't think I could be serious enough about it to do a good job."

At 32 going on 33, Geoff Brabham has at least another 10 years before retirement from racing becomes a consideration. In the meantime, he and his wife Rosina, who's also from Sydney, can't see themselves leaving San Clemente in California. "We enjoy living here and at the moment we have no plans to go home. But whether I'll still feel like that in 10 years or not, who knows?" O—



SOPHIE



SOPHIE'S CHOICE

One day Sophie Jeanne plans to write her story. She's only in her early twenties now, but she's already got enough material under her belt for the makings of a red-hot best-seller... travels through exotic lands, encounters with intriguing strangers, loads of adventure and of course lots of sex, sex, sex. The way this French-born beauty is going, the reading public can look forward to something that will make Harold Robbins look like A.A. Milne...

PHOTOS BY BOB WATSON

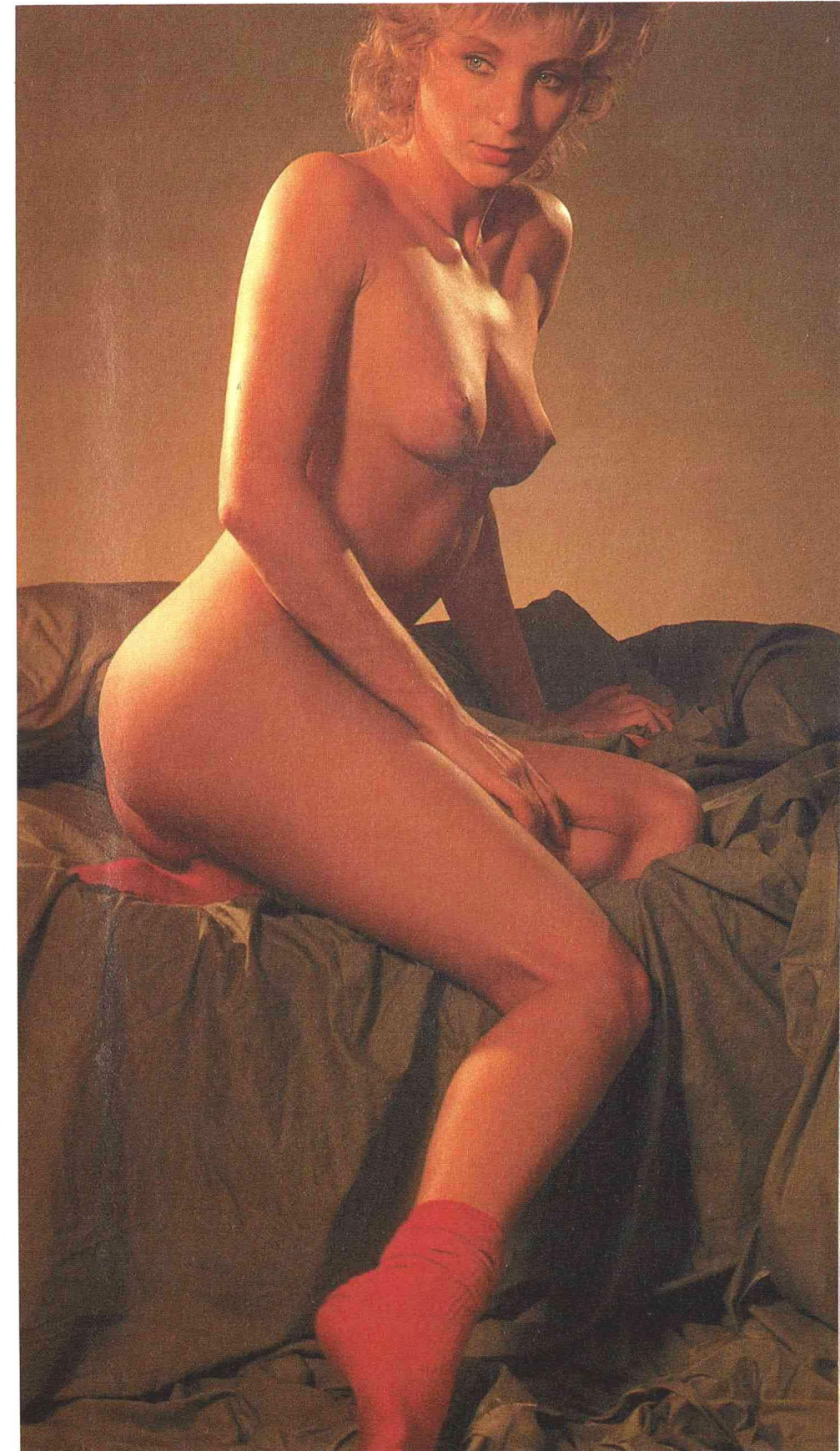


Sophie was born in Paris and educated in Switzerland. Before she could be "finished" at a Swiss finishing school, she set out to round off her education in things that had very little to do with the finer points of etiquette. It was then that she began to satisfy her healthy appetite for forbidden fruits.





One of her traveller's tales involves a perfect sexual encounter with a dark stranger aboard the Trans-Siberian Express. "He looked very much like Omar Sharif," she recalls. "For all I know he could have been Omar Sharif — we did just about everything but exchange names."



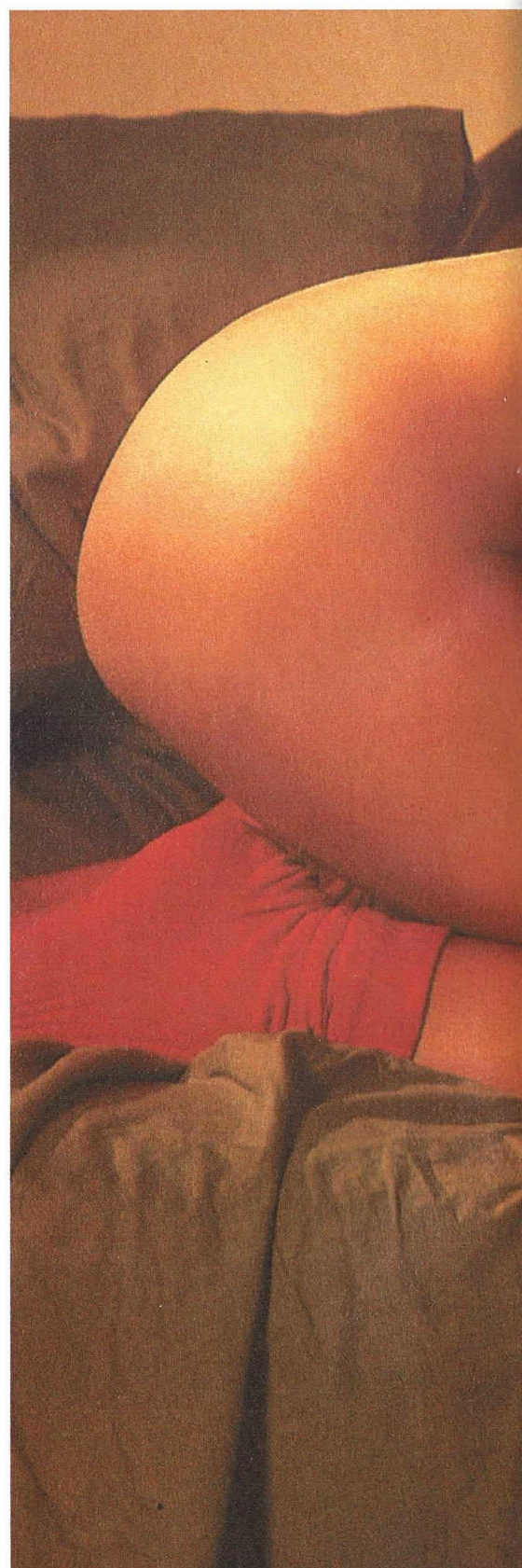


Sophie says she likes her men to be like a good steak: "Chunky and rare with all the juices flowing." Other "ideal" characteristics include height, exciting impulsiveness, strength, "a big *!@#% and a small, tight arse." (She also threw in a few more attributes which we haven't the nerve to print.)





These days Sophie commutes regularly between Sydney and New Caledonia. She's all but left behind her career as a model to set up a clothing design business in Noumea. And then, of course, there's the matter of fleshing out the latest chapter of that book. There's little doubt Sophie will throw herself into that task with her accustomed vigor.





MISS SOPHIE JEANNE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



The Ghost Who Walks is alive and well and fighting evil in the Brisbane suburbs



Before they were married, Chad Chadbone and his fiancée Helen had a monumental blue. Chad was so agitated he stormed into the bedroom and packed his 2000 *Phantom* comics into two large suitcases, leaving no room for more conventional belongings.

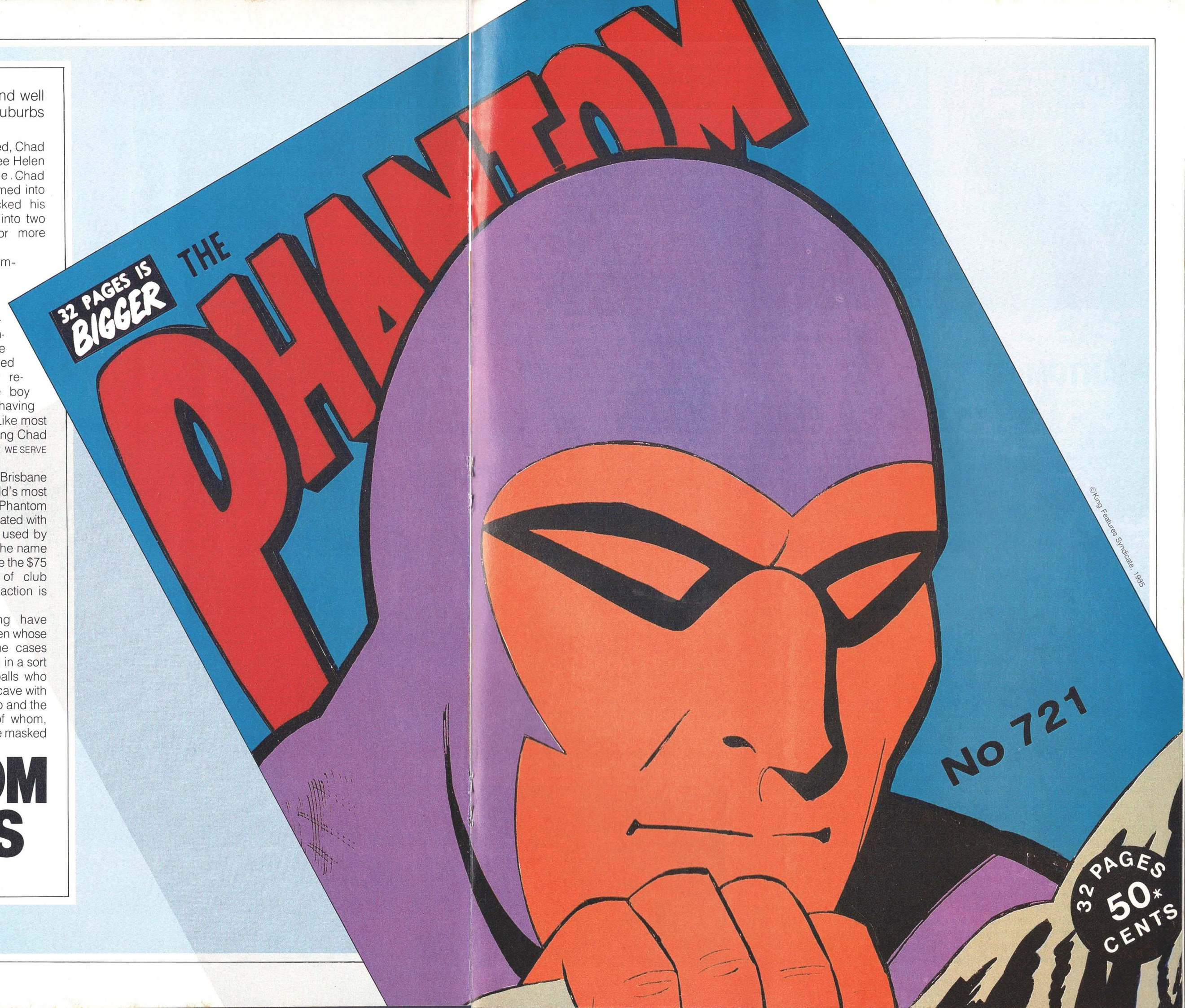
"I'm off!" he cried, but found himself unable to lift the cases. This, and the fact that it had begun to rain, swayed the pragmatic Chadbone — Phantom Club life member 094530 — into giving their relationship another chance. "And that," he says today, "is how the Phantom saved our romance and was at least partly responsible for young Chad here." The boy yawns in his father's arms, perhaps having heard the story a time or two before. Like most others at the Phantom Club party, young Chad wears a T-shirt bearing the club motto: WE SERVE AGAINST EVIL.

In the street outside the rambling old Brisbane house that is headquarters for the world's most devoted (and diverse) association of Phantom worshippers, Chadbone's van — decorated with images of the Ghost Who Walks and used by Chadbone to perform good deeds in the name of you-know-who — is parked alongside the \$75 Holden, also bizarrely illustrated, of club president John Henderson. But the action is around the back, near the barbie.

In this ordinary suburban setting have gathered several dozen men and women whose lives have been influenced (in some cases dramatically) by a muscular apparition in a sort of grey leotard, a man without eyeballs who wears a burglar's mask and lives in a cave with a dog called Devil, a horse called Hero and the grisly remains of 20 ancestors. All of whom, according to Phantom legend, wore the masked

PHANTOM FREAKS

BY FRANK ROBSON



32 PAGES IS
BIGGER

THE

PHANTOM

No 721

32 PAGES
50*
CENTS

© King Features Syndicate, 1985



The Phantom is top cat among pidgin-speaking Papua New Guinea natives.

PHANTOM

do-gooder's uniform before him. All of whom were cut down by evil forces — going right back 450 years to the original Phantom, whose father was murdered by Singh pirates and who swore an oath on the skull of his dad's killer to devote his life "to the destruction of piracy, greed, cruelty and injustice, and my sons and their sons shall follow me."

Set in the Deep Woods of a land called Bengali, the outrageous yarn was created almost 40 years ago by a New York illustrator and writer, Lee Falk. But since then the Phantom character has been given life in the imaginations of his countless devotees, many of whom insist he exists in the flesh. Lee Falk, now 73, is thus sometimes regarded as a mere hack privileged to chronicle the Phantom's exploits, despite his tendency to annoy readers by "getting things wrong."

Although his comic book adventures are still followed world-wide, it's in Australia that the wise-cracking dude in the body stocking has his most enthusiastic following of "participating" fans. Here he is compared by club president John Henderson to BHP's Quiet Achiever — a style that Henderson himself seems to possess, his clean-cut good looks and powerful physique inspiring inevitable comparisons with the Man Who Cannot Die. And when Henderson, 28, struggles into his expensively-tailored Phantom suit, well... a peculiar metamorphosis is seen to occur. But more on that later.

In just three years the Australian club has attracted 3000 members — from kids to company directors, from natives of the Papua New Guinea Highlands (who believe the Phantom exists in *their* jungles) to a Sydney solicitor who quotes Old Jungle Sayings in preference to legal

precedents in court. It has members newborn and members with one foot in the grave: members in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Scotland, Brazil and Singapore.

Most of us remember reading *Phantom* comics as children, or swapping (in my brother's case) a perfectly good unused condom for a tin Phantom ring that gashed his finger when he used it to slug the school bully. But modern Phantom fans are different, perhaps because in these times the Phantom no longer stacks up as the bizarre figure he once was. For downright weirdness, he can no longer compete with pop singers and business moguls, let alone the cast of *Star Wars*.

Like so many contemporary fashions, the Phantom renaissance is based instead on his perceived normality and good old-fashioned moral virtues. Central to this is the character's moral code, spelt out in a Sacred Oath sworn by all new members: "I promise to fight on the side of the Weak against the Oppressor — with Good against Evil — and to do everything in my power to destroy Greed, Cruelty and Injustice, wherever it exists. And may my children follow after me."

Talking to Phantom Phreaks (as they like to be known) confirms the intriguing theme: in this convoluted decade, moralistic and debauched, innovative and yet obsessed with resurrecting traditional values, the Phantom has been invested with the exemplary qualities of a cartoon Christ. His dedicated followers, particularly the younger ones, believe that by adopting the moral code of the Ghost Who Walks they can bring about a better world.

Chad Chadbone, for example, tells me that although himself raised a Catholic he had begun to instill into his own son (a life member under the club's new "tribe" scheme) the more practical ideals of the Phantom, whose blend of wry humor and decency the stout and affable Chadbone clearly respects more than conventional

religion. "The Phantom is believable," he says simply. As John Henderson stokes up the barbecue and his guests at Phantom HQ play darts and drink beer, information is volunteered by the faithful.

Chris, a 23-year-old postman (member 086), is a fresh-faced surfer in Bermuda shorts. He has devoured *Phantom* comics since he was 14, but was not a serious student of Falk's imagination until joining the club two years ago. "The moment I met John (Henderson) and his brother Drew, I was sold," he says, smoothing his crewcut and beaming with charismatic zeal. "They say people look like their dogs. Well, John looks like the Phantom. Physically, he's followed the Phantom's lifestyle of hard exercise, through footie training and surfing. And I have to say it, he's also a man of mystery... even now, after a period of living in this house with him and the boys, I don't really know him."

I understand what he means, having met Henderson several times and having found him polite, charming, but somehow guarded... as if there are elements of his Phantom fixation that he wishes to keep from prying eyes. Of his background, Henderson had told me he'd hated his fledgling career in marketing and described reading *Phantom* comics at lunchtime and dreaming of escape to the Deep Woods of Bengali. In 1981 he quit work and started the club. Seated at his desk, on which a skull lamp glowed dully, or vacuuming the carpet in his Phantom outfit, Henderson's thoughts seemed far away and a mysterious little smile played at the edge of his lips.

Later I discovered he had converted his garden shed into a replica of the Phantom's Skull Cave, complete with enormous white throne on which I have imagined Henderson sitting motionless in the dead of night, perhaps pining for his (comic book) wife Diana Palmer, or plotting retribution against fiendish pirates who blight the landscape in those Third World countries where the modern Phantom yarns are set.

Of course it's a clever act — what Henderson once called "indulging the fantasies of grown-up children" — but he does it so well you can't help but wonder if Henderson sincerely believes, as he claims, that his hero even now walks the



Earth. Invoking the Phantom's skill as a lateral thinker, Henderson once told me: "Science can't prove that he doesn't exist!"

Back at the barbie, Chris the postie continues: "It's the Phantom's rigid morality that always impressed me. See, Superman is from another planet and Bruce Wayne (Batman) has a million bucks... but the Phantom, he's just an ordinary bloke, a human like you and me. To be like him, all I have to do is follow Lee Falk's guidelines."

He then tells a remarkable story. A few weeks earlier, he'd seen a man being savagely beaten by two others in a hotel carpark. "They were bashing his head against the side of a truck. Everyone was standing around yelling 'Go for it!' and I thought: 'This is fucking wrong!' In the past I might have turned away, but this time I asked myself what the Phantom would do. Then I walked in, grabbed one of the aggressors and gave him a biff."

He grinned ruefully. "I got a few bruises out of it, but it stopped the fight. Afterwards I felt good. Not brave or wanting to skite, but just... good in myself. I would do the same thing again any time. That's what the Phantom means to me — he's a guideline, a sort of book of rules for life."

Chris says his ambition is to go to New York for a holiday and meet Lee Falk. "I just want to shake his hand," he tells me. "That would be the ultimate..."

Christine Jacka, 28 (member 1030), is a bank officer who was introduced to *Phantom* comics as a child... by her mother. "My mother is a little... unusual," she says. "Every week she brought home the comics, read them herself then gave them to us kids. So part of the appeal of all this for me is nostalgic."

In black leather trousers, looking charmingly like Linda Ronstadt, Christine thinks carefully about the question of what has attracted her to the Phantom character. "I'm no prude or anything, but I suppose his sense of morality got me in," she says. "It doesn't matter how bad life becomes, people want to believe there's someone like the Phantom out there. And I like the tradition involved in the story — how when one Phantom dies, his heir takes over." (Giving rise to the belief, demoralising to the Phantom's foes, that he cannot die. His friends the Bandar pygmies, of course, know better.)

Christine shows me her stylish gold Phantom ring (more elegant by far than the one my brother owned) manufactured to her own design by a Hong Kong jeweller during her recent Asian holiday. "A lot of people see it as childish or silly, but I think fantasy is healthy — although sometimes admitting I belong to the club makes me a little insecure."

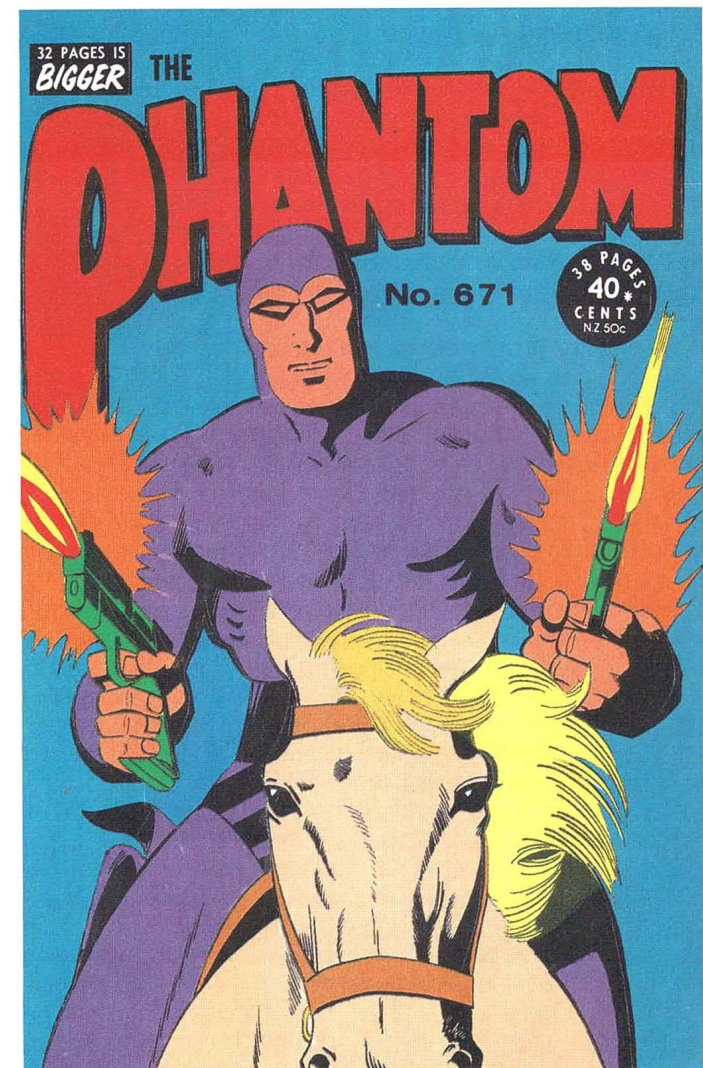
Christine reads her *Phantom* comics faithfully because a lot of club activity involves detailed discussion of the hero's motives and "hidden meanings" — but

she doesn't believe he really exists. "Just the same," she says, "I enjoy the dedication of the members who believe he is real. I listen to them discussing how impractical the Phantom's costume is in a hot climate, or how he doesn't carry enough with him on long journeys — and I like that. Hearing them talk about him as though he's real... that gets me where I live. It makes me feel I am little again, reading the comics..."

She pauses to admire the T-shirt of a passing member, a heavily-muscled and tattooed artist who has hundreds of Phantom adventures indexed on his home computer. "PHUCK — IT'S THE PHANTOM!" runs the inscription across his broad chest.

"One thing I don't understand," she continues, "is why more women don't join the club. OK, the Phantom's a man — but he's a very attractive man, built like a brick outhouse."

I ask if she has detected a physical resemblance between John Henderson and the Guardian Of The Eastern Dark (Old No Eyes). The pretty bank officer smiles wickedly. "You noticed that too, eh?" She glances over to where the president is playing darts with the team that represents the Phantom at suburban pubs. "He's a little shorter," she muses, "but yeah, the resemblance is uncanny." Christine says her sister once deduced that Diana Palmer (whom the Phantom married in 1977 and who now commutes to her job at the United Nations from her tree house in the Deep Woods) was the only person ever to see the Phantom naked. "They go swimming together in the raw," she confides. And then, perhaps embarrassed by my laughter: "It's like Charles and



Diana. People wonder what goes on behind closed doors. It's only human nature, isn't it?"

I assume Diana Palmer, normally seen with the Phantom when he adopts his "street alias" of Mr Walker, is also the only person allowed to look upon the Phantom's exposed face. Others who make this mistake "will surely die a terrible death" — Old Jungle Saying.

I notice several enormous men wrestling on the lawn (it would have been difficult not to notice, believe me) and ask the largest, Turtle Johnson (member 2357), what the Phantom means to him. Without hesitation, Turtle Johnson rumbles: "The Phantom is someone to believe in."

I spot an interesting-looking woman who

PHANTOM

holds her dog — a Devil look-alike with a Phantom badge on its collar — on a lead, and ask her the same question. "To me he is simply an enigma," says Guinevere McBride (member 674), a registered nurse. "I don't like to speculate whether he really exists — somehow that destroys the magic. Let's say he represents something I hope exists."

Guinevere was shocked a while back when she picked up a *Phantom* comic on the way to work and saw that the artist (a number of artists have illustrated Falk's stories, from Ray Moore in 1948 to Sy Barry today) had given her hero eyeballs instead of the traditional flesh-colored triangles. "It detracted from his enigmatic appeal," she says. "I was really irritated, but thank goodness it only happened in that one issue."

Ken Evans, vice president of the club (life member 003), is a merry-spirited 26-year-old who, like Henderson and the other purists, is adamant that the Phantom draws breath in our time. "He simply hasn't the time to handle his own publicity, so Lee Falk was chosen to do it for him," Evans says matter-of-factly. "To me, the Phantom's doctrines are more a philosophy than a religion. It's a matter of asking yourself, before you do something, whether the Phantom would approve."

When I suggest his mentor seems something of a wouser, Evans appears genuinely annoyed. "Certainly not," he snaps. "There is no evidence of him drinking anything stronger than milk (a habit that gets Mr Walker into innumerable brawls in the seedy waterfront bars he often frequents), but I'm sure he knows how to enjoy himself."

Our conversation attracts another member whose name and number I fail to record, but who is associated with Queensland's tirelessly Left-wing radio station, 4ZZZ. His views on contemporary issues suggest a novel way of testing whether the Phantom, like the Vatican, has been forced to water down some of his more archaic doctrines to maintain mass appeal. In the following dialogue (which develops later into a group discussion around the fire) the Left-winger is denoted by "4ZZZ."



Sex

Evans: "The 21st Phantom procreates in the normal way. He and Diana now have twins — Kit and Heloise — who live with their parents in the Deep Woods. As for promiscuity, he'd oppose it. He is a romantic by nature, very shy and naive around women. There is an Old Jungle Saying: *'The Phantom is strong as a bull and cunning as a fox, but when it comes to women he is unto the ox.'*"

Drugs

Evans: "Drugs are an aspect of modern piracy that the Phantom views as a rot, a disease to be eliminated..."

4ZZZ: "Now hold on, Ken. The Phantom is a modern, lateral thinker. Evil drugs like smack of course he wouldn't approve of. But marijuana use by adults..."

Evans: "Remember that story in which he sees drugs being offered for sale by a horrible crone in the street? And he thinks: *'This evil place...'*"

4ZZZ: "Times are changing though."

Evans: "But dope is still an illegal substance. My feeling is that it's too controversial a subject for the Phantom to touch at this time."

4ZZZ: "Well, the Phantom may not approve of dope, but I believe he wouldn't disapprove too strongly. In this state he'd be more interested in combating the drug financiers, the Right-wing Fascist crooks who control the drug industry..."

Around midnight the stayers gather by the fire, some sitting on an old Malibu surfboard that Henderson has dragged over and placed on blocks. The setting is now perfectly reminiscent of less complicated times, of Bermuda shorts and simple pleasures; of the unashamed



nostalgia permeating almost everything the Phreaks have told me. The discussion continues.

What the Phantom stands for

Henderson: "I believe the Phantom is more into personal freedom than a set code of ethics or morality..."

4ZZZ: "And civil liberties. All forms of evil involve taking away personal liberties."

Me: "What would the Phantom do if he met Joh Bjelke-Petersen?"

Henderson: "I think Joh would be left with a skull mark!"

4ZZZ (seriously): "He would try to make Joh see the error of his ways... he would work towards achieving a one-vote, one-value voting system so that elections in this state would at last be fair and democratic."

Is the Phantom a religious figure?

4ZZZ: "Define religion."

Henderson: "He lives by his own code, not a religion. That code is best summarised by an Old Jungle Saying: *'Be rough on roughnecks!'*"

Predictably, the conversation on this topic soon shows signs of becoming nasty. Some members refer to the Phantom's "spiritual qualities", others say he epitomises what the rest of us would like to be; Henderson feels "he lives in the heart of every good man" — yet all but one Phreak resists any suggestion that their idol



is in any sense a replacement Christ.

Henderson (brooding a little at his end of the surfboard): "Anyway Frank, the Phantom doesn't take *himself* seriously, so why should you?"

Me: "I'm just intrigued by all these references to his morality. He seems, like Christ, to be a symbol for you all to live up to."

Henderson (staring implacably into the fire): "He is very human. He goes on fighting for what he believes in, because it is his duty and his responsibility."

I'm about to laugh when Guinevere, regarding the president with undisguised admiration, says softly: "I think that sums him up very nicely."

Me (recalling Guinevere's description of the Phantom as enigmatic): "Isn't there something... enigmatic about John Henderson?"

Chorus: "Definitely!"

Chad Chadbone: "I'm turning into the Phantom, too. Just ask me missus."

This is not possible. Mrs Chadbone, quite sensibly, is asleep upstairs.

Chris the young postman had earlier mentioned how, after donning Henderson's Phantom outfit for a public appearance in Brisbane, he became unaccountably nervous. His hands shook and he felt a queer sense of anxiety out of proportion with simply appearing in public. "It seemed like the pressure of living up to that image," he'd said. "Really, it just

blew me out." Chris confided that even Henderson didn't wear the suit unless it was "absolutely necessary." Hoping to catch the enigmatic president off guard, I ask him about this.

Henderson (drily): "Well, we always hope the man himself will turn up. But if not I put the suit on. Actually, I don't like it because it's damned uncomfortable."

Inga (club secretary): "But I've seen you, John! When he first put the suit on in my presence I could see the change in him. He fulfils the role... seems to walk with a straighter back, like a higher man..."

Hoots of laughter do not faze the admirable Inga. "I saw the difference!" she cries, shouting them down. "It just wasn't John. I work with him personally, so I know. There was an aura around him. It's very strange, but that's what I saw."

Henderson, smiling a little, says nothing.

And so ends my evening with the Phantom Phreaks. It seems a pity to sully their fantasies with phacts and phigures, but the Phantom (who, it just occurs to me, has so far died 20 times for our sins) is also a multi-million dollar industry controlled by King Features (the Hearst empire) and no account of his new role as the Quiet Achiever of Oz would be complete without a brief explanation of how he is marketed internationally.

To trade as the official Phantom Club in Australia, Henderson must pay King

Features \$1000 a year or seven percent of sales, whichever figure is higher. So far, he says, it's been a grand a year — a percentage derived both from the sale of Phantom paraphernalia and club membership fees.

Phantom comics are published fortnightly in this country by Frew Publications (Sydney) and no-one seems to mind that only about eight new yarns appear each year, the bulk of the comics being reprints of Falk stories — sometimes 30 or 40 years old — that have appeared six or seven times before.

And whether the Phantom movement is seen as quasi-religious, a healthy fantasy, or (Heaven forbid) just a sustaining money-spinner, there is clearly a serious intention behind its quirky facade. In a passage urging members to follow the Phantom's good examples, the club's quarterly publication *Jungle Beat* calls on them to do what they can to change the world for the better, adding: "If we don't, the future looks very grim."

And yet, as Henderson rightly says, the Phantom himself usually applies humor to even the gravest situation. Rescued from a watery grave in *Phantom* comic issue 734 — "Mystery in Alexandria" — the Nemesis Of Pirates gives his famous cheeky grin and quips: "Well, my Dad always said if you lived right and kept your teeth brushed, everything would turn out fine." ☐

PENTHOUSE PEN OF THE MONTH.



A very handsome ballpoint pen emblazoned with the Australian Penthouse logo in gold.

In a choice of colours, matt black, deep brown or maroon.

To obtain your Penthouse Pen fill in the coupon or if you don't wish to damage your magazine fill in a photostat and mail to Penthouse Pen, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062.

\$8.95.

Please send me pens at \$8.95 each.

..... Matt Black Deep Brown Maroon

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$ or debit my

American Express

Bankcard

Name

Address

Postcode.....

Offer available only in Australia.



SHOPPING AROUND: WHAT'S IN STORE?

He is just 17, with a face full of pimples and the hint of peach fuzz under his nose. And he has you terrified.

The new breed of super hi-fi salesmen come disconcertingly young these days. How can they *know* so much? What do they mean when they want to discuss transient intermodule distortion... it sounds a bit obscene. And that's just dealing with old-fashioned analogue hi-fi gear. If you want to talk about the finer points of compact disc machinery with one of these boy wonders, you'd better be able to discuss the merits of 14- and 16-bit quantization, cross-interleaved Solomon codes, and three-LSI EFM demodulation circuitry.

No wonder so many of us are terrified at the very thought of walking into a hi-fi store. Not only do we suspect that we might be persuaded to part with rather more money than we intended, at the same time we run the risk of having our technical ignorance humiliatingly exposed.

But then hi-fi stores have always been rather daunting places. On top of the boy geniuses, there have been the suave, supercilious types with the pitying smiles and the devastating appraisals of your financial status: "I'm afraid, sir, if you haven't at least \$5000 to spend you're wasting my time and yours. I suggest you try Target or K-Mart."

Such reptilian types have been the mainstay of the hi-fi sales game for a couple of decades. But today, with crashing prices, pared margins, growing competition from department stores (including Target and K-Mart), and growing consumer awareness, they are a dying breed: electronic dinosaurs. To survive in these tough times, a hi-fi retailer has to run a tight ship of competent salespeople — hence the boy (and sometimes girl) wonders. Increasingly you find you're dealing with the proprietor himself, and the chances of gaining a sympathetic and intelligent ear are growing.

There's no need then for the knot of fear in the stomach when you finally do pluck up the courage to step across the hi-fi threshold.

Nonetheless it does help if you have some idea of what you are seeking, and some way of expressing it. What follows is hardly a crash course in consumer electronics — that's beyond the scope of what we can squeeze into these pages — but rather a few hints on shopping for high fidelity that might help ease the way.

First and most important is to set yourself a budget and stick to it. That way you can attempt to squeeze the utmost into it — rather than listening to assorted pieces of equipment and allowing yourself to be propelled

channel RMS. How much power do you need? That's a tricky one, depending on all sorts of factors, but here's a way of working out the minimum you can get away with and still call it hi-fi.

Measure the dimensions of your room — height, width, length — in metres; multiply them together, and divide the product by three — and the result is the minimum you need in watts. If your room measures 6.5m by 4m, with a 3.5m ceiling, you need at least 30 watts per channel. But that's a very bare minimum: if you have a lot of heavy furnishings soaking up sound, it wouldn't hurt to double the figure — or even triple it! It takes quite a massive increase in power to make a noticeable

at this level, measurement becomes meaningless: there is no wow or flutter that you are likely to be able to hear.

It doesn't matter a great deal, incidentally, whether your turntable is a belt-drive or direct-drive job. Both do the job equally well these days.

Speakers are certainly the most important components in a hi-fi rig. There are unfortunately no figures which can give you an accurate and reliable guide to quality; you just have to sit and listen and in the end trust your ears. But be warned: quality does not come cheaply. A recent survey of speaker systems by the Australian Consumers' Association magazine *Choice* found that even at \$500 a pair, you are likely to find only fair to middling sound quality, even with some of the *name* brands. See you down at Target or K-Mart, maybe.

Penthouse hi-fi guide

SOUND ADVICE

SERVICE BY DAVID FRITH

upwards in price. As a general guide, aim to outlay about 40-45 percent of your budget on speakers: they are the costliest and most important part of a system.

How you break up the rest is largely up to you, depending on whether you want a cassette deck or turntable, or both, and whether you prefer a separate amplifier and radio tuner, or are prepared to save a little by having a combined receiver. And then there is the question of compact discs: many people are now spending as little as possible on a turntable, and putting the savings towards a CD player.

The driving force of any hi-fi system is the amplifier, and the figure to look for in the specification sheets is the power rating, given in watts per

difference in sound volume.

Two other figures to look for in amplifiers are the signal-to-noise ratio (S/N) and total harmonic distortion (THD), both of which have to do with the effect of the component on the clarity of the signal. S/N is expressed in decibels, and the higher the figure the better — look for at least 70dB. THD is expressed as a percentage, the lower the better. Around 0.03 percent is reasonable — the best amplifiers get down to 0.009 percent or better.

In turntables and cassette decks, check the wow and flutter ratings. These measure distortions caused by speed variations and are expressed as a percentage, the lower the figure the better. Look for lower than 0.1 percent. Top gear gets down to 0.03 percent, or even less. But

MAINTENANCE: THE CLEAN ROUTINE

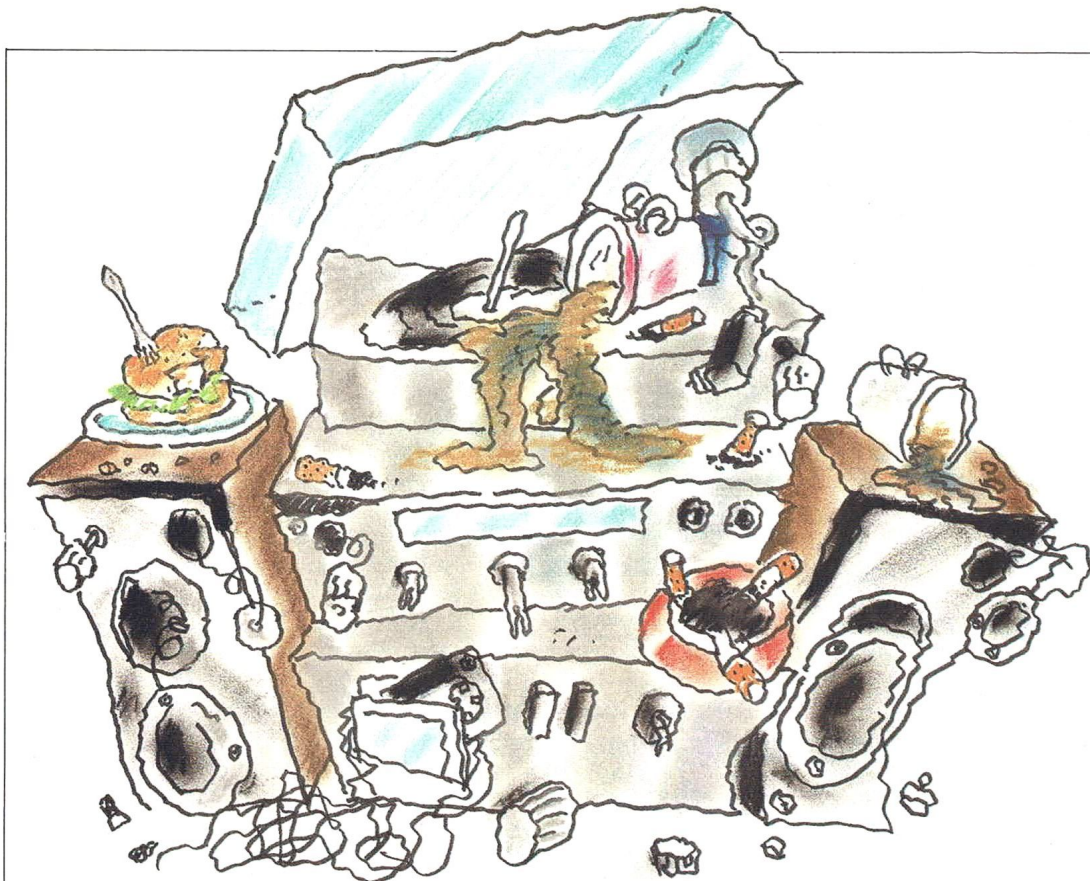
By the time you add the value of records and tapes to your hi-fi rig, you have quite an investment. It pays to look after it well.

Fortunately that's neither difficult nor expensive: it mainly involves getting into a routine in the treatment of both equipment and software — the records and tapes themselves.

Gear first — and it's reassuring to know that there's little to go wrong with a modern amplifier/tuner or your loud-speaker system, short of slopping coffee, beer or something worse on to them. So make it a rule never to put anything sloppy near your components, and certainly not on top of them.

The tape cassette deck is one component that does need a good deal of attention — even more so than a record turntable. Not only are its tape heads subject to physical wear like the record player's stylus, but the very medium they are playing on is continually coming loose and smearing itself all over the heads and through the mechanism. Imagine if your records began breaking up every time they were played, and little pieces of vinyl began clogging the system; that's





roughly the equivalent of what's happening in your cassette deck.

Recording tape is just clear plastic film coated with various forms of oxide particles. Inevitably as they pass the heads, some wears off as a fine dust. Some sticks to the heads; more is carried along with the tape and is deposited on rollers, capstans and other vital little doodads inside the recorder. This has several effects — none of them good. The muck on the rollers and other mechanical parts contributes to wow and flutter, the stuff on the heads prevents proper contact, and you will get distorted sound, flat sound, or quite frequently no sound at all. At the same time, the heads are being gradually magnetised by the electro-magnetic process used in tape recording, and this can further distort the musical signals, or even erase them.

The time to put a stop to all this nastiness is right now. What you need is first some cotton buds and a cleaning agent — methylated spirit is better than nothing, but the proprietary lines sold in hi-fi stores are better — and second, some sort of demagnetising device. The proprietary lines come with two bottles — one for metal parts, one for rubber — and

sometimes a handy collection of dentist-type mirrors for peering into the cassette deck innards. For the couple of dollars involved, they're well worth it.

Open the deck lid, and locate the heads — some decks have two, some three. (Those mirrors can come in very handy here.) Then simply moisten a cotton bud with cleaning fluid and gently rub across the face of the head. If there is a reddish brown stain on the bud, you're cleaning off oxide build-up. Replace the cotton bud frequently and keep at it until all comes clean.

Clean all metal pins and capstans you can see in the same way. "Play" the machine without a tape in it to get them turning, but *don't* use metho or similar spirit on rubber pinch rollers. They will need special rubber cleaning solution. An alternative head cleaning method is a special cassette which passes a mildly abrasive tape across the heads. Some people swear by them; those who really cherish their heads tend to be wary.

Now for those magnetised heads: you will need to buy a demagnetising device costing as little as \$8, and worth every cent. Most are plug-in electrical affairs with a pointed end. Hold the end near the tape head with the power on, then draw away

very slowly — about one centimetre a second — and when it is about a metre away, switch off. Job done; repeat monthly.

Tape cassettes themselves need consistent care, too — not quite as much as LP records, perhaps, but some thoughtful treatment certainly pays off. The general idea is to treat them like a dog: keep 'em cool, keep 'em dry, and give them a run now and then.

Heat and moisture can affect tape paths and shells. The vicious heat inside a car parked in the sun can be enough to warp the plastic cassette shell, while moisture can encourage fungus and make tapes stick, causing more oxide shedding. So stack them in a cool spot and if a tape hasn't been played for a month or so run it through on fast forward or reverse: it dries out any fungoid growth, and keeps the tape wound nice and taut.

Tapes are also affected by magnetic fields, so never leave them on top of speaker cabinets or amplifiers — or even close to the telephone.

LP records, of course, need even more careful handling. They come with pops and crackles, and acquire more all the time. The greatest enemy of records is dust, and records

attract dust because of the static charge so easily acquired by the PVC surface. The very act of taking the record in and out of its plastic sleeve will build up static. Some people replace their plastic inners with paper, and encase the records, cover and all, in self-sealing plastic envelopes. And they *still* get static.

Antistatic "guns" are available at most hi-fi stores. They do work in reducing static charges, but won't eliminate the problem. Use them not only on records, but also on the turntable cover and plastic record sleeves.

Opinion varies on the value of proprietary disc cleaning liquids. While most people concede they will shift dirt, the fear is that they may simply flush it deeper into the grooves. If you do use one, use it sparingly; once a year could be enough.

Dust bugs — brushes which remove dust while the record is playing — are helpful, particularly if they have carbon fibre bristles. But remember, they help increase static again, so follow up with another treatment from the antistatic gun.

COMPACT DISCS FOR SUPERIOR SOUND

There now seems little doubt that the end is in sight for the familiar black vinyl LP record. Sometime in the next five to 10 years the new silvery compact discs (CDs) should take over forever.

Market acceptance of the new digital-sound CD players has been far better than most in the electronic trade had dared hope... even at the early-days prices of around \$1200. Now that some models have dropped below \$600 and further price falls are predicted, there seems no way of stopping them. Another reassuring sign is that for once the trade has its compatibility act together. There is one international standard, and all CD discs will play on any maker's CD player. We all spin together, and that — from the industry which over the years has given us the 78-33-45 rpm disaster, the quadraphonic cock-up, and the Beta-VHS-Video 200-8 multi-format video mess — is progress.

A few diehards with supersensitive ears may be heard muttering in the wings that the same or even better sound can be had from the very finest digitally recorded black records using a \$1200 or \$1500 turntable-cartridge combo. They may be right — though many sound suspiciously like hi-fi dealers with backstocked turntables to sell — but they are pissing into an electronic wind now approaching gale force.

It wouldn't really matter if the CD disc sounded only half as good as a traditional LP; it has clearly demonstrated its superiority in a number of other areas.

It is smaller and stacks more easily. It can run for more than an hour a side (the current record is held by Otmar Suitner and the Berlin Staatskapelle's recording of Beethoven's Ninth on Denon, at a marvellous 71 minutes, non-stop). Between musical notes it is uncannily silent: no tape hiss, pops, crackles, wow, flutter or scratches. And, best of all, unlike the LP record, which comes with some of these irritations built in and quickly acquires others, it is likely to remain so forever. No stylus ever touches a CD's surface, and hence it does not wear. A CD disc is not indestructible, but you would have to be uncommonly careless to spoil one. It is the best thing to happen to music recording since T.A. Edison put "Mary Had A Little Lamb" on to a wax cylinder just over a century ago.

If you haven't yet caught up with CD, go immediately to your hi-fi dealer and demand a demo. Here's what you'll find.

The new discs (and there are now around 1000 titles available in Australia, with hundreds more being released each month) are 12cm in diameter, silver-hued with a lovely flashing rainbow effect. They carry the sound information digitally encoded as a series of microscopic pits. When these pits are read by a finely focused laser beam, they form a string of simple on or off signals corresponding to the ones and zeroes used in computer binary languages. Noise or distortion cannot affect such signals.

A transparent plastic layer protects the pits. You can scratch its surface or leave

fingerprints on it and not affect the music — the marks are out of focus for the laser. Other errors, including off-centre holes or manufacturing problems, are corrected by the computerised circuits. Wow and flutter, those old bugbears of recorded music, have ceased to have any meaning.

The result of all this is an incredibly wide dynamic range — that is, the distance between the highest and lowest recorded sounds — of more than 90 decibels (dB), compared with an average 50-70dB for normal LPs and tape cassettes. You get to hear all the peaks and valleys of music with new and shattering clarity.

You need no special equipment to go CD: simply take home your CD player and plug its leads into the back of your hi-fi amp. However, you may want to upgrade your speakers to take advantage of the new sound range possibilities — and it would be wise to buy a cheap

speaker protection device to guard against speaker damage from a sudden peak.

Sound quality should not vary a great deal from one player to another. Price differences are mostly due to features such as infra-red remote controls, or the ability to program individual tracks from anywhere on the disc (encoded signals allow the laser to pick up any particular point with unerring accuracy) and play them in any desired order. Most players have fast forward or reverse controls, allowing you to hear the music speeded up as you move through, looking for the passage you want. Some of the cheaper new models have a plastic chassis instead of one of diecast metal. They are quite acceptable, but a heavy nearby vibration can make the laser skip a few notes.

What next? The National Panasonic group has already announced the first CD car players to be released later this



year, and other car equipment makers including Alpine, Clarion and Mitsubishi are known to be working on mobile CD players. However, they must overcome severe problems of vibration and movement, and some people doubt that cars are the right environment for CDs anyway, since the dynamic range is compressed back to 70dB or so.

Philips and Sony, the co-originators of the compact disc system, have also hinted at the future development of portable CD systems. A CD Walkman? Perhaps — we'll just have to wait and listen.

CAR STEREO: MUSIC TO GO

Car stereo is one section of the hi-fi industry that is literally booming. As the supply of ever more powerful and more sophisticated car sound gear increases, more and more people are being fascinated by the possibility of turning their vehicles into a concert hall on wheels.

Split component systems, complete with power boosters, graphic equalisers, door damping and multi-speaker systems are becoming common. With speakers sealed into doors and boot, the car itself virtually becomes one giant speaker system. With bass response turned right up, the whole car can be made to thump, shake and boom like a mobile disco.

All right, all right, some people really enjoy that: they can get quite turned on by all the noise and vibration. But for a truly natural sound, with brilliant clear high notes and a rich midrange, a more balanced approach is advisable. The problems of achieving such sound in the noisy, interference-prone interior of a car can be enormous. The good news is that, despite all the new sophisticated gear and the increasingly complex business of correctly installing it, a good car sound system need not cost a fortune. If anything prices are a bit lower than they were five or six years ago, largely due to the increased competition between component makers.

Prices start at around \$250 to \$300 for a reasonable sounding set with AM/FM radio, cassette



and just one pair of speakers... and can go up to \$4000 for the ultimate in realism. But the average cost of quality car sound, custom-installed, would be around \$800 to \$1000. That would buy you at least a 25 watts per channel system, with four high quality speakers, all properly installed and tuned.

Unless you're a sonic expert, don't try to fit the gear yourself. Believe us, it's a job for experts. It's probably well worth consulting a car sound specialist. While many hi-fi stores carry a range of car gear as well as the usual living room equipment, car sonics is a very specialised area. There are more than 300 possible permutations of car models on Australian roads, and most require a particular approach. Only a custom installer is really equipped to handle the problems involved.

You may also be surprised to find out just how much work is involved in custom installation. For good quality installation almost all of the car's trim is first removed — a major job in itself.

Speakers must be bolted into metal framework for proper grounding and bass response. Cables have to be routed away from potential trouble spots and areas of interference from other electrical installations. Speaker vents are carefully cut with

special jigsaws; doors, boots and other panels are sealed, baffled and filled with sound-deadening material like that used in speaker cabinets. This side of an installation job alone can take a complete day's work.

Determining how powerful an amplification system your car will need is similarly a task for experts. Contrary to what many people believe, smaller cars actually need more power than large ones. That's because a small car suffers from a disproportionate amount of wind and engine noise, it's usually not as highly insulated as a larger model, and its cheaper trim also makes a considerable difference to the finished sound. According to Paul Graham, one of Sydney's best-known custom installers, most people with the barely adequate low-powered systems supplied as original equipment on many low price cars simply turn up the volume and listen to horrendous distortion.

Typically such sets would have only three or so watts per channel. Something closer to 15 watts would probably be the minimum needed for quality sound — but it would differ markedly from model to model, and according to the speakers which the amplifier is to drive.

Some are much more efficient than others and need less power,

Many systems these days use dual amplifiers, with as much as 100 watts per channel going to each of two sets of speakers. The latest trend, started in the US by the Bose group, and now taken up by a number of other makers including Philips, is for each speaker unit to contain its own amplifier.

The trend to break down car stereo gear into individual components — radio tuner, tape deck, power amp and pre-amplifier — has probably slowed a little in recent years, since cars are getting smaller and many aren't equipped with the dash or console spaces to fit such a quantity of modules. But if you can find the space for them, it's worth considering, since it does give you the chance to upgrade your system one piece at a time as better gear becomes available, or as your bank balance permits.

A graphic equaliser is an extra component which has become fashionable over the last few years... sometimes with disastrous results. The idea is to tailor the sound exactly to suit the interior of each car (simply having velour trim, for instance, or changing the number of passengers, can soak up certain frequencies, for which the graphic equaliser can compensate) or to suit individual taste. But unless you know

exactly what you are doing they can be tricky devices and barely worth the trouble. Graphic equalisers typically cost between \$90 and \$250.

One interesting variant is an automatic version. Alpine, for instance, has marketed one for around \$500, fully equipped with a mike and computer which listen to the sound from the speakers, analyse it and adjust the levels of seven frequencies to get a flat response. A memory stores settings to suit different types of music — a thumpy bass for rock, boosted highs for fine classical music and so on. The unit also monitors sound volume, boosting it when car noise rises, dropping it when noise is lowered — handy if you're often held up at traffic lights.

SETTING UP YOUR SYSTEM

It's possible to simply wrench your new audio gear from its cartons, plug the lot together and get some kind of sound from the beast. Resist the temptation. A little time spent in thought and a bit more in carefully setting up the equipment can make a remarkable difference to the sound you hear.

Placing the speakers is the

most important task you face, and it may take a bit of rearrangement — of both speaker cabinets and furniture — to get the best effect. Don't be afraid to experiment. Speakers placed on the floor will have a greater bass response than those in bookshelves. In extreme situations, the floor actually becomes part of the speaker system. So if you really want the place to shiver and shake, keep them low to the ground. Similarly you can get the walls moving, too, by having the speaker boxes nudged close into a corner. Just pray that the neighbors are either understanding or stone deaf.

For classics lovers, or those with a generally more sophisticated ear for the high and mid-level frequencies, a more pleasant response can be obtained by getting the speakers off the floor, either on stands or, for smaller sizes, into bookshelves (for best effect roughly at ear level).

On or off the floor, the speaker cabinets should be a minimum 1.8 metres apart for good stereo imaging. It depends a bit on the size of the room. The ideal is said to be about 70 percent of room width (example: if your room is four metres wide, the cabinets should be roughly three metres apart).

You will get the best stereo effect — the "stereo seat" as it's known — at a point which forms an equilateral triangle between listener and speakers: that is, you are the same distance from each speaker, and there is roughly the same distance between the two speakers. See, there is some point to geometry after all.

Now for the placement of the rest of the gear. A stereo rack midway between the speakers isn't necessarily the best arrangement. In fact, a stereo rack, popular though the device may be, is perhaps not such a good idea at all. Many racks have shelves rather too close together and no arrangement for heat dispersion. Modern amplifiers don't generate as much heat as older models, but the bigger ones can still get a fair old fug up. If you don't want the rest of your gear fugged up too, give them breathing space. In particular, it's unwise to stack a direct drive turntable directly above a power amp. The heat

from the amp can affect the servo circuits which precisely control turntable speed.

Finding the right spot for the turntable involves another problem: feedback or "howl." If the turntable is too close to the speakers, it can pick up their vibrations and transmit them back as a peculiar and unpleasant hum or even howling noise. The turntable needs to be well insulated and rock steady. I've seen some mounted on concrete garden slabs, and it's not such a stupid idea. On a really springy floor, it's possible to mount the slab on a pipe driven through the floor and well into the earth below — an effective though drastic solution, particularly if you don't happen to own the house.

The new compact disc players need to be rock steady too. With some of the cheaper models now coming on to the market, a sudden jar or heavy vibration can set the laser off line. (The precision needed to track a laser disc is quite incredible, with tracks so fine you could pack 60 of them into the width of a normal LP groove.) Unlike a normal turntable, no damage results from the jarring as there is no physical contact between disc and laser, but it will cause an unnerving silence for a few moments before the music resumes.

Cables need a bit of thought, too. While your new rig should come with all the right cords and connections, these sometimes aren't long enough... particularly the cables that run from the amplifier to the speakers. Some are not of especially good quality, either.

Buy the best quality cable you can afford, although it's not necessary to go to the really expensive and exotic forms of wire. There are growing doubts that these make a difference commensurate with their cost. More important are good quality connections at each end; ask the store to put connectors on if you don't solder.

Even ordinary household lamp cord can be used to connect speakers, provided the run is short — up to seven metres maximum. For better quality speaker wire sold by specialist stores, it's possible to get runs of up to 30 metres. That's enough to wire the

average house. Make sure you use no more wire than you need to make the neatest possible job. You can solve two problems — keeping it short and keeping it neat — by running the wire under the floor rather than around the walls. Drill small holes through the floorboards after deciding on your speaker locations, run the wire through, and plug any gap with plastic wood or sealer.

Furnishings can make a tremendous difference to your finished sound. In extreme cases, and where the bank balance is up to it, you might even consider redecorating at

the same time as buying a new hi-fi rig. It's impossible to be specific, since a lot depends on the type of speakers you choose. Some depend on reflecting sound waves from hard walls, while others need softer materials to absorb energy directed away from the listener.

But in general terms rooms that are softly furnished with good rugs or carpets — including where possible a good thickness of underfelt — absorb some of the shriller high frequencies, leading to a more natural sound, though they may need a more powerful amplifier.



Large glass areas should be curtained. Don't overdo it: the idea is to get a well-balanced mixture of highs and lows rather than damp out all the brightness.

Some acoustic problems can be tackled with a graphic equaliser, as in the case of car hi-fis. The equaliser splits the sound into a number of frequencies, and gives you a knob or slide switch to control each. Properly used an equaliser can help tailor sound to suit any individual room. But be warned, it takes a lot of experimentation and a good feeling for acoustics. Really it's a device for the expert: many people who've bought one have ended up being confused and disappointed, and consigned it to the bottom of the wardrobe. If you still want one, buy from a hi-fi specialist and try to persuade him to send a technician out to install it.

THE PROMISE OF PERFECT SOUND REPRODUCTION

What will this brave new electronic world have in store for us in the Nineties — and beyond? Extension of the digital process for a start; that seems a sure bet.

The digital compact disc has made such sweeping progress through the recorded music game that there is little doubt the next step will be to spread the pulse code technique throughout all the components in a sound chain. That should cut out the last vestiges of distortion and give clinically pure sound signals from beginning to end. Amplifiers capable of processing the raw data or digital signals are already in the works. A little further down the digital path we can expect to see — or rather, hear — a digital direct drive speaker system.

To feed these all-digital systems, new PCM (pulse code modulation) broadcasting will be needed: digital radio and digital TV. They will become the accepted hi-fi medium, unaffected by static or multipath interference. Experimental transmissions are already underway in Japan, the US and Europe,



but (given the Australian propensity for lagging years behind and then calling endless governmental inquiries) it could be well into the Nineties before the first digitally broadcast sound actually pulses here.

Never mind, broadcasting is already undergoing major changes. Good old AM radio — the original steam wireless — is about to go stereo, and in some areas (like the notorious canyons of Sydney) it could perhaps produce a more reliable hi-fi signal than FM, since it is not subject to multipath interference (distortion caused by the signal bouncing off objects like tall buildings, hills and harbor bridges). Arguments already are going on about which of the four competing systems we should adopt — don't expect a speedy resolution. And, yes, you will

need a new stereo AM tuner to receive the full benefit.

Big changes are brewing too — in some cases they're already here — in the area of tape recording. The audio compact cassette, marvellous little device though it is, is just about at the end of its development potential, limited by its slow tape speed and narrow width. Again, going digital seems the answer, and international committees are now wrangling over setting standards for a new cassette system. It won't replace the existing cassette system, but complement it — for those who want something better.

While that haggling goes on, the new hi-fi video recorders now being introduced should play a very useful stopgap role. These aren't digital — they record their audio tracks as an

FM signal laid underneath the video signal. But with a dynamic range of more than 80dB (far ahead of most existing tape recorders, but slightly below compact disc standards) and playing time of four hours, they offer great potential as pure audio recorders. Many hi-fi addicts will be quite happy to pay around \$1200 to use one purely as a top quality sound recorder — and look on its video recording facility as a free bonus.

All major manufacturers should have these handy gadgets on sale in Australia by mid 1985. The new generation of digital tape recorders is probably two to three years away.

On the other hand, it's quite possible the next generation of music recorders won't use tape at all. Instead, record collections will be stored on floppy discs, the same kind as those used in personal computers. An American company called CompuSonic created a stir when it demonstrated just such a system in June. It has a built-in micro-processor to analyse and store the music, and can make home digital recordings from any digital or analogue source. The discs should never wear out. Other advantages include instant dial-up access to any recorded segment, and an ability to program selections.

Many see this as the most likely way of the future: a marriage — or rather a *menage a trois* — of home computers, audio and video systems, all piped into one integrated home entertainment centre, and reticulated like electricity to points throughout the house by up to 150 metres of fibre-optic cable. Houses would be linked into a city-wide fibre-optic cable network, which would supply not only pay-TV and videotex (computerised shopping information etc), but also pay-audio services — a kind of hi-fi bank.

You would call up a list of latest hits on your video screen, make a selection, and it would be instantly transferred to your computer storage system. At the same time — *zing!* — your bank balance would be automatically debited. Alas, even in the brave new electronic world, there will be no such thing as a free lunch — or a free record.

WIN AN AIWA SOUND SYSTEM!

Now's your chance to win a superb AIWA V-900LF hi-fi system courtesy of AIWA and *Australian Penthouse*. The competition prize includes turntable, amplifier with built-in graphic equalizer, AM/FM tuner and stereo cassette deck — a beautifully presented system of matched components valued at around \$1700.

The AIWA V-900LF is a compact system, but that doesn't mean compact performance. AIWA's SPAN concept (Synchro Performance Audio Network) produces sound quality that will satisfy the most demanding audiophile. The MX-90 Integrated Amplifier produces 45 Watts per channel and the built-in seven-band graphic equalizer allows the user to adjust the output to suit the environment. The AIWA amplifier's Dynamic Super Loudness feature assures naturally balanced sound at any listening level. The TX-110 Stereo Tuner has a built-in timer which allows the preset recording of radio broadcasts and turns the system on or off at any time. One-touch preset tuning of up to 12 stations, both AM and FM, enhances reception. The FX-50 Stereo Cassette Deck has all the important features along with AIWA's "Synchro Recording" function, which allows the user to begin recording by simply touching the tuner, phono, auxiliary or CD buttons. That means perfect ease of operation. And the LX-50 Linear Tracking

Direct Drive Turntable produces highly responsive tracking performance free from distortion.

The AIWA V-900LF sound system is a fine example of the company's dedication to excellence in audio technology. As you can see from the photo above, the AIWA people don't lack a sense of style either. If this compact hi-fi system looks like a suitable addition to your lounge room, simply fill in the coupon below and send your entry to *Penthouse*. The result could be music to your ears.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry and participation must be on the official entry form or a facsimile thereof. Only one entry per person is allowed. All entrants must be 18 years of age or older.

Entry and participation in the competition is completely open to all Australian residents other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* and their families and AIWA (Australia) Co Ltd and their families.

One correct entry will be drawn from all the correct entries received. That entry will be the winner.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, March 1, 1985. The winner will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

This competition is brought to you by AIWA (Australia) Co Ltd and *Australian Penthouse* magazine.

Clip and send this completed coupon to "AIWA Hi-Fi Competition", *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the above copy. Only one entry per person is allowed. The winner will be the first correct entry drawn from the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*.

1) What is the power output of AIWA's MX-90 Integrated Amplifier?

2) What feature of the MX-90 Integrated Amplifier assures naturally balanced sound at any listening level?

3) What feature of the AIWA FX-50 Cassette Deck results in perfect ease of operation?

Name: _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____

NSW Permit No. TC84/2569. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Union Act.

WIN WITH
PENTHOUSE!



FICTION BY ROBERT BARRETT

Les Norton lands a whopper, but it doesn't give in without a fight

Billy Dunne handed Les Norton a can of Fourex and took a long, refreshing pull on his own glass of bourbon and dry. It was 2.30 on a hot, sticky Sunday morning in the middle of a Sydney summer, and the two bouncers were sweating buckets into their monkey suits. The last punter had left the Kelly Club casino and Norton and Dunne were seated in the spacious office of the owner, Price Galese. They drank quietly and watched as Price and George Brennan, the casino manager, counted the last of the night's takings.

"What's the story, Les?" said Billy. "You're giving training a miss tomorrow because you're going fishing. Right?"

"Yeah," replied Les airily. He took a decent sort of slug on his can of beer and then belched lightly into the back of his hand. "I know for sure I won't feel like training after I've been fishing all morning."

"How come?"

"Because I get seasick. I'm gonna be crook as a dog tomorrow arvo. But I've really gotta go. Gary Jackson's been after me to come fishin' for weeks."

"You're not going fishing with Jacko, are you?" said George Brennan. "Christ, I hope you've got a decent set of earplugs. That bloke'd talk the leg off a tin pot. You'll end up throwing him overboard."

FISHIN' FOR RED BREAM

ILLUSTRATION BY YVONNE SUTHERLAND

FISHIN'

"He's not that bad, is he?" responded Les hopefully.

"Not that bad," laughed Price Galese as he handed everyone another drink. "You know what his nickname is? The All-Night Chemist. Never shuts up. He'd talk under six feet of wet cement."

"Well," shrugged Norton, "I don't give a stuff as long as I get a few fish."

Les was still looking forward to the fishing. Being from the bush, he'd never really been outside in a boat before and it was a bit of a big deal for him. He figured there'd be some way of coping with Gary Jackson's ability to rabbit on at length about buggar all.

Gary was a member of the Ben Buckler Fishing Club and had an old 14-foot runabout which he kept at the club-house around the rocks at North Bondi. He was a pretty popular bloke around Bondi, where he used to own a butcher shop. But he sold that for a cleaning run, which allowed him a lot more time for his fishing. He used to do a bit of backslapping down at the Bondi Rex Hotel, and that's where Les scored the invite to go fishing.

Gary's only fault was that he did like to talk a lot — especially with about half a dozen beers under his belt — and being a bit of a skite, he was also dying to tell all the boys down at the Rex how he had en-

tertained big Les Norton out in his boat.

"So, I can expect a big feed of fresh fish, eh Les?" said Price. "Couple of snapper would be nice. What about you, George? Want to put your order in?"

"Oh yeah, why not? A nice big flathead will do me, Les. . . about five pound."

"And, I wouldn't mind a couple of those big soup-plate leather jackets," said Billy.

"Anything else youse might like while I'm out there?" laughed Norton. "How about some king prawns, or maybe a few dozen oysters? Or if you like I can dive over the side and bring up a few pearls. Just name it."

They sat around for another half an hour, drinking and cracking jokes — most of which were directed at Les. Then they locked up. Les and Billy saw Price to his car, and they all drifted home.

Les was down at the boat shed at six that morning, and despite only getting a couple of hours sleep, he was keen as mustard for a morning's fishing. There were only two other cars in the parking area when Norton drove in in his battered Ford Falcon. He recognised one as Gary's spotless station-wagon, the other was an old abandoned Holden silently ending its days as a pile of rust.

The sun had just risen, tinting the few tiny clouds in the turquoise sky with orange and yellow as it bathed the velvet green sea with its warmth. Les jauntily trotted down the stairs to the boat shed, where Gary was

testing an outboard motor in a rusty 44-gallon drum full of water. He turned it off just as Norton stopped behind him.

"G'day Gary," said Les, waving the fumes away with his hand. "Top day, eh?"

"G'day Les," replied Gary enthusiastically. "Jesus. What've you got in the bag, Les? We're only goin' out for a few hours, you know. . . we're not spendin' a month up the Sepik River."

Norton had a huge overnight bag in his hand. "I couldn't find my little one this morning so I had to grab this one," he grinned sheepishly. "I've only got a bit of tucker and something to drink." He didn't mention the bottles of Quells and Dramine tablets. "Besides, I'll need a bag this big for all my fish, won't I?"

Gary winked as he put some more petrol in the outboard motor.

"What do you reckon we'll get anyway?" asked Les. "Any jewies?"

"We'll be fishin' for red bream," replied Gary, with all the penetrating wisdom of an expert. "There's a ton of reddie on at the moment. I got 30 the other mornin'."

"Thirty! Fair dinkum."

"My oath. They're on at the moment. Anyway, give us a hand with this motor."

With Norton doing most of the lifting they easily manhandled the outboard motor out of the steel drum and on to the weather-beaten aluminium runabout, where Gary clamped it to a wooden plate at the stern.

"Now what do I owe you for juice and bait, Gary?" asked Les. "Ten bucks, is that right?"

"Yeah. That'll do," replied Gary magnanimously.

Les had previously agreed to weigh in \$10 for expenses — although Gary's meagre motor would be flat out using 75 cents worth of gas in a day and he would have caught the bait beforehand. Gary always liked to make a little profit on anything he did. When it came to making a dollar stretch further than anyone else, Gary ran a very close second to Les.

"Got change of 20?" asked Les as he pulled a crumpled note out of his jeans.

"Sorry," replied Gary, grabbing the 20 and putting it into the fob pocket of his shorts. "I didn't bring any money with me. I'll have to fix you up when we get back — or through the week. Okay?"

With one on either side, they slid the boat over some splintery lengths of wood set into the concrete outside the clubhouse and down a slime-covered ramp to the water's edge. A small wave surged gently around them and they pushed the boat out on to it; Norton flopped clumsily in the front as Gary adroitly hopped up on to a seat in the back. In almost the same quick, competent movement he kicked the motor over and they were on their way.

From the moment they left Gary talked incessantly, but above the roar of the outboard Les could hardly hear him. Not that Les was interested in whatever Gary had to say. . . he was too excited with what was

happening around him. With the salt spray splashing over his clothes and stinging his eyes and the smell of fish and two-stroke in his nostrils, mixed with the throb of the outboard motor and the screeching of the seagulls flying overhead, Les felt as if he was setting off on some great adventure.

When they got out past the point and started hitting into a few swells the enthusiasm and adrenalin inside Les started to turn a little sour. By the time they'd got another 100 metres out Norton's face was showing the colors of the Italian flag. He rummaged quickly through his bag, found his Dramine tablets and washed two down with a swig of lemonade.

Norton looked back at the shoreline — it seemed as if Bondi was on the other side of the world. He swallowed and watched some water swirling around in the bottom of the boat.

"Hey, how far out do you want to go?" he protested. "What are you fishin' for? Black marlin?"

"I've got to find me mark," Gary yelled over the noisy motor.

"Your what?"

"Me mark." Gary explained to Les how he lined up with Long Bay Rifle Range and North Bondi Surf Club. That was the mark, and that was the reef they fished off. Gary squinted towards the shore and cut the motor. "Here we are now," he said. "Righto reddie, look out. Here comes Uncle Gazz."

Within a matter of seconds Norton had a reel shaped like a large plastic doughnut thrust into his hands and Gary was baited up and ready to cast over the side. "Now you know how to bait a hook and all that, don't you?" asked Gary, looking suspiciously at Les as he dangled the weighted hook in his hand.

"Yeah, of course I do," replied Norton gruffly, ripping a piece of half-rotten yellowtail out of a mess of smelly blood-stained newspapers Gary had spread out in the middle of the boat. He jammed the piece of yellowtail on to his hook and dropped it over the side not long after Gary.

Thirty minutes later Gary had landed six reddie, all of which he quickly unhooked, belted over the head with a lump of wood and tossed into a wet sugar-bag lying near his feet. Norton hardly got a bite.

Another hour or so passed by with Gary pulling in a reddie every five minutes or so, and not one weighing under a pound and a half. Norton still hadn't broken his duck. "Christ, what's goin' on here?" cursed Les — starting to get a bit shitty — as he baited up again and cast over the side. "I'm using the same bait, the same hooks and I'm getting fuck all. You're pulling them in like Zane bloody Grey."

"Just keep goin' mate," said Gary, pulling in another fish. "They'll hit you sooner or later."

Norton had stopped getting the shits; now he was just getting bored and fidgety. He started looking around, and some-

thing in a bag caught his eye.

"Hey, what's that in there?" he asked. "Are they binoculars?"

"Yeah," replied Gary. "I bring 'em just in case there's a bit of fog around and I can't find me mark. Have a look around with them if you want."

Norton took the binoculars, adjusted the dials to suit his eyes and started peering towards the horizon. There wasn't a great deal to see. The cliffs at Coogee and Maroubra were too far away and too hazy to make anything out clearly. He watched a jumbo jet go overhead, then swung back to the ocean. A freighter steaming towards their boat seemed to be almost on top of them. "Christ," he said out loud, dropping the binoculars. But then he could see that it was really at least 800 metres away. As it approached them he started viewing it intently.

The freighter was the *Shinseing Maru* — the name was clearly visible on the side. An Australian flag flew from the stern and a Japanese one was fluttering up near the smoke-stack. It was a dirty looking thing, thought Les, studying the rust and chipped paint through the binoculars. The decks were deserted, but a sudden movement caught his eye.

A seaman wearing a bulky blue Mao-type jacket moved cautiously over to the rail, glanced up and down the deserted deck, and from under his jacket produced a parcel with a bright orange marker buoy

attached. He then threw the parcel over the side of the ship. Norton watched it drop into the ocean, where it was momentarily lost in the foaming prop-wash at the ship's stern. It soon reappeared, clearly bobbing up and down in the ship's wake. He watched it for a few moments, then put the binoculars in his lap. "Hey Gary," he said. "How about we try fishin' somewhere else for a while?"

"You're kiddin', aren't you?" replied Gary, his jaw dropping. "This is the spot here. This is where they're on."

"Yeah. . . maybe for you. All I'm getting's a wet arse. What about just over there, near those seagulls? I want to have a go at some surface fish for a while."

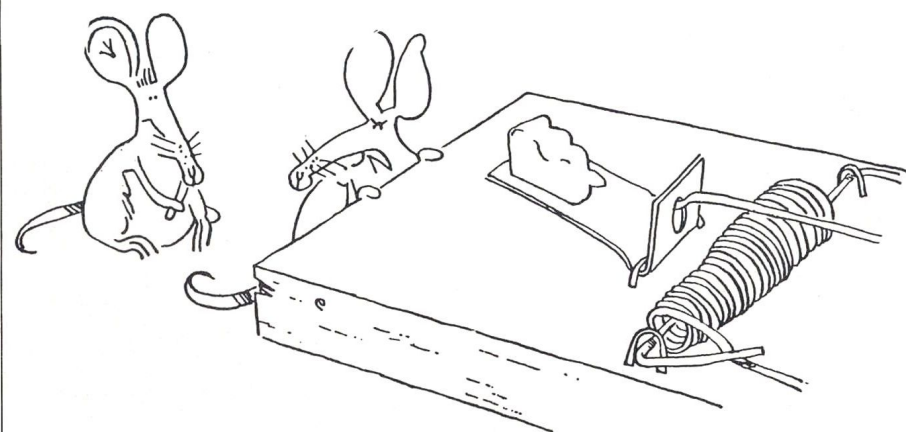
Gary started reeling in his line. He protested a bit, but he was absolutely terrified of Les. And it did give him the chance to tell the boys down at the Rex how Norton had threatened to job him if he didn't do what he said. It all added to the drama. "Yeah, all right," he sighed.

"I'll drive," said Les.

"You don't drive a boat. You steer it."

"Whatever. Start her up for us."

Gary got the motor started and swapped positions with Les. Les wrapped his huge, gnarled fist around the tiller and headed towards the marker buoy, roughly 300 metres in front of them. Halfway there he slowed down and started pointing excitedly to Gary's right. "Hey, what was that?" he cried out.



"Processed cheddar! What are they trying to do — kill us?"



FISHIN'

"What was what?" said Gary, turning towards where Les was pointing.

"Over there — the biggest bloody shark I've ever seen."

"Where?"

"Over there. Can't you see it? Here, take the binoculars." With one eye on Gary and another on the marker buoy, Les handed Gary the binoculars.

Gary started scanning, though he was half-convinced Les was seeing things. About 50 metres from the marker buoy Les slowed down. "Look, there it is again," he yelled. "Keep looking Gary... you can't miss it." Les cut the motor and cruised right alongside the small orange buoy. It was only the size of a beer bottle. With one sure, swift movement he scooped the buoy — with the parcel attached underneath — up and into the boat and straight into his huge overnight bag. Gary didn't see a thing.

"There's nothin' out there," he said, putting down the binoculars and rubbing his eyes.

"Yeah?" responded Les. "Oh well, maybe I was seeing things. Anyway, the seagulls have pissed off so the fish have probably gone too. We may as well go back to where we were. Here, you can drive."

Gary took the tiller, looked at Norton and shook his head. "Steer, Les. Steer."

They returned to their original spot, and resumed their fishing with pretty much the same result as before — Gary pulling in a reddie every five minutes, Norton scarcely getting a bite. Another 30 minutes or so went by with Les becoming more than just bored; he was starting to get the shits again. He wasn't catching any fish and he was also just about breaking his neck to see what was in the package he'd pulled out of the water. He was about to say something to Gary about calling it quits when he noticed a sleek power boat come roaring up to within 300 metres of them. It slowed down and then started systematically criss-crossing the area where Les had picked up the parcel.

The streamlined black boat looked like something out of a James Bond movie. It was at least six metres long, with chrome rails running everywhere, a half cabin towards the front, and at the rear two monstrous Evinrude motors churning the water as they throbbed away in perfect unison. Two men appeared to be on board, one at the controls upfront and another at the back.

"Noisy bastards," said Gary. "I wish they'd piss off. They're scaring all the fish."

For about 20 minutes the two men searched the area; then they went into a huddle. They flashed a pair of binoculars in Norton and Gary's direction, and then spun the boat around and moved steadily towards them. When the boat was only

about 10 metres from the fishermen they reduced speed, and then slowly circled them. Norton waved casually to them, at the same time getting a good look at the two men.

They were both grim-faced. The one at the wheel was about 30, with clean-cut blond hair and wide shoulders; a pair of heavy mirrored sunglasses prevented Norton from getting a good look at his face but he noticed that he had a rather bulbous nose. The other was in his late forties, very stocky with thick, silvery hair. He was quite handsome, and looked as if he could once have been a sportsman of some type.

"Hey matey," Gary called out to the man steering the boat. "Give us a go, willya? You're scarin' all the fish."

The two men stared blankly at them. Finally the older man jerked his head towards the open sea and the boat moved away. As it did Norton took a mental note of the number and name on the side: DZ983N *Senorita*.

"Fuckin' power boats," muttered Gary. "They give me the shits."

"Yeah," replied Norton. "Anyway Gary, I might get you to..." Suddenly there was a violent tugging on Norton's line. "Hold on. I've got a bloody fish." Excitedly, Norton started reeling in his line. On the end was a fair-sized, speckled brown fish, not unlike a groper. "There y'are, look at that," he boasted. "At least I got a feed."

Gary started laughing. "You can't eat that, Les. It's a wirra."

"A what?"

"A wirra. They're no good. You can't even use 'em for bait."

Norton was absolutely flabbergasted. "Are you fair dinkum?"

"Yeah, fair dinkum. You can't eat 'em. They taste like shit."

"You mean to tell me I've been out here all morning, and when I finally get a fish I can't bloody eat it?"

"Sorry mate."

"Well that's it." Norton unhooked the fish, threw it back in the water, wound up his line and tossed it in the plastic box near Gary's feet. "Take me back to the boat shed."

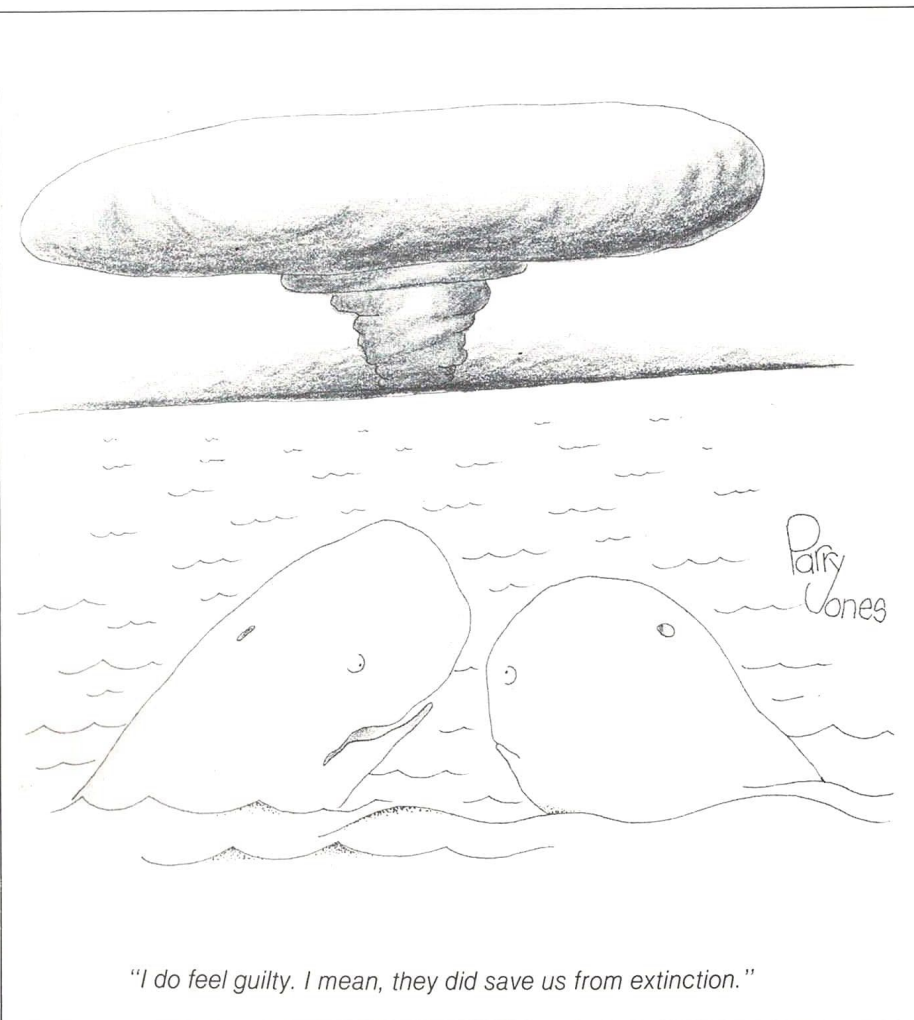
Gary still couldn't help but laugh, but in a way he was relieved Norton was going in; it was getting to be an embarrassment. "All right, Les," he said, starting up the motor. As they pulled away Norton noticed that the black power boat was still scouring the area.

"Thanks anyway, Gary," muttered Les as he jumped out of the boat.

"Any time, Les. I'm going back out while they're still on. I'll see you later." Gary spun the boat around and headed back out.

"Hey, what about my \$10?" yelled Les. Over the noise of the outboard motor Gary didn't hear him. "Great," thought Les. He climbed the stairs, got in his car and headed home.

Les had a quick clean up and then started to examine his mysterious parcel. He



MUSIC COMES TO LIFE

with a Sanyo System 340



Sanyo's latest innovation in audio technology, adds new dimension to the music in your life with its fully integrated component system.

JA 340 Stereo Integrated Amplifier

*35W continuous output power per channel, all channels driven at 1kHz into 8 ohms, with no more than 0.3% T.H.D. *5-band graphic equalizer - each of the five control levers can boost or cut audio response for greater flexibility and a truly individual sound experience *LED function indicators.

JT 340 AM/FM Stereo Tuner

*Quartz PLL digital frequency synthesizer tuner for enhanced clarity *Presettable station memories for push-button tuning of your favourite station, 6 AM and 6 FM *Auto scanning system *Digital frequency readout.

RD W340 Stereo Double-Cassette Deck

*Two separate cassette sections permitting tape-to-tape dubbing in addition to continuous enjoyment of taped music. *Soft-touch transport controls *Overall sound quality of your tapes is improved with Dolby *B N.R. circuitry *Metal tape capability with metal/CrO₂/normal tape selectors *5-LED VU meter.

TP 240CN Semi-Automatic Belt Drive Turntable

*2-speed belt drive turntable *DC servo motor for precise speed control *Straight, low mass tonearm for skip-free tracking *Automatic arm return and shut-off at end of record.

S 340 3-Way, 3-Speaker System

*30.5 cm woofer with matching midrange and tweeter to fill your room with living sound.

AT 340 Fashionable Audio Component Rack in horizontal style with adjustable shelves *Record storage *Two bronze glass doors.

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



SANYO
That's Life!

FISHIN'

removed the orange marker buoy and with a kitchen knife carefully cut through the thick plastic tape binding several layers of heavy, brown tar-paper. Beneath this was a black plastic bag securely bound with more thick tape. Also enclosed was a short note. Les gently cut through the tape binding the remaining plastic bag, opened it and removed the note.

"M. Important. Our new phone address. I will be in touch. T. 650 Plaza Centralos. La Paz. Bolivia. 838.8224."

Les copied the contents of the note and put the original back in the plastic bag. He then sprinkled some of the powder on to a piece of paper, and closely examined it. Though Norton had never really been into drugs, he had a fair idea what he'd found.

The white, shiny stuff wasn't really like a powder; it was more granular. Under the light it glistened noticeably and when Les ran it between his fingers it had a silky feel about it. With his little finger he dabbed a bit on the tip of his tongue. The spot almost immediately went numb.

"Uh huh," Les said out loud, "the old Okefenoke." He looked at it for a few moments and then placed it on a set of kitchen scales. "So, I've got myself a kilogram of cocaine," he thought. "Now what am I gonna do with it?"

Norton wrapped the coke up exactly as

he'd found it and carefully hid it; the amount he'd sprinkled out he folded up in a small piece of Alfoil. Then he picked up the phone and dialled a number.

"Hello Price. It's Les."

"Les Norton — the famous fisherman. How did you go, son?"

Les briefly told Price about the morning's fishing. When his boss had finished laughing, Les spoke. "Price, have you still got that contact at the Maritime Services Board?"

"Sure. You want something?"

"Maybe. All right if I give him a call?"

"Sure. It's extension 066 — ask for Grahame Keogh. Tell him who you are and tell him I said it's sweet."

They chatted for a few minutes before Les hung up, rang the MSB, and spoke to Grahame Keogh.

"Just hold on a minute," said Grahame, "while I run that number through the computer."

Les waited patiently.

"You there?"

"Sure."

"The boat belongs to a Martin Reynolds of 16 Harbour View Crescent, Rose Bay. His phone number's 307 0522."

"Thanks a lot, Grahame. I owe you a drink some time."

"No worries. Say hello to Price for me."

Norton hung up, thought for a moment, then decided to leave it until 4 pm to ring Reynolds. He vacuumed the house and

made a chicken casserole. By then it was four. He opened a can of Fourx and dialled the number.

"Hello," said the voice.

"Is Martin Reynolds there, please?"

There was a pause. "I'll see if he's in. Who's calling?"

"Tell him it's a mate of his from South America. I'm sellin' bananas."

There was another pause, longer this time. "Just wait please," said the voice cautiously.

Another person came to the phone. Norton could also hear the click of a second phone being picked up. "Hello, this is Martin. Who am I speaking to?"

"G'day Marty, old son. I'll get straight to the point. Did you lose something this morning?"

There were a few seconds of silence.

"What are you talking about? Who is this?"

"I'm talking about a little brown parcel bound with plastic tape and full of . . . well, I don't think it's icing sugar."

There was another silence. "I don't know what you're talking about. Who is this, anyway?"

"You don't know what I'm talking about, eh? How about T's new phone number and address in Bolivia. Is that any good to you?"

There was silence again for a few seconds. Norton could hear Reynolds' labored breathing over the phone. "Who the hell are you, smart arse? What do you want?"

"You know what I want, shitbags. And you know what I've got. I'll ring you back at 9.30 sharp tomorrow morning; I'll sort it out with you then."

Norton hung up abruptly and laughed to himself. He got another beer from the fridge and went out in the backyard to relax and wait for Warren, with whom he shared the house, to come home.

Warren arrived home from the advertising agency at about six. He had a shower, and then tucked into the chicken casserole, almost matching Norton plate for plate. After a while, Les made some coffee and eased himself back in his chair. "Warren, you like a smoke and a snort and that, don't you?" he inquired.

"Yeah," replied Warren carefully. "I don't mind hitting the drugs now and again. Why?"

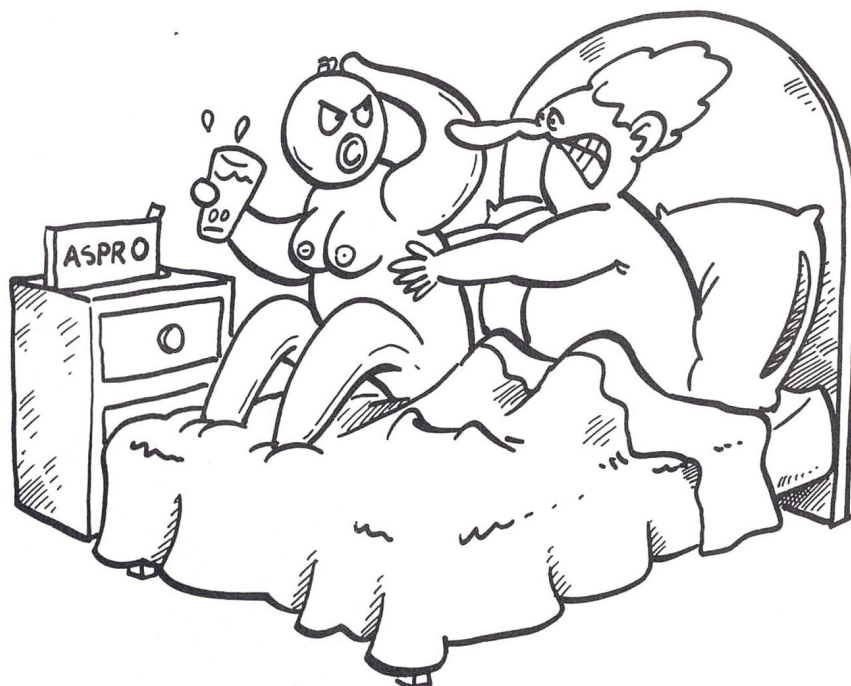
"You want some coke?"

"Some cocaine?" Warren gave Les a double-blink.

"Yeah. You want some? A chick who owes me a favor gave it to me the other night. I don't use it, so here, you can have it if you want." Norton took the Alfoil package out of his pocket and tossed it across the table to Warren. "I don't know if it's any good."

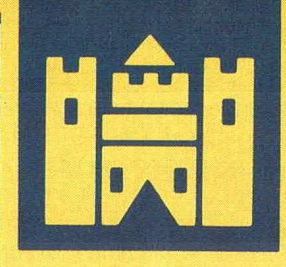
"Jeez, thanks Les." Warren picked up the Alfoil and unwrapped it. "It sure looks all right," he said. He looked up at Norton and smiled. "I might have a toot now."

"Go for your life."



L.V.©

NOW
ALSO IN 25's



KENT



Smooth. Mild.
KENT. The taste you'll feel good about.
The mild international cigarette.

E749R2

FISHIN'

Warren went to his room, returning with a small shaving mirror and a pocketknife. He took a healthy scoop of cocaine, placed it on the mirror and began chopping and crushing it up with the heel of the pocketknife. Norton watched intently.

"So that's how you do it, eh?"

"Yeah, got to crush all the rocks, mate."

"And what would you jet-setting wombats pay for a deal of that?"

Warren stopped crushing the cocaine for a moment and looked at the foil packet. "There's at least a gram there. About 200 dollars."

"Two hundred bucks for that?"

"Oh, shit yeah."

"So, a kilogram of that shit's worth 200 grand?"

"I'm talking street price. A kilo'd probably cost around 100 thousand. But by the time they step on it, it'd bring half a million."

"What do you mean, step on it?"

"Cut it with Glucodin and Lactogen."

Norton shook his head incredulously. "And they pay 200 bucks for that."

Satisfied the cocaine was crushed up finely enough, Warren shaped the glistening powder into two lines of matchstick dimensions. He took a \$20 bill, rolled it into a tube and stuck it in his right nostril. "This is called having a toot, Les," he said, bending his head over the mirror. Holding the tube in one nostril with his right hand and blocking the other with his left, he moved the tube slowly along one of the lines, sniffing it all deeply into his right nostril. Then did the same with his left.

Norton watched carefully as he sat up. Nothing happened at first, until Warren's eyes seemed to bulge out like two pink medicine balls. He then jumped up from the table and let out a mighty roar.

"Jesus Christ, Les," he yelled. "Where did you get that?"

"Is it any good?"

"Any good. It's unbelievable. I feel like I'm eight feet tall."

"I'll soon sort that out," laughed Norton.

Warren sprang around in front of him. "All right, you big goose. Out the back now — come on." Warren started giggling and throwing punches at Norton; there wasn't a lot of power in them but they seemed to come from everywhere.

"Christ, you *are* off your head."

Within a matter of minutes Warren had cleaned up all the mess in the kitchen, made a date, got changed into his best clobber and was hovering in front of Norton ready to go out. He'd been moving that fast his feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground.

"Well, I'm on my way," he said, waving his hands around excitedly, his eyes still bulging. "Don't bother waiting up."

Les decided to have an early night. He slept soundly, though he was deep in thought at first.

He rose early the next morning and went for a long run, getting back at 8.15 to find Warren stumbling around the kitchen trying to make a cup of coffee. He was in an appalling state. His eyes were running like a couple of taps and his face looked like something you'd see on a Jolly Roger.

About an hour later Warren managed to make it out the front door to work. At 9.30 sharp, Norton rang Martin Reynolds.

"Hello Marty. It's your mate from yesterday. You want to talk a bit of business."

"Talk," was the terse reply.

"Right. Well, you know I've got something of yours and if you're a real good bloke I might just let you have it back. And might I say it's very high quality stuff too. I had it tested last night and I'd say there's around a hundred grand's worth there — though by the time you vultures fill it full of powdered milk you'd be looking at closer to half a million."

Reynolds didn't say anything but Norton

Ted eased out a .32 automatic with a silencer. "Once in the knee, once in the stomach and once in that big mouth of yours."

could feel the hatred over the line.

"But I'm a reasonable man," continued Les, "and seein' as you're not a bad sort of bloke I'll let you have it back for 50 grand. Fair enough?"

"How about I tell you to stick it in your arse and then come looking for you?"

"Well, you can do that too, but I'll just turn it in to the cops, along with your name and address and your mate's name in Bolivia. If that didn't fuck up your little operation I don't know what would. I'd probably get a reward."

There was a tense silence for a few moments. "All right, asshole, what do you want to do?"

"You know the old gun emplacement at the top of McKenzie's Point, Bondi, opposite Marks Field?"

"Yeah."

"I'll meet you there at 4.30 sharp this afternoon. I'll be wearing a dark blue tracksuit. You got that?"

"Yeah. And I'm really looking forward to meeting you."

"Good. And like the man on TV says, 'Bring your money with you.' Bye now."

Norton hung up. Judging by the

ominous tone of Reynolds' voice he thought it might be a good idea to make another phone call.

"Hello Price. It's Les. How are you?"

"Good Les. What's up?"

"Nothing really. Is Eddie there?"

"Sure. I'll get him."

Norton waited patiently while Price Galesse went and got his number one hitman, Eddie Salita.

"Hello Les. What's your trouble, son?"

"Hello Eddie. Listen, can you give me a hand for about 30 minutes this afternoon?"

"Sure. Why? Something wrong?"

"Not really. I just gotta pick up some money off a bloke. There's a bone in it for you."

"Yeah. Much meat on it?"

"Five grand."

"Fine."

"Okay. Be at my place at four this afternoon, sharp. Bring a roscoe and I'll tell you all about it then."

"See you at four o'clock, Les."

Eddie arrived on time, shortly before four. "Righto Les, what's the story?" he said as he stepped inside. With his camouflage T-shirt and a green sweat band he looked like he'd stepped off the cover of *Soldier Of Fortune*. As Eddie went to sit down on the lounge Norton noticed the .38 police special in a holster tucked up under his arm and the .22 automatic in a smaller ankle holster under his jeans.

Norton filled Eddie in on what had happened, and on what was about to happen. He mentioned the amount of \$50,000 and offered Eddie the \$5000, telling him there was more there if he wanted it.

Eddie laughed villainously, eased himself back into the lounge and flexed his arms, stretching every wiry muscle from his shoulders down to his finger tips. "Five grand's all right for half an hour's workout," he said with a grin. "I'd have done it for you for nothing, Les — you know that. But I may as well cop the five."

"Good on you, Eddie."

"Sounds like a piece of piss anyway, if you ask me," said Eddie. "But if something happens and I do have to knock them we'll just toss them straight over the cliff and get a boat to pick them up in the morning." Norton frowned. Eddie smiled and threw him an easy wink. "Let's go then," Eddie said as he nodded towards the door. "Your car or mine?"

They went in Eddie's Mercedes; five minutes later they were parked in Kenneth Street, facing away from Marks Field.

With the kilogram of cocaine wedged down the front of his tracksuit pants, Norton set off for his meeting with Reynolds. He was wearing a pair of dark sunglasses and had a straw hat with the brim turned down squashed on to his head; he wanted to disguise himself as much as possible, but at the same time look inconspicuous. He may as well have had a red neon sign flashing above him saying "I am go-



FISHIN'

ing to do a drug deal." Eddie gave him a couple of minutes start, then wandered off to the edge of the park, well to Norton's left.

A few minutes later an iridescent gold Buick Electra glided gently to a stop, about 50 metres from the park. Reynolds and his blond mate sat there for a while before they got out.

There was an old chipped wooden seat in the ancient gun emplacement; Norton eased himself down on to it and spread his legs out comfortably in front of him. A stiff summer nor'easter was gusting across Bondi Bay, almost blowing Norton's straw hat off as it whipped across McKenzie's Point. Hardly anyone was around — even the late afternoon joggers seemed to prefer the beach. Norton began to wonder where Eddie had got to. He'd scarcely had time to think on it when Reynolds and his blond mate appeared at the top of the steep grassy knoll facing the gun emplacement; they had spotted Les and after taking a good look around, moved slowly down the grassy slope towards him. Both were wearing sunglasses and expensive tracksuits. Reynolds was carrying a large brown paper shopping bag folded in the middle. They looked quite sporty, Les thought as they got closer. Reynolds walked right up to him; the other stood at the entrance to the old gun emplacement.

"G'day Marty," said Norton pleasantly. "Hello mate," he called out to Reynolds' associate who just stood there expressionless, flexing his muscles and trying his best to look tough. Incredibly, he had a small thin cigar jutting out of the corner of his mouth. Norton was terribly impressed.

"So what's doing, Marty?" enquired Les. "I thought you might've come on your own but you've brought a heavy with you. Or is that just your bum boy!"

"Cut the shit, smartarse," said Reynolds. "You got the dope?"

"I certainly have," replied Norton, patting the front of his tracksuit. "Is that the money?" He pointed to the paper bag in Reynolds' hand. "I'll just give it a quick count if you don't mind." Reynolds handed him the paper bag; Norton opened it and quickly rifled through the bundles of twenties and fifties. From his observation of the piles of money at the Kelly Club, he could tell there was \$50,000 there.

"Well, that seems in order," said Les. "Here's your dope." He handed Reynolds the package of cocaine, wrapped almost exactly as he'd found it. "That makes us square Marty, and I must say it's been a real pleasure doing business with you. For a shitpot dope-pusher, you're not a bad bloke."

Reynolds stood there staring at Les, then shook his head. A cruel, sardonic smile appeared on his face. "Are you for real?" he sneered. "Do you really think I'm going to let a prick like you rip me off for 50 grand

and get away with it? I thought you sounded like a hillbilly on the phone. Now I know for sure."

"Jeez, Marty," protested Norton. "Don't be like that. Where's your sense of fair play? I've done the right thing. Strewth, I was certain you'd be a man of your word."

Reynolds kept staring at Les, a look of disgust on his face. "You poor, simple goose," he said slowly. "All right Ted, he's all yours."

"It'll be a pleasure," said Ted as he moved in from the entrance to the gun emplacement and stood in front of Norton.

"Shit, you're not going to hurt me are you, Ted?" begged Les, holding the paper bag full of money up in front of him in mock terror.

"No, I'm not going to hurt you, arsehole. I'm going to shoot you." Ted eased a .32 automatic with a silencer attached out from under his tracksuit. "Once in the knee, once in the pit of your stomach and once right in that big mouth of yours. Then

Eddie had climbed up over the gun emplacement, making about as much noise as mouse pissing on a piece of cotton wool

you're going to set a new Australian high-dive record."

"Jesus, Ted I wouldn't be slinging off at people's facial appearances if I were you. Especially with that nose of yours. If it was any bigger you could rent it out as a double garage."

Ted's face grimaced as he levelled the .32 at Les's knee.

"All right Ted," said Norton, holding up his index finger. "If you're gonna shoot me, fair enough. But there's just one thing I gotta say before I go. Marty, just take a look behind you, will you."

"Are you for real, hillbilly? That's the oldest trick in the book," replied Reynolds.

"Yeah, maybe it is, but have a look anyway. Big bad Teddy here can keep an eye on me."

Reynolds slowly turned around to find himself staring down the barrel of Eddie Salita's .38 police special, held rock steady about half an inch from the end of his nose. While they'd been talking Eddie had climbed up over the edge of the old gun emplacement, making about as much noise as a mouse pissing on a piece of cot-

ton wool. His face was a blank mask, his eyes were cold and harder than two ball bearings. Reynolds recognised him instantly; and his face turned grey.

"Ted. Don't make a move," he cried out in terror. "You know who this is?"

"Yeah Ted, you fancy yourself as a gunman," said Norton casually. "Well this here is Eddie Salita and you've got about two seconds to drop your gun or your boss's brains get splashed all over the front of your nice Pierre Cardin tracksuit."

"For Christ's sake, Ted, do as he says," yelled the terrified Reynolds.

Ted, the cigar still in the corner of his mouth, dropped the gun at Norton's feet. Eddie never moved the .38, now a centimetre from Reynold's nose.

"That's much better," said Norton picking up the gun. "I hate these fuckin' things — they scare me." He stood up and sent the .32 sailing into space, and it disappeared into the ocean.

With everything firmly under control, Eddie lowered the .38 from the side of Reynolds' head and placed it firmly against his ribs.

"So Ted, you were going to shoot me in the knee and throw me over the cliff, eh?" He took the cigar from Ted's quivering mouth and puffed on it till the hot tip was glowing brightly. "That's not a very nice thing to do to somebody you've only just met, is it?" He took another puff on the cigar; sparks and ashes flew off into the wind. "I suppose you like a bit of a snort yourself now and again, Ted. Yeah, with that big hooter, you'd have to. Well try snortin' this."

Norton jammed the burning cigar up into Ted's right nostril and crushed it inside his nose; he screeched with pain as Norton forced him to the ground, squashing his oversized nose with his vice-like grip. Ted made a feeble effort to punch Les in the balls — Norton just belted him several times in the side of the head with his massive fist, mincing his left ear to paste.

As Ted lay there moaning, Les tore the parcel of cocaine from Reynolds' hands and slammed it heavily against the rough sandstone wall of the gun emplacement, splitting the package open. "Your nose hurting is it, Ted?" he hissed savagely. "Well shove some of this up it." Norton jerked Ted's head up and smashed the parcel of cocaine into his bloodied face — it burst all over him like a flour bomb. "Now get plenty up there, Ted," said Norton, grinding as much of the cocaine as he could into Ted's nose and mouth. Ted coughed and gagged, nearly suffocating on the expensive white powder. What didn't go into his nose and mouth fell all over the ground and was quickly blown away by the nor'easter; Reynolds watched in horror as half a million dollars was suddenly gone with the wind.

When he'd finished with Ted, Norton stood up and faced Reynolds. "Take the gun out of his ribs, Eddie." Eddie removed

the .38 and placed it back in his shoulder holster. Norton stared at Reynolds for a couple of seconds, then dropped him with a left hook that shattered his jaw and smashed all of his front teeth; he crashed into the sandstone wall of the gun emplacement and lay there, out cold.

Norton stood still, glowering over the two prostrate dealers. Then, satisfied he'd had his revenge, he picked up the bag of money and turned to Eddie. "Come on Eddie, let's hit the toe."

They scampered up the grassy slope, and jogged across Marks Field, laughing all the way back to Eddie's Mercedes. Once in the car Norton threw his hat and tracksuit top on the back seat, then opened up the paper shopping bag and took out \$10,000. "There you are, Eddie," he said, an odd smile on his face. "Ten grand."

"A nice 10, Les. What's this, a bonus?"

"No. I might have to get you to do a bit of overtime."

"We haven't got to pick up more money, have we?"

"My oath. There's a little bastard down at the Rex owes me \$10."

A few minutes later they pulled up in Beach Road, not far from the hotel. Eddie locked all the money safely in the boot and they headed for the Rex.

"I hope he's in there," said Les, patting his pocket. "I haven't got a frankfurt on me. All the money's in the boot."

"Yeah. I haven't got any either, replied Eddie.

It was a scorching day outside and the bar of the Rex was packed with thirsty drinkers. As soon as the mob spotted Norton and Eddie entering the bar a noticeable hush fell over the place. It wasn't often Sydney's hardest street fighter and most

notorious gunman walked in the door together.

"There he is over there," said Les, pointing to a small circle of drinkers standing near the wall between the dartboard and the pool table.

Gary was in the middle of the group, giving an exaggerated description of the previous day's fishing trip. His jaw was galloping away like Phar Lap. "You should've seen it," chortled Gary. "We hadn't even got past the big rock and he starts spewin'. Fair dinkum, his face was green. With his red hair he looked like a Souths' football jumper. Then after about six hours and him gettin' no fish the big bludger says, 'Take me in or I'll job you.' So I says to him . . ." "Hey Gary," cut in one of his cronies. "Talking about big bludgers who are gonna job you. Take a look over your shoulder."

Gary turned around to find a stony-faced Les Norton and an evil-looking Eddie Salita standing right behind him. Norton had just caught the last part of Gary's conversation and Gary's face suddenly turned the color of bad shit.

"G'day Les. G'day Eddie," he blurted out. "How's things? I was just tellin' the boys you were a bit unlucky yesterday."

"You got a minute, Gary. We'd like to see you about something," said Norton, his voice dripping with menace.

"Yeah. Sure," replied Gary wide-eyed. "What's the matter?"

You'll find out," said Eddie.

Gary followed them over to the bar where several drinkers quickly gave them plenty of room. Everyone in the place was wondering why they'd want to shoot or maim poor Gary. He did have a bit of a big mouth but he never meant anyone any

harm. It was all very dramatic.

"Right," said Les to a very nervous Gary, who was squashed in between them. "I believe you owe me \$10, Gary. Are you going to give it to me, or do I hand you over to Eddie?"

Gary looked at Les and blinked. Next thing, he whipped out a wallet thick with business cards and money, and spun out a \$10 bill so fast that Henry Lawson got giddy. "Fair dinkum Les, I was going to drop it around to your house through the week. I hadn't forgot — honest."

"That's all right, Gary," replied Norton. "Just as long as I know. Anyway, let me buy you a drink."

"I'll get 'em. What do you want?"

"Just a middy of new. Eddie, what about you?"

"Middy of new'll do."

Gary ordered the drinks and tried to make polite conversation while they waited for them. They arrived and he handed them around. "Well," he said, raising his glass. "Here's to fishing. Though you didn't have much luck, did you Les?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," replied Norton slowly, taking a sip of beer.

Gary looked at him and frowned. "What do you mean? You fished all morning, got seasick twice, finished up with a lousy wirra — which you had to throw back — and I got 30 reddies. Jesus, I thought you'd have the shits for sure."

Norton took another sip, winked at Eddie and patted Gary on the shoulder. "Well Gary," he said. "I might've got seasick and I mightn't have got any reddies, but I know one thing for certain."

"What's that?"

"I sure finished up with a heap of rock lobsters." ☐

We've always known our tobacco was worth a packet.



A special tobacco deserves a special paper: New Drum Papers. Available where you buy your tobacco.

JWT010.P040



LA LOLA

Lola Robertson sometimes thinks she'd like to iron out the Kinks. Wherever she's gone during her 23 years people have either sung or recited to her the lyrics of the Kinks' rock 'n' roll classic "Lola." "It's not that it's a bad song," says Lola, "I'm just so sick and tired of it that if anyone even hums a few bars of it I feel like taking a flying leap at them."

PHOTOS BY DONALD MILNE

Lola's not half bad at flying leaps. To make ends meet over the past few years, she admits to having done a bit of jelly wrestling. "You know, like mud wrestling, only in jelly," she explains. "I jump into a big tub of jelly with a couple of other girls. We all wear bikinis and tumble around a lot."





"I suppose it's pretty silly, but it's harmless and the money can be quite good. I draw the line at mud wrestling. Now that would be a dirty job. As it is, the jelly seems to creep into every place possible. My boyfriend never knows what flavor I'm going to be."



When she's not performing flying leg locks, sleeper holds and generally giving her opponents their just desserts, Lola works as a waitress in a small city restaurant where she's a favorite among the media and business clientele that favor the place.

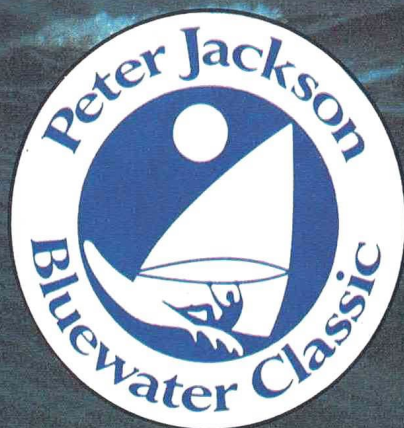


Tips and pay at both her jobs, along with proceeds from photographic modelling are fast paving the way for the overseas trip Lola promised herself several years ago. She's off to Europe in June . . . "In the kind of aeroplane that flies, for a change, not the kind that wobbles."

○+■



WIN WITH
PENTHOUSE!



SAIL



AWAY!

This month's competition prize is one for the man who has everything. It's a weekend of revelling in unabashed splendor courtesy of *Australian Penthouse* and the sponsors of the inaugural Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic sailboard race. The prize includes all-inclusive flights to and from Sydney, a weekend in a suite at the Regent Hotel including dinner with a *Penthouse* Pet, automatic entry into the final of the Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic, a magnificent Tyronsea Condor sailboard and a Wavelength wetsuit, and transport between the airport, the Regent and the race in a chauffeur.

driven Rolls Royce. If you can picture yourself getting into the spirit of this flamboyant weekend affair, turn the page, fill in the coupon and send your entry to *Penthouse*. You could soon be enjoying a weekend you'll never forget.

WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

CC1912/84

WIN WITH
PENTHOUSE!



The Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic promises to become the premier event on the Australian sailboarding calendar, with a total value of prizes exceeding \$50,000. The event is open to anyone over the age of 18, excluding Division II sailboards. It's intended as a race series for the people, the aim being to introduce intermediate sailboarders to the excitement of racing. The events will be run over a modified fun board-style course with a Le Mans start, the series culminating in a final to be held at Sans Souci Beach, Sydney, on Saturday March 9. Apart from cold cash, prizes include a \$17,000 Holden Jackaroo 4WD, Tyronsea sailboards, Wavelength wetsuits, Bolle sunglasses and Wild Winds accessories.

The winner of this competition will be flown from his home state to Sydney (if necessary) on March 8. He'll be transported from the airport to the Regent Hotel in a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce. He'll occupy a suite and have a \$150 meal and mini-bar allowance. The following morning he'll be presented with a Tyronsea Condor sailboard and a Wavelength wetsuit. He'll

roll up to the final of the Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic in the chauffeur-driven Rolls, unstrap the equipment and compete in the event. (Who knows — he might happen to cross the line first and win the Holden Jackaroo.) After the race he'll ride back to the Regent and a dinner date with a *Penthouse* Pet (limit \$200). The following morning it's back to the airport and home.

The white Rolls Royce supplied by Prestige Limousines isn't for keeps, but the sailboard and wetsuit are. Tyronsea's Condor sailboard is high-tech equipment catering for the experienced adult boardsailor who's looking for top performance in all-round sailing. Valued at \$1095, the Condor features a computer-shaped Gaastra Mylar sail, an exclusive Tyronsea pulley-hook system, a fully adjustable boom and a multi-positional, fully retractable centreboard. It delivers ease of manoeuvrability both on and off the water and handles superbly in rough conditions due to the specially designed nose section. The Condor is one of an excellent range of Tyronsea sailboards made in Australia for Australian conditions. The wetsuit is a top-of-the-range



Wavelength Long John and Jacket fashioned from best-quality lightweight Sedo rubber, retailing at \$184.

To be in the running for this extraordinary prize, just fill in the coupon below and send your entry in. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Australian Penthouse* will win the weekend of a sporting lifetime.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile thereof. Only one entry per person is allowed. All entrants must be 18 years of age or over. The first correct entry drawn by the editor of *Penthouse* will be declared the winner. The promoters, including *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, will endeavor to comply with all requirements of the winning entry, but will not be held liable for any failure to do so.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the competition, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

All parts of this prize are conditional upon acceptance by the winner. Should the winning entrant choose not to accept any part of the prize, no substitute of prize value shall be offered.

The winner cannot assign or give away the prize.

Entry in the competition is completely open to all residents of Australia other than employees of *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, Philip Morris Ltd and their advertisers, and their families. The winner of the competition will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section.

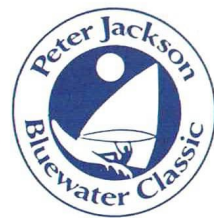
All entries become the property of *Australian Penthouse* Magazine. All copyright and entry shall vest in *Australian Penthouse* and *Australian Penthouse* shall have the right to assign the use of all or any part of the entries in connection with the marketing or advertising of the Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic, Prestige Limousines, Tyronsea sailboards, Wavelength wetsuits and the Regent Hotel, and without limiting the generality of the foregoing, to assign the use of the name and photographic likeness of the winning entrant for such purposes.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

The promoters shall be under no liability to the winning contestant for or arising from any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other person in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of any thing or any service provided for or contemplated by or in pursuance of the Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic Competition (including negligent acts or omissions).

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to abide by all entry conditions in respect of the Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic.

Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, February 22, 1985. This competition is brought to you by Philip Morris Ltd and *Australian Penthouse* Magazine. Promoter: Monahan Dayman Adams (Vic) Pty Ltd, 578 St Kilda Rd, Melbourne 3004.



Clip and send this completed coupon to: Peter Jackson Bluewater Classic Competition, *Australian Penthouse* Magazine, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the preceding copy.

1) At what Sydney hotel will the winner of the competition be accommodated?

2) What type of vehicle will the winner of the Bluewater Classic receive?

3) What is the value of the Tyronsea Condor sailboard?

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode _____

NSW Permit No. TC84/2568. Issued under the Lotteries & Art Union Act.

MOTORING



THE GREAT RACE

Bathurst's Big Bangers have run their last lap. Now a new breed of touring car is ready to set the track on fire

BY PETER McKAY

PHOTOS BY GREG McBEAN

So Peter Brock won the '84 James Hardie 1000. No great surprise there. Brockie even slowed his Holden Commodore to jogging pace on his final lap to allow the second-placed John Harvey/David Parsons team Commodore to take part in an opportune formation finish. Brock still won by two laps. In '83 he changed cars and still finished

GREAT RACE

a lap up at the chequer. Ho hum.

It was the eighth time in 16 years that Brock, plus co-driver Larry Perkins and their well-drilled Holden Dealer Team, had triumphed in the James Hardie 1000. He has won six of the last seven Hardies and simply keeps creating new marks — 1984 signalled Brock's second hat trick, and his Holden Dealer Team's first Bathurst one-two.

Motor racing, however, should be all about close combat, the unusual and the unforeseen. And the James Hardie 1000 — the Brock cakewalk — had become anything but that, which is why the new touring car rules for 1985 have come just in the nick of time.

Australia officially adopted international Group A regulations on January 1. Forethought by the Bathurst organisers last year saw a glorious preview of Group A racing — 16 sophisticated new-look A-cars sharing the circuit with the departing Falcons, Camaros, Mazdas and Commodores. So while 1984 will go down in history as the swansong year for the much-modified ground shakers affectionately known as the "Big Bangers", it also marked the Bathurst introduction of an exciting new breed of touring cars set to pitch Australia headlong into the international arena. Apart from giving the Great Race the kiss of life, embracing a global formula means that Australian race drivers can pit their cars against the rest of the world, here and abroad.

Much wringing of hands and spilling of tears was evident when the ageing, obso-

lete and unreliable Big Bangers did their farewell Bathurst gig.

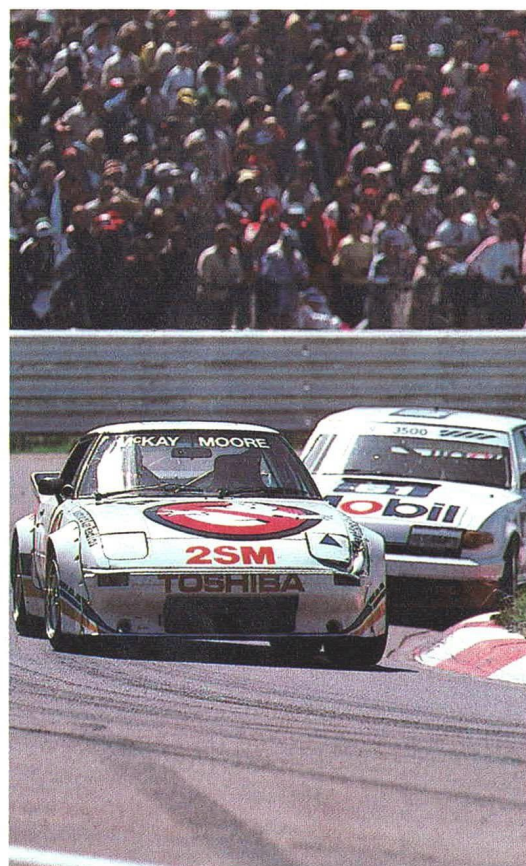
Why? Why mourn the departure of race cars that made Australia's Great Race unerringly predictable?

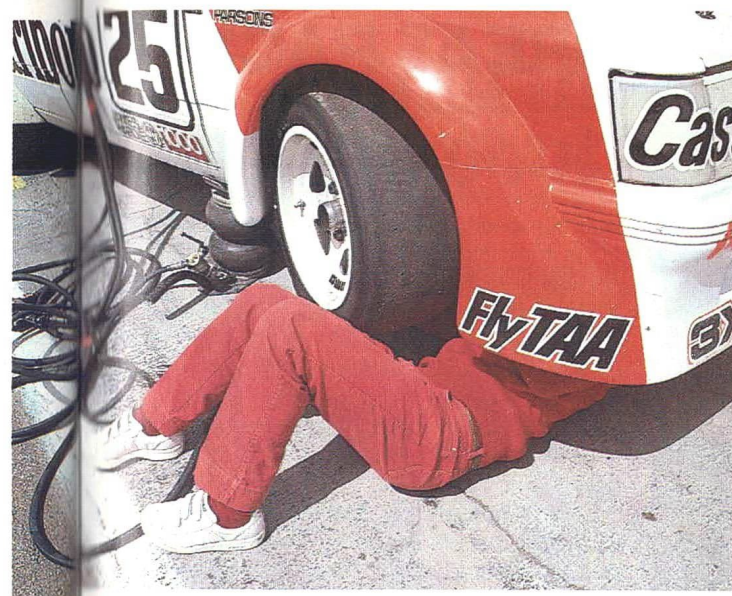
Good riddance to the last of the Big Bangers. Run to shaky local regulations known as Group C, those antiquated hotrods outlived their usefulness to everyone except the General and his subordinates. The Holden men have lunched off this iniquitous set of native rules for a decade now. Enough is enough. The Confederation of Australian Motor Sport tried desperately hard to make Group C rules work, adopting an artificial handicapping system to overcome performance differences in the motor cars. It was an impossible task, doomed to fail because of the influence of various lobby groups.

The rules are now fair to all. Engine capacity dictates minimum weight and tyre widths. As well, the cars must be built in great volumes — 1000 if it's a locally produced car; 5000 if it's a foreign job. It's there in black and white.

Until this year, a Holden Commodore was the only sane choice for a driver harboring notions of winning the James Hardie 1000. It has been so right through the Eighties. No wonder Brock fought so hard against the introduction of Group A rules.

The power and torque of the Commodore were eminently suited to the unique demands of Mount Panorama. The Holden camp had a dream run from the local rule-making process with any Commodore engineering deficiencies progressively rectified (legitimately) in the homologation





GREAT RACE

process.

But man is a strange and cantankerous beast. Which is why some teams pinned their faith on the less favored. The fast and yet flighty Nissan Bluebird with its too-familiar turbo flameout. The brutish, recalcitrant Ford Falcon with its gargantuan appetite for race budgets. The nippy but underpowered Mazda RX-7. The high-tech German flash, the BMW 635, forever finding new ways not to make the finish. The massive Chevrolet Camaro, contradicting the adage that a good biggie will always beat a good little.

The Mazda RX-7 has been a viable alternative — but only for those prepared to be uncompetitive at Bathurst. For while the RX-7 simply didn't possess the firepower of the V8 Commodore, at least it had the redeeming quality of being relatively inexpensive to race. It also won at most circuits other than Bathurst, which was something.

Company men like team bosses Howard Marsden of Nissan and BMW's Frank Garner don't and haven't had a choice. Neither has Allan Moffat, whose name has been inexorably linked with Mazda. And so it is with Dick Johnson, who would be exiled should he ever desert Ford. These shell-shocked soldiers, ever conscious of the advantage held by Commodores, have welcomed Group A's tamper-proof rules with unconcealed relief.

Given the price and availability of the Commodore, the past choices of many privateers — the free agents — have been hard to fathom. Why Steve Masterton stuck with the dollar-gobbling heartbreaker Falcon instead of going Holden defies sober thinking. Using a Commodore, the team could have been *right up there* at Bathurst, and on half the budget too. And one must look askance at the battling Gary Willmingtons of the racing scene, spending money they can ill afford on cars that hang together just long enough to encourage their owners to dig a little deeper next time.

Grizzled little Melbourne veteran Murray Carter showed us you're never too old to learn by switching to Mazda in the twilight of his career after a succession of Falcons. He didn't suddenly begin winning races, but at least he began finishing. And his bank manager resumed relations after a cold war that extended back to his first season in a Ford product.

Who can answer questions like how many Bathurst classic trophies would Allan Moffat have had he raced a Holden all these years? And how many would Brockie not have had he been a committed Ford man?

The realistic rules mean the Aussie Commodore — revamped to meet the stringent requirements of the new rules and with less power than last year — will have to take its chances with Group A frontrunners from overseas.

A Commodore may still win the Hardie. But with luck the Holden men won't have it so easy. It makes a change from last year, when, despite Johnson's eternal bravado and optimism and Moffat's painstaking preparation and attention to detail, a Commodore seemed always destined to win.

Of the 60-odd teams that tackled the Great Race '84 maybe no more than four

or five had real chances of winning. Common sense dictated the Bluebird wouldn't win. Nor the BMW, nor Johnson. Over 10 laps, yes. But not over 163. The Commodore of Brock was a hot favorite as usual. Sure, Brockie deserves his every success — of course he does — but a fresh face on the dais would have made a pleasant change. Motor racing thrives on the unexpected.

Group A won't be perfect. However, it will be different, new and unpredictable. It's worth a shot.

The introduction of the new touring car rules also offers the race organisers the

NOW YOU CAN SHINE YOUR SHOES IN LESS TIME THAN IT TAKES TO READ THIS.



Kiwi, makers of the world's finest shoe shine now make the world's fastest. We've put over 100 shines in one wipe-on sponge applicator that's good for all colours.

Kiwi Instant Shine. The 5-second shine that comes in a sponge.



KIW 368 PEN





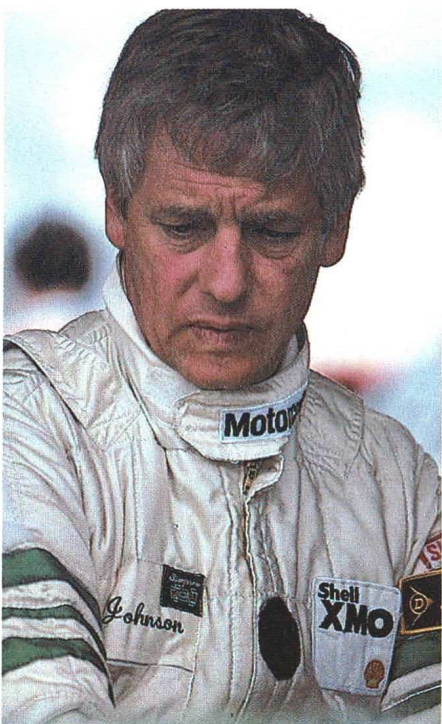
GREAT RACE

chance to do something about the driving standard at Bathurst. It's been a problem for years. Last year the skills of those behind the wheel were woefully disparate, from the speedy and predictable standards of the front-runners through to the abysmal. For some, the last glance in a mirror was in their motel bathroom that morning. The organisers' threat to carefully vet future entries is patently not before time.

Something else must be said. Long-standing Bathurst myths, meticulously kept alive by a few fertile imaginations, were finally laid to rest in '84.

Legend has decreed that the Mountain be feared, that this awesome place is ever-ready to exact a dreadful revenge on those who treat it as anything less than a two-headed monster. The storybooks tell us that overseas drivers, with rare exceptions such as Jacky Ickx and John Fitzpatrick, come to the Mountain to have reputations and confidence shattered. The reality is that to the professional drivers of the world, Mount Panorama is simply another circuit, certainly more interesting and a greater challenge than most, but there to be conquered. It's a matter of record that 1984 first timers like Steve Soper, Jeff Allam and Ahmin Hahne — all driving for the beautifully prepared British two-car Mobil Rover Vitesse squad — did just that, and with a minimum of fuss. These no-crap European speedsters, professionals to their boot-laces, simply attacked the circuit from the outset and were setting competitive lap times as early as the second practice session.

Roll on Bathurst '85, when our new internationally-aligned rules will probably attract quite a legion of overseas pros seeking to add the James Hardie 1000 to their list of conquests.



"...at that time of day a long, cool Bacardi was called for."



"What better way to take the edge off the noonday sun? Bacardi rum and orange, or cola, or dry, or tonic or... who says you can't please all of the people all of the time?"

BACARDI rum and Orange. Pour one part Bacardi rum over ice in a tall glass. Add three parts orange juice. Stir. Garnish with a slice of orange. Also try pineapple, grapefruit or other favourite juices.

BACARDI rum and Cola. Pour one part Bacardi rum over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add three parts cola (or diet cola) to fill the glass. Stir.

BACARDI rum and Tonic. Drop a slice of lemon or lime into a tall glass filled with ice. Pour in one part Bacardi rum. Add three parts tonic. Stir.

BACARDI rum and Dry Ginger Ale. Pour one part Bacardi rum over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add three parts dry ginger ale. Garnish with a twist of lemon peel. Stir.

Discover more easy ways to enjoy Bacardi rum. Send the coupon below for your free copy of the BACARDI rum Party Book.



Bacardi rum. The easy mixer

Send this coupon for your free copy of the BACARDI rum Party Book, with more than 80 easy, entertaining recipes to:
BACARDI rum Party Book, PO Box 498, Milsom Point NSW 2061.

NAME: _____ ADDRESS: _____ POSTCODE: _____

BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.

AB309084



GREAT RACE

THE A TEAMS FOR '85

Off season there's been a cautious flurry by drivers to acquire new Group A machines for '85.

FORD

Laconic fan favorite and Ford supremo Dick Johnson has two West German-built Zakspeed Mustang coupes, powered by 5.0-litre V8s. The Queenslander says he needs two cars to take advantage of the international nature of Group A racing; he plans using his passport frequently during '85, racing in New Zealand and South East Asia. Johnson, Bo Seton and Lawrie Nelson will inevitably be joined by other Ford loyalists keen to run 'Stangs.

NISSAN

The Nissan factory team will go with just one car this year, a 16-valve 2.0-litre turboed four-cylinder Skyline coupe built locally for laidback Albury farmer George Fury.

HOLDEN

When you're on a good thing... mountain king Peter Brock is staying with Holden Commodore V8 power for '85. The engine has been destroyed to drop the capacity under 5.0 litres to take advantage

of a 75-kilo weight concession under the Group A rules. Clever. Brock reckons the 4980cc Commodore will still pump out in the order of 350-360 gee-gees, which'll make it a hot number at Bathurst.

Commodores are likely to be the popular pick at Bathurst, a choice based on the Holden V8's historical dominance coupled with its availability and reasonable cost.

ROVER

The British-built and prepared Rover Vitesse V8s that rocked Bathurst in '84 have remained in Oz and will be back at Mount Panorama on October 6. They'll probably be quicker than before but will come up against stiffer opposition this time. Lead driver in '85 will be Sydney's unfairly-maligned Ron Dickson, who at Bathurst answered the critics and proved his mettle against his lauded English teammate.

BMW

The official BMW team has two 635Csi coupes — one each for Jim Richards and Tony Longhurst. A smaller 3-series car will follow.

JAGUAR

The Jaguar XJS responsible for the start-line havoc in '84; though not terminally damaged, has been hastily put in a crusher. That's Jaguar-Rover Australia's blunt way of saying it doesn't want any part of

an Australian Jaguar team in the future. In fact JRA's new corporate motor racing policy is to only support factory-backed teams from the UK. Don't be surprised if Super-Scot Tom Walkinshaw returns to Bathurst in October with a British-prepped XJS determined to obliterate bad memories of his unhappy '84 involvement with the John Goss team. Walkinshaw is adamant a works Jaguar can win in '85.

MITSUBISHI

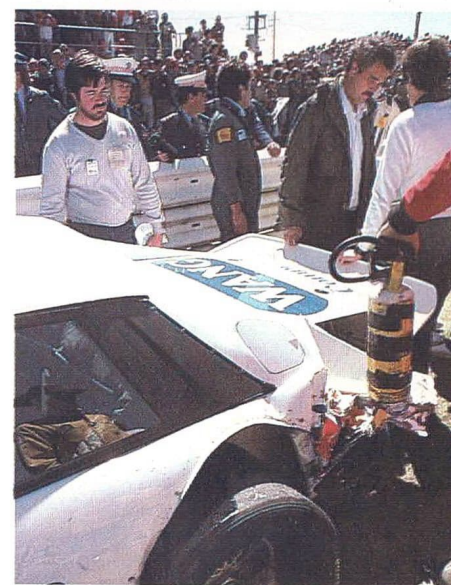
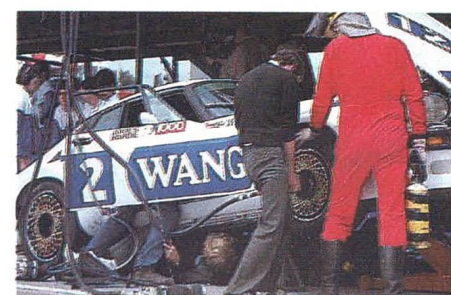
Conflict over rule interpretation and officials' insistence that the team change vital componentry on the race eve effectively stymied Mitsubishi's Hardie effort last year. However, team leader Bartlett boldly declared his car would cream the Rovers next time.

TOYOTA

Will go with its little jet and certain class contender, the 1.6-litre Sprinter. Driver will be John Smith. An outright car could follow later this year. Privateer Peter Williamson has rebuilt his Supra and is licking his lips in anticipation of a bigger, more powerful 3.0-litre engine during '85.

ALFA ROMEO

The car raced at Bathurst last year by Colin Bond and Alfie Costanzo, a 2.5-litre GTV6, will carry the Italian firm's hopes through 1985. 



FREE WHEELIN'

Organised tours are out for everyone bar the very young and the infirm. Do-it-yourself and go-it-alone are the current catchcries in the tourist industry. It's got something to do with the independent nature of the Aussie nomad, and his insistence on not being locked into the regimented "everyone on the bus" routine of the package operators.

The free spirit of the Australian tourist has been acknowledged by an increasing number of those involved in the business of attracting people from one country to the others. British Airways, the world's biggest airline, is now heavily drum-beating some of its more unusual offerings for the global wanderers. Brit Air has done deals all over the Mother Country on accommodation, vehicle hire and entertainment. The accent is definitely on avoiding the stifling atmosphere of the straitjacketed, pre-programmed, tightly scheduled package tours with casts of thousands.

British Airways produces a handy little publication, modestly titled *The World's Favorite Holiday Book*, to assist Oz travellers about to embark on the big Euro tour. Through the airline, the tourist can pre-book accommodation in private homes and farmhouses — a genuine get-to-know-the-real-Brits exercise.

With three stray days up his sleeve in England recently, this writer leafed through the BA tour booklet for inspiration.

The airline's deal with the Kennings Motor Group is hard to pass up, particularly if a group of travellers can share the burden with a three or four-way split. Prices start at \$16 per day for a tiny Talbot Samba — unlimited mileage, of course — and peak at \$94 for a Jaguar 4.2 auto. The price of fuel is murder in England, but a man must enjoy his driving. My transport choice was the performance version of the Ford Escort, the XR3i. Quick, but no gas burner.

The motorway speed limit is 70 mph, but the British coppers in their Rovers are not as pedantic as their Aussie counterparts. Cruising at 90 is considered acceptable in normal road conditions. Anything over 100 will attract the wrath of the peelers.

The route loosely decided upon was to head west from London, almost to Wales, picking up Bath and Stratford before swinging back through Oxford.

Bath, famous for its Roman baths, is just a brisk two hours from the capital — twice that long if the motorway is avoided in favor of the crowded but less bland secondary roads. Pot luck on accommodation. Eight quid for bed and breakfast was an eco-

nomic winner. Room was aesthetic disaster. Decor early bad taste — but clean. And breakfast was country style overkill with the plate groaning under the weight of two eggs, bacon, lamb's fry, sausages and a chop. It made a pleasant change after dealing with the Dick Turpins who run the overpriced lodgings in London. Like 106 quid for an overnigher at the Hyde Park Hotel, and that's for a small room, too.

We ventured onwards, through the Cotswold Hills to Stratford. It was overrun by visitors, with tourist buses thick on the ground. I aimed the Nikon at Shakespeare's cottage and hurriedly pointed the Escort towards Oxford. A blur of neat hedges, green fields. Narrow, smooth roads swooping and ever turning. Neat villages with shopfronts almost spilling into the passing traffic...

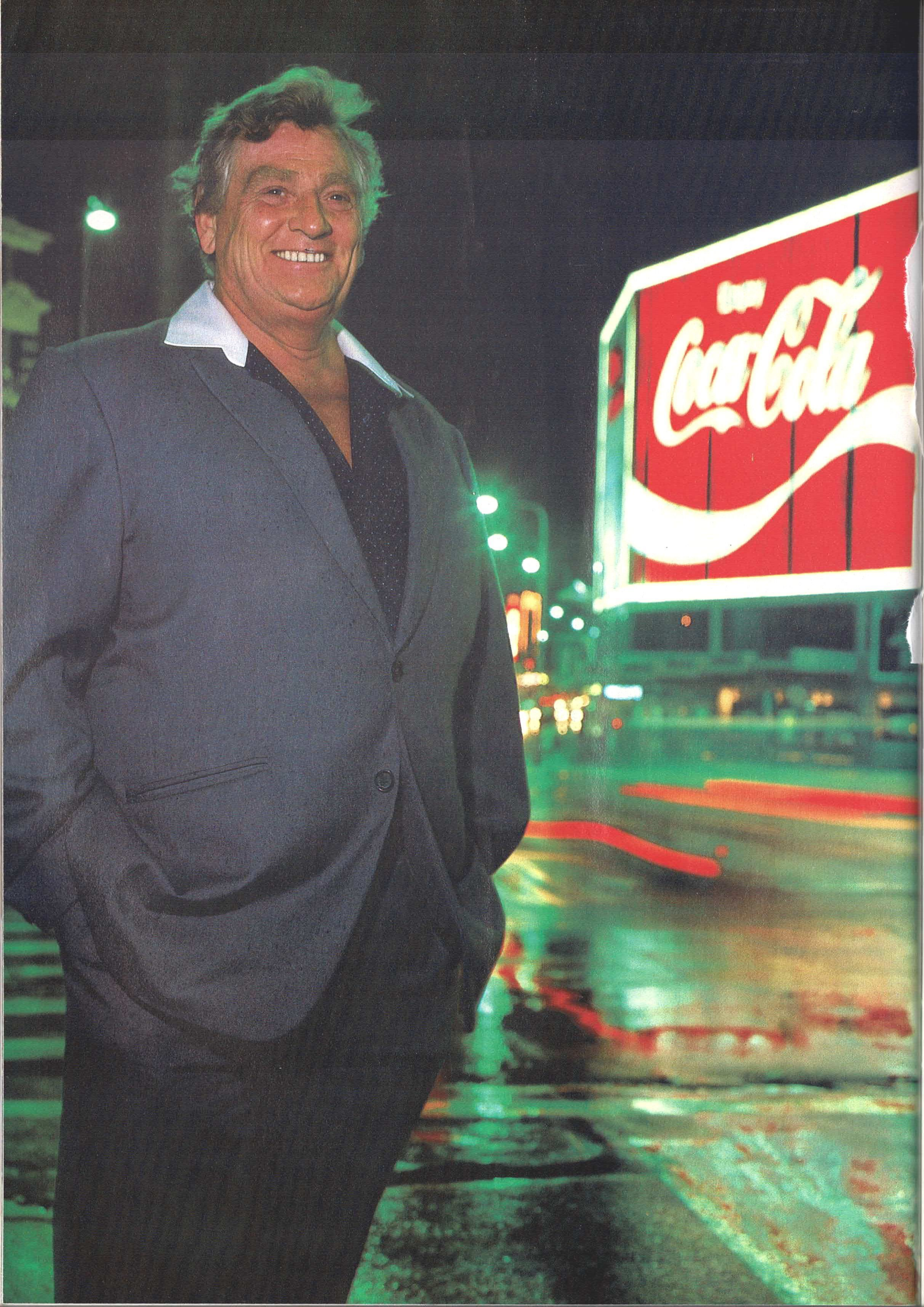
Oxford — the university town. Where parking a car is impossible. It's bicycles for everyone — the bike hire firms do a rip-roaring trade. Oxford... serene, beautiful, where wonderful aged architectural monuments and today's youthful book brigade forge strange alliances. In Oxford over 25 is old, old, old.

Finally, Heathrow. The Escort used a tank and a quarter of petrol to the value of \$38. A small price to roam for three days.





Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“I was prepared to kill the gangsters if they didn’t leave me alone. Some people call it murder; I call it pest control. Like the Flick man.”

JAMES ANDERSON

BY GRAHAM GAMBIE

Stripped to brass tacks, the life story of James McCartney Anderson is nothing but a survival manual. The Nazis were the first to try to blow him up when he was a 13-year-old boy in England. He survived two serious plane accidents during his five years as a Royal Marines Commando and mastered the skills of underwater demolition, jungle warfare, alpine fighting and parachuting. But those experiences were only preliminaries to the main event — surviving for 25 years as an urban Tarzan in the jungle of Sydney’s Kings Cross. During that time Anderson has been booby-trapped, blown up, poisoned, shot at and beaten so badly that his life has been written off three times. Even he seems a bit puzzled about how he is still on his feet.

Big Jim was the powerful partner and chief lieutenant of Kings Cross identity Abe Saffron, managing a string of clubs like the Venus Room, Les Girls, the Showbiz and the Carousel. He was manager, minder, bouncer, “Mr Fix-it” and juggler of the black and white money boxes. Chasing “Mr Asia”, Terry Clark, down the street with a shotgun, dealing with corrupt police and defying bikie gangs trying to peddle drugs were just routine chores in a job where naked power was the only badge of office. When he wasn’t driving his white Rolls Royce (a present from Saffron that ended up riddled with bullets) he was making \$1 million as commission for bringing \$10 million in American currency into Australia.

About five years ago Big Jim and Little Abe had a falling out which was so severe it turned Kings Cross into a bomb shelter. A year ago, during his examination for bankruptcy (he owes about \$450,000 to creditors) and the inquest into the death of Cross identity Juanita Nielsen, Anderson upped the ante and began naming cops he said were on Saffron’s payroll. His wife, Mrs Neathia Anderson, backed up her husband’s evidence at the inquest and revealed that after Jim took over several clubs for Saffron around 1970, huge amounts of cash in boxes and paper parcels would regularly be lying around her house. Mrs Anderson, who once worked at the old Latin Quarter run by Sammy Lee, has had her own share of trouble. Once she was taken to St Vincent’s Hospital with seven bullets in her.

The depth of Jim Anderson’s hatred for Saffron cannot be understood by anyone who did not know them in their heyday as the most formidable combination of brains and muscle the Cross has ever seen. Anderson claims he broke from Saffron when he discovered that drugs were being sold within the clubs, but the

war between them now is a no-holds barred affair which has polarised some of the strongest forces in the state.

Anderson is a softly-spoken man who strenuously maintains he has never interfered with anyone who’s left him alone. But he freely admits he has had to kill in self-defence and he makes no effort to conceal his contempt for drug dealers who, he says, have struck at three members of his family. Neither does he show any fear of anyone in power. After all, he claims to have been there when the sex orgies and other compromising situations used to trap several prominent people were set up.

Against such a background, staying alive is a lottery and winning depends on fast reflexes and a hunter’s sixth sense. When Anderson was in the witness box at the Nielsen inquest a cleaner suddenly appeared at a window and Anderson’s hand darted to his waist. Asked outside the court why he had reached inside his coat, Anderson said: “Well, I wouldn’t have pulled out a cigarette lighter . . . if they’re after you it can be anyone, and that cleaner could have been one of them.”

Giving evidence before the NSW Parliamentary Committee on Prostitution, Anderson named several prominent people he said had been compromised by organised crime figures. One politician remarked that if Big Jim had been a boy scout he would not have earned many merit badges for his activities. That didn’t faze him. “I don’t think this present government or the one it took over from were members of the boy scouts either,” he responded. Another committee member asked Anderson if he agreed he was “selective, slippery and spiteful.” Jim’s reply was: “I am not slippery. I am too big to be slippery and too slow. Selective? Yes, possibly. But I have never been spiteful in my life — I am very honest and direct. A gentleman made inquiries a few days ago and wanted to know: ‘Anderson’s back . . . what’s he up to?’ I sent him a message: ‘I am back to make sure I destroy you.’ That to me is a straight answer to a straight inquiry.” There was no betting on whom he was referring to.

He put it another way in June this year when he was acquitted by a jury on a charge of stealing an \$8500 necklace from a locked car in Double Bay. The charge happened to be laid on the evening he was due to open a nightclub in direct competition with Saffron. “This case has dragged on for five years, but I’ve labored in the field for long enough,” Anderson told journalists outside the court as he celebrated his victory. “Now it’s my turn at the crease.”

PHOTO BY WARREN MACRIS

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: You are living these days with numerous threats hanging over you and after several attempts on your life. Does all this worry you?

Anderson: Yes, I'm ducking and weaving. I make no bones about it — I'm a professional coward. The secret of winning a war is knowing when to advance in another direction. You never retreat, but you have to be prudent at times. I don't for one minute think it's all over yet. Abe Saffron tried to pull me into gear, but he couldn't control me.

Penthouse: How did this break with Saffron come about?

Anderson: When we decided to break I said to him, "You take the Cross and I'll take Bondi." The first place I tried to buy that he was involved in was a restaurant called The Mint. I immediately got charged with stealing a necklace, which created a great scene. But I got off it and the judge crucified the police and said in effect that they were setting me up. The police erupted at the end of the trial — one of them came over to me while I was in the dock and said: "That's the dearest necklace you'll ever steal. We'll get you." He said it in front of the barristers and lawyers, so my barrister promptly sent a hand-written complaint to the Commissioner of Police. During the trial I was refused legal aid and because of a TV program by Mike Willesee, my first trial was aborted while the jury was out. I'm going to get legal advice because I'm soon going to issue writs for sums totalling millions of dollars.

Penthouse: You haven't got a criminal conviction, then?

Anderson: No. Not one blemish. This is what has got them all stuffed. The media have had to take another look at their evaluation of Big Jim as he was known: "The Enforcer", "The Overlord." People have spent the last four years trying to find my vulnerability. Despite the image that the media created — that I was the last of the Al Capones, the fastest draw in the west — most of them finally had to agree they had never even asked me any questions.

If anyone dares to attack the Establishment, whether it be the police force, a member of parliament or if you dare to rock the boat, you will find you are suddenly attacked yourself. In other words your credibility has to be attacked before you can do further damage. And the only way you can really win in a war against people like them is to ensure that until you decide to fight them, they must never be aware there is an enemy over the hill. Once you come over that hill they have such immense power through their buying power, through their intelligence-gathering sources, they can look for your weakness. I've been fighting drugs since 1966 and I am the best judge of when is the best time to fight my battle. Everyone thought I had skeletons

in the closet and the puppet master had strings attached to me and I must have done some terrible things in my past and he could say, "Shut up, or I'll do this to you." Then suddenly they found out that the Frankenstein they created didn't have a Dr Frankenstein to control it.

Penthouse: You've said that organised crime can control people like politicians by exploiting their weaknesses.

Anderson: That's right. Under parliamentary privilege in camera I nominated to the Prostitution Committee all the associations and how they used prostitutes and blackmail. How they would get the up-and-coming young politician and manipulate him. That's been going on for years. It's either gambling, prostitution, being gay or whatever . . . they find the weakness and profit from it. I gave the committee an example suggesting that, say, Mr John Dowd [NSW Liberal MP and Shadow Attorney-General] may have been causing concern

The same politicians who attacked me have whitewashed the Licensing Police and there's an officer there who's been Abe's man for years

and I would be asked to find out his vulnerability; in other words, it would be put to me: "Does he like little girls, big girls, little boys, big boys? Is he on with his secretary? Is his wife playing around?" Mr Dowd may have had a rough day in parliament and he may have gone to the Sydney Chevron Hotel to have a meal, but telephone calls would already have been made. Either a young girl or young boy or an older lady or older man would have been conveniently seated at a table close by to strike up a casual conversation and, depending on Mr Dowd's mental state at that time, he may have weakened physically, because we are all human. He may have been invited upstairs to a hotel suite which would have been prepared with cameras and tape recorders. If it went the right way nothing would have happened until a situation arose, and suddenly Mr Dowd would be given an envelope, discreetly, and he would become a puppet.

Penthouse: You told the Parliamentary Committee that you had been fighting the drug problem in Sydney in your own way since 1966.

Anderson: Yes. Even the committee was

not aware of my ultimate aims. I am really a bit of a mystery. The government did not do its job, the police did not do their job, so I set out to do it myself. I was offered personally \$1000 a club per week to employ one pusher on each premises, no police problems. If the person got caught there would be no backlash and another person would take his or her place. It could have been a barman, a doorman, a waitress, a cook. When you realise I was being offered between \$10,000 and \$12,000 a week in black money to allow these people on to premises I controlled, and if you multiply that by all the relevant people other than myself throughout Australia, you have an incredible network, incredible profits. The profits are telephone numbers; nobody believes them. Nobody can think of \$30 million, \$50 million or \$100 million. With the offer I got the pusher would then have sold to working ladies that were frequenting the premises and they in turn would have gone on to the streets for distribution. The people who are being used to distribute it — you are talking there about possibly 400 to 500 drug-addicted working ladies. If they push even one ounce a week and if you give that to the Federal Narcotics Bureau and tell them to work out how much heroin is being sold at the current price, the figure is mind-boggling. A lot of people in official places find it difficult to relate to the amount of money that is being made.

Penthouse: What did you tell the Parliamentary Committee about prostitution?

Anderson: I said that organised crime is like a diamond; it has many facets and prostitution is only one of those facets. Because of the existing laws prostitution has become a very important arm of organised crime and corruption and it will stay like this until you legalise it and let the drug-addicted working ladies get treated and take the stigma away from them. I would allow them to go on to licensed premises — I mean if it's good enough to put an SP bookmaker in a pub, what is wrong with an attractive lady plying her wares? In the Kings Cross area the number using drugs would be well over 50 percent and legalisation would go a long way towards solving the problem of their vulnerability. But I told the committee I wanted to add a rider to the suggestion about legalisation: God forbid that the government try to run brothels. You can't run them like the TAB. Like, are you going to have government-controlled places where your wife can come in for a take-away lunch while the husband is upstairs with a lady? It is a very specialised business, and a very sensitive business. I have found from experience that ladies can operate a massage parlor or an escort agency much more tastefully and delicately than any man could ever do it. But you still have to have a male present to protect the ladies from the oddballs who have strange sexual preferences. You can-

not have the local bobby standing outside the massage parlors waiting for a girl to shout, "Help, he's suffocating me with a pillow." But there's a great deal more to the problem than just legalising it. Certainly you don't want the government issuing licences; it's not a dog track. The most important thing is to get crime and drugs out of prostitution because the women are very vulnerable under the present legislation in this state.

Penthouse: As well as your well-known fight with Abe Saffron, you've had some run-ins with former Police Deputy Commissioner Bill Allen, haven't you?

Anderson: When I split with Abe and bought The Mint, Bill Allen appeared in there one evening and said, "You're Jim Anderson, are you? I've heard a lot about you." I said, "Oh yes? Well I've heard a fair bit about you too" . . . like, "If you're going to attack let's have it out in the open." So we had a few cross words. I said, "Look Bill . . ." He said, "You call me superintendent!" I said, "I'll call you anything I like. Who do you think you are, God? You don't frighten me; none of you do. If you jump on my back, I'll jump right on top of your head." Later on I was attacked on the floor of parliament. They tried to create the image that I'm the master criminal . . .

Penthouse: What sort of names have you been called?

Anderson: Oh, the last one was a little bit tropical: "Killer Anderson." Frank Walker said that in parliament. Peter Anderson, the Police Minister, has called me a few things and Neville's called me a well-known criminal.

Penthouse: Didn't you have colorful names before that?

Anderson: Oh, I've had "The Overlord", "The Enforcer", "The Liquidator" — you name it and I've had it. And the funny thing is that it's all been said under parliamentary privilege. The same people who attacked me have whitewashed the Licensing Police and there's an officer there who has been Abe's man for years. He's safe because I won't give evidence to the Internal Affairs or the NSW Police — it's a wasted exercise.

Penthouse: But you have said you will give evidence to a Royal Commission or a Senate Inquiry. What's happened to the old code of silence? These days everyone seems to be talking their heads off.

Anderson: You see, this is where the media get sidetracked. My only claim to fame has been fighting the criminals. I've never fought a businessman or a squarehead in my life. Criminals, gangsters or junkies — nobody else. And I've told the police: "Either you stop 'em or I'll stop 'em." They are not going to interfere with me.

Penthouse: How many attempts have there been on your life?

Anderson: The last one was the one that made me real dirty. They put two sticks of gelignite in my car about two years ago.

Penthouse: Did it go off?

Anderson: No. It was quite funny. I was driving a Mercedes at the time, and I had moved my family from Vaucluse over to the North Shore and the driveway had a bit of a slope. One day I got in the car, shut the door and something caught my eye. On the steering wheel of the Mercedes there's a cover over the electricals. There was a wire running from there hooked up to the light switch and the suction cap wasn't right and the thing fell down. It was an apricot-colored wire and they were using band-aids to tape it to the column, under the mat, under the driver's seat and hooked up to the lights. Now I never drive during the day — very few people see me in daylight. So it was meant for me. When I got in and switched on the lights, boom! Up you go! My sons haven't driven my car since. I've got three sons and a fourth son I adopted. When they came out that day to see what was going on I said, "Get away from the car" because I didn't know if the bomb was under pressure — I'm pretty conversant with all these sorts of things; you get trained in the Marines very thoroughly. And if you could have seen me trying to keep the pressure on the seat and letting the seat back to lean over and see what it was . . .

Penthouse: You've named plenty of big names to various committees and courts recently.

Anderson: You see, truth is stranger than fiction. If you want to confuse the police or

the media, tell them the truth and they'll spend 10 years trying to smell out where the ring-in is. Where's the angle? They will not believe the truth. I gave evidence in my court case in the Bankruptcy Court about the Venus Room. One of the Asian ladies there was quite well known to the media; at that time she was the girlfriend of a flamboyant politician.

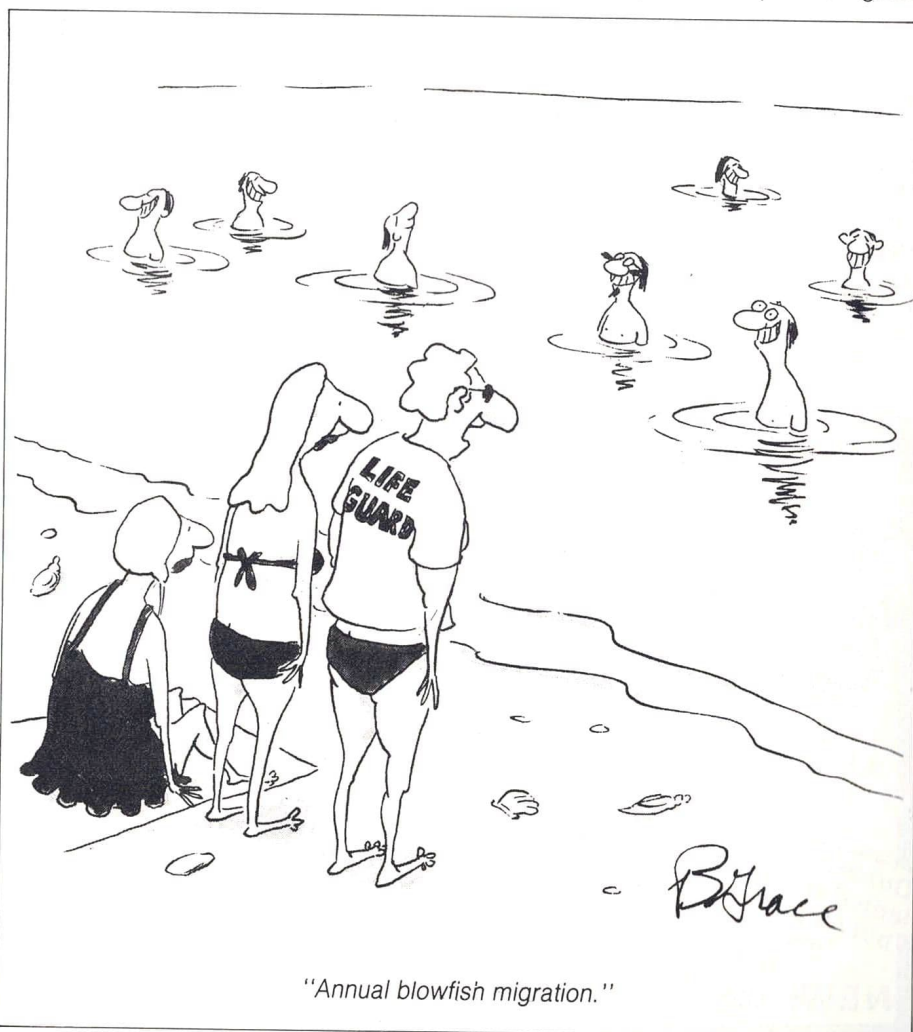
Penthouse: When was the heyday of the Venus Room?

Anderson: About three years after I got it. We had a 24-hour go and we could do what we liked. It was in the Seventies. R and R from Vietnam was still running and it was really good.

Penthouse: What do you think of the present police administration?

Anderson: I think you have a chance with [John] Avery as [NSW Police] Commissioner because Avery is honest. He's put Shepherd ["Ernie The Good"] in charge of investigations and he is honest. He won't run dead on this one, which is a very pleasant change. You see, the funny thing is I know the bent ones and the ones that aren't, and the others who look the other way. That's the three grades of police, but people find it hard to believe. Andrew Peacock got up in parliament and tried to get a message across about organised crime and he had a lot of trouble getting people to believe it too.

I'm not a criminal, but I've been there. To debrief me, as the expression goes,



"Annual blowfish migration."

INTERVIEW

would take five bloody years. I write nothing down but if something triggers my memory I just say, "Oh yes, hang on now, I know about that." I have a detailed memory because I associate with events and then lock it away.

Penthouse: Isn't it true that before you gave evidence at the Juanita Nielsen inquest, nobody had spoken publicly about the Cross and the links between police and organised crime?

Anderson: Yeah, but this is where I was annoyed with the media. At the inquest I said, "Great, you're all here... which one of you has ever come to me and said, 'Jim what about this?'" And when they asked me the first question and I said "Yeah" everybody fell about in a heap. To them, I've got to be a criminal, I've got to be a murderer, I've got to be a drug dealer — everything. I would know more about organised crime because I've never been one of them, but I'm respected by them because I won't cop any of it. If they fight me they can't win — they don't gain anything. Criminals aren't dummies; they're going to fight someone they can beat.

Penthouse: You once said that if you are going to fight organised crime, don't let them know in advance the attack is coming.

Anderson: I'll put it this way. Where I made my mistake was trying to lay information in front of the government about Bill Allen. I was forced into liquidation. In hindsight I wouldn't have fought this way if I'd known then what I know now — it would have been an entirely different ball game. But all this was forced on me; I had no option.

Penthouse: Is it possible for someone in authority to combat organised crime?

Anderson: Yes, of course it is. But they can't take the broad spectrum they are go-

ing on. That's their mistake. They go on a broad spectrum of allegations and the organised crime figures all pick something that can't be proved and make them look ludicrous and attack them on that. You've got to pick them off one by one and then they start to shit themselves. They think they might be next. What worries them about me is that I know every criminal in the book and some that even the criminals don't know about. I've had heaps of top people after me and some of them don't even realise the real reason they are after me. They're doing a favor for their friends. They would die if they knew who they were really doing the favors for, and that depends on me being able to link the whole lot together.

Penthouse: If you had the opportunity would you look for one specific issue to nail them on?

Anderson: There is a connection between organised criminals; that's a fact. Some of these people have been partners for 20 years to my knowledge. They have political clout and the politicians are getting theirs the same as all the other scallywags.

Penthouse: What has been your relationship with the police over the years?

Anderson: I've always had good relations with the police — the bent ones, the honest ones and the look-the-other-ways. I would never insult an honest policeman by telling him a lie. I would say: "You don't expect me to give you an answer to that, do you?" The bent ones, you had to do business with them — I never used to think of it as bribing them. It was a standard fee for trading 24 hours a day. I never ran a brothel in my life.

Penthouse: You've been operating now in the Cross for how many years?

Anderson: Since 1959. I've been here longer than the politicians and the bent policemen. I know who your police assassins were, past and present. I know the drug dealing scene; I've been on the verge of it. There's people I know very well who are in it, but I've always told them: "Don't involve me in it, I don't want to know." And I've told them that if it affects me, I'll jump on them like a ton of bricks. That's what upset the big boys. I wouldn't allow distribution through the clubs.

Penthouse: Why did those rich organisers, who had so much money from the clubs anyway, move into heroin?

Anderson: Basically, if they hadn't moved into that area they would have lost their power. One of the biggest started off in liquor and prostitution and he has kept his power up to date. You don't have to be an accountant to know that power is what you can afford. If a person is unbuyable and you find a weakness and you don't put the pressure on him, somebody else does. Suppose we find a judge who likes little boys — and I know a number of them who do — the organised crime boss isn't going to blackmail that judge. But if another of the judges he's got control over were to

pull him aside while they were having a cup of coffee and show him a photograph and say, "I can sit on this, but you be careful in future", then he's gone. Make no bones about it. You can't blame the man for wilting under that kind of pressure.

Penthouse: What do you know about the fixing of court cases?

Anderson: There have been dozens of them. It's been going on for ages. One case where the money had to be handed around involved a payout of \$150,000, and that was quite large for that time. It was a special case and it was heavy and it had gone a bit too far. The magistrate had to make sure the evidence wasn't recorded on a tape recorder. They planned it well.

Penthouse: I've heard that your one big fear is of flying, and that you only drink when you have to get on a plane.

Anderson: That's the only way I can get on a plane. And I keep stoned until I get off. I have to dry out for about two days afterwards.

Penthouse: Do you know what caused your fear?

Anderson: Yes. I've been in a couple of air accidents. I was told after the first time that lightning doesn't strike twice and then I was in another prang about eight weeks afterwards. I was five and a half years in the Marine Commandos. I've done about 56 plane jumps and one balloon jump. So I'm not worried about small planes; it's the big ones that worry me. I can't see where I'm going. It's like sitting in the back of a truck — I'm very nervous because I don't know what's happening. Everyone's got phobias and I'm just shit scared of flying. I get very upset at the airport when they jazz me round a bit.

Penthouse: You have described NSW as the most corrupt state in the Western world.

Anderson: Without doubt. You show me one worse. It's not a dictatorship, but here you've got one law for politicians and judges and the people who can afford it, and you've got another for the general public. No-one is supposed to ask questions, they're supposed to just sit there and cop it sweet. You become a renegade and you decide to fight the system. But one of the funny things about history — and history is the greatest teacher of all — is that it has never been the Senate that has brought down the government. It usually is some individual who puts his blinkers on and says you're going to have to kill me to stop me. Now in my case, they refrain from doing that because it will cause so much trouble. But if they studied history they would kill anyone who put his head up before he got too far down the track. It's that one individual who keeps persistently pecking away until it becomes politically expedient or it suits somebody's political bandwagon to say: "Hey, look at this poor little fellow," and stick him in front of the media. The media are the ones who actually control events.

Penthouse: But events have to achieve

a certain momentum before anything actually changes, don't they?

Anderson: There has to be credibility. You cannot take a broad spectrum. I can talk about organised crime for donkey's ages, but you have to take a specific person, nominate something and substantiate it. Go for that.

Penthouse: You once described organised crime as a tree: people can chop the branches, but it's hard to get at the roots.

Anderson: Of course it is. And the only way to do it is with a bulldozer. Or put in a parasite that will kill it.

Penthouse: For the last 20 years organised crime has operated completely untouched and unchallenged, hasn't it?

Anderson: That's right. But organised crime is prepared to prune the tree itself to take the heat off. That's what they are doing now.

Penthouse: What's going to happen to this country in 20 years if organised crime isn't checked?

Anderson: You'll end up in 20 years with an inherent dynasty of corrupt politicians. You'll finish up like Indonesia or the Philippines, with a facade of democracy. When anyone moves out of his chair he will hand it over to his man, which he has to do. I'll give you an example in the drug scene. Initially, the police have to catch somebody who they could have put away for 10 years, and then let him go to inform on what's going on. If this is to the benefit of democracy or justice, then that's great. But it becomes a private business for the Drug Squad, and as well they can make heaps of arrests.

Penthouse: You're talking about them making selective arrests?

Anderson: Of course they are. Anyone who thinks they're not is kidding themselves. You've got such a corrupt system in NSW that the Federal Drugs Task Force gets undermined because you only need one crooked copper to work against you and all your work goes down the drain.

Penthouse: For a price?

Anderson: For a price. But the Drug Squad are supposed to get someone as well. Just recently they came out in the media and said they had been planning a raid for five years and all they got was a couple of unlicensed guns and a bit of coke and hash. It's a comedy of errors; it goes on and on. One of your main problems is that absolute power corrupts and so does money. When you've got as much money as these people to throw around, five or six million is nothing. In the old days nobody would believe these amounts were involved, but they are starting to now.

Penthouse: If John Avery wants to succeed in breaking the power of organised crime, will he have to put his job on the line?

Anderson: No. He's got to put his life on the line. Make no bones about it, mate. Everyone bleeds. Never think you can't kill

a newspaper reporter or you can't kill a policeman or you can't kill a commissioner. They only way Avery will survive is to get his own colonels into position and make himself strong enough.

Penthouse: It's like a tug-of-war, then?

Anderson: No, it's a real war — not a tug-of-war. You've got top officers there who are bent or who look the other way. One top officer said to me: "Mate, when I'm out on the road I'm 100 percent, but there's nothing I can do when I get back inside." You see, one of the cleverest ways of stopping an honest policeman is to promote him to a desk job — confine him to where you can control him. This is where Neville Wran made his biggest mistake with Bob Bottom. He should have kept him and given him specific things to look into. You know where he's looking, so it can be put right when he looks.

Penthouse: Do you think you are being followed or your phone is being bugged?

Anderson: Every time I pick up the phone I say, "Testing, testing." Some of my calls must make their hair stand on end. I have great fun with them. Only three days ago someone said to me, "Jim, do you think you are going to win?" I said, "I've won — I'm just waiting now to issue my writs." He said, "Ah, but what about your family?" My family know why I am fighting and I don't use them to get sympathy. Politicians can talk about their children and grandchildren, but how about my son, who

has been in Australia since he was two? He's a professional footballer now, went to Scots, no trouble. Got into a fight once and was fined \$50 or something for breaking someone's tooth, like all teenagers do. He wanted to play for Australia and he could be good enough, but they refused him Australian citizenship. No reason, no nothing. But the real reason is that he is my son. Now Andrew has to go to England to play football because he can't get a go here. Now you tell me if that's not discrimination. I'm going to have a go at that too.

Penthouse: Do you have to keep on the move so you're not a sitting target?

Anderson: I'm still a bit of a will o' the wisp. But I'll be going into business as a consultant to the clubs in the next few weeks. I do a bit of textile import and export. I'm not lying dead. After 30 years in the nightclubs and theatres and restaurants, without denigrating the priesthood, you become a bit of a father confessor. You'd be surprised at the secrets you are given.

Penthouse: You would have seen nearly everyone at some time up here in the Cross, wouldn't you?

Anderson: Everyone comes through here. Crime starts and finishes in the eastern suburbs of Sydney.

Penthouse: Kings Cross to Bondi?

Anderson: Not only there. Darling Point, Point Piper — the whole area is the hub of crime in Australia. Some of the biggest criminals live in the best suburbs but

VENUS ENTERPRISES Established 1969 PRESENTS:

DIAL A FANTASY!

Your wildest erotic dreams will turn into reality on the

TELEPHONE:
3 calls only \$50.00
or
1 call for \$25.00

Our Service is Genuine - the ladies are willing and waiting but all payments have to be made in advance.
RING: 02-699 5342
NEW! Open 7 days & nights
NEW!



"Hey, Frank! C'mon in and meet the missus and the kids!"

INTERVIEW

they're too high up in the tree to touch. You can only destroy them by destroying their power bases — all the politicians who are giving them support. Like, "You owe me — I'm calling in." I reckon Abe Saffron has called in more favors than Santa Claus to stop me and he still hasn't managed to do it.

Penthouse: How many times have people tried to kill you?

Anderson: Well, they hit me with a poisoned pellet, at night time. There was a disturbance created, like a phoney fight, and I got hit in the back of the shoulder, like a pin prick. I didn't pay much attention to it and the capsule didn't melt all at once like it was supposed to. By the time I got to the hospital it had dissolved.

Penthouse: Was it like the attack in London on the Bulgarian radio announcer, where they hit him with a poisoned dart fired from an umbrella?

Anderson: Yeah, the same type of stuff. I don't know whether it was fired from a gun, or you can have a trick thing where you shoot things at people and there's a little buzz. Somebody came along and said "Hello mate" and hit me on the shoulder. He could have had a syringe in his hand. I didn't pay any attention to it but apparently it takes a couple of days to take effect. It was probably an Australian-made model because instead of it coming out all at once it was a slow dribble. They knew the type of poison it was when I went to hospital. It leaves no residue; it just vanishes. It affects your nervous system, you stop breathing and that brings on a heart attack. They might do an autopsy on you 24 hours later and everything's gone.

Penthouse: Do you still feel the effects now?

Anderson: Oh yes. It damaged my pancreas and it gave me about two or three bloody heart attacks before we found out what it was. I didn't know and I just kept on lapsing into a coma and having heart attacks. Then there were a couple of shooting attempts at me on the way home or down there where Doyle's used to be. I was inclined to nominate a heroin team for that one, but it came back to me from a pretty good source that it wasn't them. You see, one of the problems is that when you create this kind of legend which has developed over the last few years, there's a strong possibility that people I haven't named yet are so worried that I might do it, they say, "We'll knock him off and the others he has named will get the blame." These days I won't even stop for a police car — no way in the wide world — and I've told them so. I've said: "Mate, if anyone in a police uniform tries to come anywhere near me they've got problems." I told a certain commissioner that. I said, "I can get a police uniform and a police car within half an hour and if you want me to prove it I'll

do it for you." Anything I say I'm prepared to prove, and they just don't take me on... they know I'm right.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as being on some kind of mission?

Anderson: No. I haven't altered my stand. I'm trying to make it back into business. My liquidation is only a temporary thing as far as I am concerned. I've got more ability in my head than 90 percent of your so-called businessmen and I've only been stopped because I've been fighting Saffron. I had to fight the whole bloody system to fight him. The whole system closed ranks to protect itself, that's what I find incredible. I'm the living proof that you can fight the system and still be there at the end. It's very painful but it can be done. I was prepared to kill the gangsters if they didn't leave me alone. I mean that sincerely. Some people call it murder; I call it pest control, like the Flick Man. If an alleged criminal comes near me, I first tell the police — I know how

This experience
of dying has happened
to me three times and
I think it's pure bad
temper, hatred, that's
brought me back

to get a message to them. If the criminal still wants to go on with it, then it's the OK Corral.

Penthouse: Have you ever thought of writing a book?

Anderson: I've thought about it on a number of occasions. I would call it *It Wasn't Funny Then*. I try to find humor in everything. Of course, I can't spell; my school got blown up during the war when I was 13. No members of the media have ever brought up the fact that I have been questioned by up to nine barristers and QC's for weeks on end and have never once been caught telling a lie. It's very simple: I don't tell lies. I said once to someone, "If you don't like the answer, don't ask the question."

Penthouse: When you remember the Cross, do you recall all the different characters you have met there?

Anderson: Damon Runyon couldn't write a better book, I'll tell you. One day I'll get down to it and get someone to ghost a book. It will cause the biggest panic in the world. You know, like somebody rang up and said: "Look, I've got a body in my bathroom. Can you do something to

help?" Somebody's OD'd and they think Jim will be able to fix things. I said, "Well, just take the body and put it outside St Vincent's Hospital with a note on it... you know... apologies that you couldn't wait. But don't go and dump it in a boot somewhere — you'll be in all sorts of trouble." I can relate to people in trouble.

Penthouse: What other sorts of things have people asked you for?

Anderson: Oh, the number of people I've been offered money to kill you would not believe. I could lead a good life just on contracts... truly. I think the cheapest one I was ever offered was \$15,000. I said to him, "That's not bad, but is it worth it?" When he said, "Why?" I replied, "Suppose I get this done... with a man in your position, I could live off your back for the rest of your life." "Oh", he said, "I never thought of that, Jim." I said, "If you approach somebody else, just remember what I'm telling you. My suggestion is to give your lawyers the \$15,000 and settle things out of court. But if you want to do something else, do it yourself and tell nobody." They sit there like stunned mullets; they don't believe it. The last thing they believe is the truth. They think you are the "dial-a-killer." You know... "Hello there. Are you available tonight?"

Penthouse: Would people be surprised if they knew just who wanted whom killed?

Anderson: You wouldn't believe some of the people... people you would least expect. Business tycoons, ministers of religion. I had one of them, if you can believe it — a priest.

Penthouse: Wanted somebody killed?

Anderson: Yes.

Penthouse: Contract killing does go on then?

Anderson: I know of three cases where people have been killed, dismembered and put in lobster pots and left for a week. The real professionals are people like those fishermen who will go out with their lobster pots and put them down over a large area. When they pull them up they shake the bones and they fall apart. Then they smash the skull with a hammer and throw it into the sea as the boat cruises along. People have been buried under runways and in building sites as well — that's usual. But all this talk about people being put through mincers, that's for gullible people. The real professionals don't have to go in for all that mincer stuff or hanging bodies up in deep freezers. If they use a system like the one with the lobster pots, I don't care how much forensic science you've got — that's it. I know this is a morbid conversation. The system they used to use in England was to put the bodies in concrete blocks and throw them in the sea, but that came undone when the British Navy started using depth charges and the bodies started coming up. Besides, concrete dissolves in salt water. How do I know all this? Because I observe, look and listen.

Penthouse: You say you have a plan that

would wipe out heroin in Australia?

Anderson: I would use about five people I know and trust — nobody who is working the streets now. I already know the drug system, so I would get into the market and outbid everybody. That's how simple it is. Then everyone would have to deal with me and at the end of 18 months you could pick off every supplier and dealer because nobody else could import.

Penthouse: Wouldn't the heavies get on to you?

Anderson: What heavies? There's another fallacy. Mr Asia was built up as a great criminal, but he was a snivelling coward. I chased Terry Clark down Darlinghurst Road with a shotgun — that's how good he was. He dared set foot in my clubs with his dealers. I told them if I caught them in my premises I would blow their heads off. I told the police and they didn't do anything, so I came up the street after them. I caught one of them in the Showbiz and he got 60 stitches in his head and I smashed his E-type Jag to pieces with a meat cleaver. It had a kilo and a half of heroin in the boot. I then phoned up a certain police division and said, "If it's still there in half an hour I'm going to burn the thing." Within half an hour there was a tow truck and away it went. These are all checkable facts — you can go down to the hospital where he was stitched up. No. The problem is so easy if you keep things simple. In the midst of confusion lies profit — everything flourishes.

Some of the things that have happened to me were spooky things. I died once on the operating table at St Vincent's. I was lying there, my heart stopped... the full bit, and I was on the ceiling looking down. It was weird. Cardinal Gilroy came in and they told him: "He's gone, only a flicker left." I can remember Cardinal Gilroy looking down at me and saying, "I'm not sure about this one." It looked like an angel was with him. About eight weeks later, when he came to see me again, I asked him who the angel was and he said: "There's always an angel with me." But then he mentioned this sister who was with him and who always dressed in white. Then he said, "Are you frightened of dying?" I said, "No, dying doesn't worry me at all... it's quite pleasant, as a matter of fact. It's not the dying that hurts, it's the bloody living. The coming back is what really gets you." He broke up with laughter and said: "You're the second man in my life who has said that, word for word." This experience of dying has happened to me three times and I think it's pure bad temper, hatred, that brought me back.

Penthouse: This fight you say you're engaged in... how long has it been going on?

Anderson: About six or seven years... from the time I knew the truth about the drug scene. The pushers couldn't keep me separate, because they had made commitments to other people and I had the out-

lets and I wouldn't let them in. And do you know something: not one of them even asked me why. I didn't care if they sold it next door, but not with me. It's not only drugs with me... I won't even take an aspirin. I've been kept alive by drugs, but when you come off them you go through hell. I've had three incidents in my own family related to drugs and that turned me off very early on. My wife worked in the old Latin Quarter as a waitress and got hooked on drugs and no-one could do anything about it, so I did something myself. To me if the people you pay and put into position to do the job are incapable of doing it, for whatever reason, I don't feel any remorse if I have to do it myself. Take the Commacheros, who used to hang out at the Venus Room in the Seventies. I barred them. They're heavy only if you let them be heavy or if you're scared of them. I said, "Look fellas, your bikes are all out there — if they are there tomorrow we've got a war. You can come in with your bike chains and your hatchets and your shotguns, but I'll be here with more than you've got." It was a stand-off, but it suited me.

Penthouse: Were they doing drugs?

Anderson: Yes, they were bringing drugs upstairs. And they were shifting the stuff around from Bondi on their bikes... heroin. The smack is where the business is. Smack: they've got to have it. You don't have to look for customers. They come looking for you.

Penthouse: There have been allegations recently that some policemen are actually involved with drug selling. In your experience, how many corrupt policemen are there in NSW?

Anderson: You've got about 30 to 60 who are dead-set corrupt. They've inherited their corrupt positions.

Penthouse: What are they capable of doing?

Anderson: They are capable of controlling all the other police. They can completely pervert justice.

Penthouse: Murder?

Anderson: Of course. So-called accidents, suicides. I've got people who will fly back into this country to give evidence against the lot of them. Quite a lot of them had to go out because they were loaded up, positioned and everything else.

Penthouse: Are you prepared to name the names?

Anderson: I've named plenty of names to the Parliamentary Committee. Mike Willesee has got about two and a half hours of films about me which includes a lot of names as well. He's got me getting out of a white Rolls Royce and chasing Terry Clark down the street with a shotgun. There were even police in the street when that happened, and they ran. It was war. Clark was weak, actually. The only people he killed — let's be very cold-blooded here — were drug addicts, women and couriers who were addicts... weak and terrified



INTERVIEW

people. It's very easy to kill someone who doesn't know they are going to be killed. To explain things like this makes me look like another Al Capone. But that's the position I find myself in. I know I'm being hunted. It's not bravery. I know I can't catch bullets in my teeth and I don't have any magic formula for staying alive, except that to kill me they have very limited choices. They either get me by sniping, which is the most dangerous, strangely enough. They can bomb your car, poison you, or stop you with a real police car or a phoney police car when you're going home if they know where you're going to. They can pull you over, shoot you, put a gun in your hand and say you were resisting arrest. But when you know you are being hunted, it's a different ball game. Everything's gone very quiet now; no-one's pushing me. I haven't been subpoenaed to appear anywhere and the only time I attack is in a witness box, and only when I'm asked.

Penthouse: You have said in court that you saw money being given to police officers.

Anderson: I gave evidence on oath in court that I delivered the money to them on a number of occasions. I can even produce the man who drove me there and counted the money for me because I can't count. I used to produce \$5000 bundles. I used to do \$10,000 up into two \$5000 bundles, but how they split it after that I wasn't privy to. I told the court that I delivered it to Abe and Abe handed it over. Abe would phone me and say, "How much have we got on hand, Jim?" And I would get this fellow to count it for me and he used to drive me, because it was after I'd been poisoned and my co-ordination wasn't that good. This would have been around 1978-79. We had a system of using black books and white books in the clubs. I've handed them to my Trustee in Bankruptcy and he has handed them over to the Taxation Department.

Penthouse: How many clubs in Kings Cross were you associated with?

Anderson: There was the Venus Room, La Bastille, Les Girls, the VIP, the Carousel, Showbiz, Lodge 44. I've given the Taxation Department all the information I can about them.

Penthouse: What changes would you like to see in the clubs now?

Anderson: We have to use common sense. Legalise prostitution, legalise gambling and give everyone in the tourist areas a 24-hour liquor licence. It's as simple as that. That way you'll take away the source of corruption. Stupid laws made by corrupt politicians create graft because they make earnings out of it down the chain. You should have honest police, too — police who are not controlled by politicians.

Penthouse: Like the old-fashioned English bobby?

Anderson: Well, at least they were visible. The only people who can pick police these days are criminals. Is that progress, or is it an exercise in futility? But in the fight against drugs now you have to treat it as a war and not a police operation. Even the police will tell you they don't have the funds, they don't have the manpower, they don't have the flexibility. It's like trying to win the 400-metre hurdles against Moses when you are tied to another fellow — you won't get over the first hurdle. The top blokes in the police just say, "I'll sit out my last three years and get my pension and let someone else worry about it." And anyone who rocks the boat gets the job of walking around Ayers Rock to make sure the sun sets on time. Politicians, lawyers and barristers are word mechanics — they are experts at distorting things. And if you've got the money to get the best barristers you can walk through the law.

Penthouse: What are your plans for the

Everyone bleeds.
Never think you can't
kill a newspaper reporter
or you can't kill a
policeman or you can't
kill a commissioner

future?

Anderson: What I'm going through now is only a hiccup. I didn't call this battle on. But I'm going to win it, and I don't give a stuff who else it pulls in.

Penthouse: Have you given any statements to the police?

Anderson: I refuse to speak to the police. I said under oath that I'm not going to give them statements so they know what I'm going to say and they can protect the bastards before I go into court. It's a game of chess. Nobody knows how to pay me off, but don't think I haven't been offered plenty. All I want is the money that Saffron owes me. I've told my trustee about it, and I've made Saffron one of my major assets. If Saffron had paid the money he owes me, I could have reopened. I tried to open a club out at Hurstville, an ex-poker machine place which I wanted to turn into the New Zealand Social Club. The whole thing was delayed, it went to the Lands Court where the idea was knocked back, and then we had to send the company into liquidation. I lost well over \$1 million in the two to three years we were trying to get the place opened.

Penthouse: You have said that the financial system is being used by drug dealers here.

Anderson: Yes, to get loans and get money that can be explained — to produce white money. The black money goes overseas and into a secret numbered account. Don't think Switzerland is the only country with secret numbered accounts, but that's another story. The money comes back into Australia through big finance organisations into a legitimate company here.

Penthouse: But how do they get it out in the first place?

Anderson: Money couriers are legal. You aren't breaking any laws by taking money out in US currency.

Penthouse: But how do they get the US currency to begin with?

Anderson: Now there's an interesting story. You can bring in as much US currency as you like and you can take out as much as you like. Why do you think they have never arrested me? I don't break the law. I bend it severely at times, like any businessman does. They all know I'm short of a quid, but they can't figure out how I keep going. Wran thinks I'm being paid by the Fairfax press. I wish to Christ I was. I'd give them the best stories in the world. If Costigan had hired me he would have finished his inquiry two years earlier. I've never been able to lie down and cop it sweet, which is a flaw in my character, I suppose. But when the battle started nobody gave me a snowball's chance in hell of beating them. I attacked them where they rule supreme — in the Cross. That's the only place to attack them, really. I'm like a sleeping timebomb sitting under all of them.

Penthouse: What is the drug scene like in the Cross today?

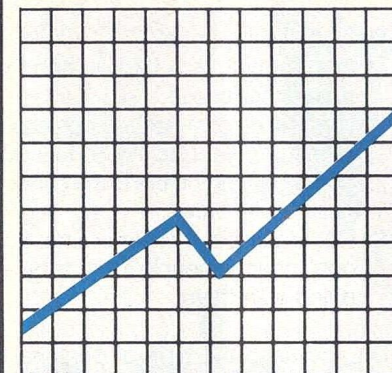
Anderson: Since I left the Cross actively, the drug scene has just exploded. The pushers are riding high, wide and handsome. They'd be pulling in here... and I mean the eastern suburbs as well... around one and a half to two million dollars a week in cash. Multiply that by 52 and that is what you are fighting. You can't hide those sums of money without a legitimate front. I can open up a nightclub that will lose me \$20,000 a week to actually run it and show a profit of \$5 million a year and pay tax on it. It's not difficult. I'm an expert at that.

Penthouse: And will you keep on fighting?

Anderson: Everyone is frightened to speak out against established power bases like politicians, judges, financial institutions, people in powerful positions. But they're playing at being power brokers or puppet masters. Organised crime knows how to fight and as far as the public is concerned the government has been nobbled. As for me... I've been there and back in a wheelbarrow. I've been bombed, shot, beaten and I'm still here. But I certainly don't want to go through it all again. Not by any means. 

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU AN ACHIEVER?



Practical people — those who know enough to make New Year's resolutions that they can keep — aren't always the smartest, but they're usually the ones who get the most done. This psychograph can tell you if you're one of them.

Only recently have large numbers of psychologists come to realise what the average person has suspected all along: intelligence (in the IQ sense of the word) doesn't have a damn thing to do with success in the real world. Most of us know brilliant blokes who bombed when faced with the complexities of the marketplace. Then, on the other hand, we can recall the dumbbells who flourished once they left school and began to rely on their instincts rather than on book learning.

Researchers are discovering that people who have *practical* intelligence think in distinctly different ways from those who don't have it. It seems that men with a high level of practical intelligence are remarkably efficient in how they process information available to them. They aren't necessarily "smarter" than other people, but they make better use of their own talents and resources. In fact, people with high levels of practical intelligence often achieve only mediocre scores on standard IQ tests.

Some of the questions on this psychograph ask you to make subjective judgments about your skills and attitudes. This is not easy to do, but if you want an accurate evaluation of whether you take a practical or impractical approach to life, give it a good try.

1. Are your political beliefs:

- (a) extremely left wing?
- (b) quite liberal?
- (c) middle-of-the-road?
- (d) quite conservative?
- (e) extremely right wing?

2. How well do you handle your finances?

- (a) Terribly. I always overspend and often take on debts I really can't afford.
- (b) Fairly well. I generally live within my means but I don't consider myself a penny pincher.
- (c) I'm extremely careful about my finances. I have a detailed budget and I really stick to it.

3. Do you feel you have a strong need to exercise power?

- (a) Yes; being in a position of power over people is a great feeling.

- (b) Yes; I don't think I'm a Nazi or anything but I do find it exhilarating to exercise authority.
- (c) No; other people can spend their time jockeying for power but it doesn't interest me.

4. Are you goal oriented?

- (a) Yes; once I set my mind on a goal I'll sacrifice anything to get it.
- (b) No.
- (c) Yes, but I sometimes find that I substitute one goal for another along the way — so I don't always achieve the goal I was originally aiming at.

5. If you had a spare \$2000 at the end of the year, would you be more likely to:

- (a) put it into an individual retirement account?
- (b) take a trip?

6. Are you the type of person who often jumps to conclusions?

- (a) yes
- (b) No. I believe in being as rational as possible; judgements should be made on the basis of fact, not emotion. If I can't get all the facts together, I'll postpone making a decision until I can assemble all the facts.
- (c) I prefer to make decisions based on as much information as possible, but sometimes you can't wait until

you have all the facts: Then you have to go with your gut feelings.

7. If you have a number of different tasks to do, how do you usually approach them?

- (a) I like to finish one task completely before going on to the next.
- (b) I like to work on several things at once. I'll work on one thing for a while, then go and work on two or three other things before coming back to the original task.

8. Do you prefer:

- (a) to work as part of a team
- (b) to work at something (even if it's in a large office setting) that allows you to function on your own.

9. With which of the following strategies would you be more likely to agree:

- (a) If you're a salesman, it's important to be equally aggressive with every prospect, because you never know who's actually going to end up buying from you.
- (b) If you're a salesman, it's a waste of time to go after every potential customer with equal aggressiveness. It's better to save your energy for the people who are obviously interested in what you have to sell.

10. Let's say you're married. You get along well with your wife in virtually all respects, but sex has become boring. Which of the following would you be most likely to do?

- (a) I'd get a divorce. You only go through life once, so why spend it being sexually frustrated?
- (b) I'd begin looking around for a woman who could satisfy my sexual, emotional, and intellectual needs. If I found her, I'd probably divorce my current wife.
- (c) I'd probably stay married but would look for a sexually exciting woman with whom I could have a discreet affair.
- (d) I'd stay married and wouldn't try to play around on the side.

11. Do you hold grudges for a long time?

- (a) yes
- (b) sometimes
- (c) not usually

12. Do you take spur-of-the-moment

People with high levels of practical intelligence often achieve only mediocre scores on standard IQ tests

- holidays?
- (a) Yes, most of my holidays are of this variety.
(b) occasionally
(c) No, my holidays are always carefully planned.
13. Do you regularly spend more than \$5 a week on any sort of gambling (sports pools, lotteries, poker, etc)?
(a) yes
(b) No, but I'm not opposed to gambling occasionally for fun.
(c) I never gamble under any circumstances. The odds are always against you, so in the long run it's a losing proposition.
14. How do you feel about fate?
(a) Fate is the dominant force that shapes our destinies.
(b) Fate, chance and luck exist, but we can make plans that will cushion us against bad luck and allow us to cash in on good luck.
(c) We make our own luck. "Fate" is basically an excuse made up by people who haven't planned properly.
15. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "People who are well paid for their work should not complain if it is difficult or boring. Work isn't supposed to be a breeze."
(a) agree
(b) disagree
16. If you had to give a presentation before a large group of important people, how would you be most likely to handle it?
(a) I'd write out exactly what I wanted to say and read it to the audience. That way, I wouldn't leave out any important points or make mistakes.
(b) I'd thoroughly prepare what I wanted to say beforehand, but I'd use nothing more than a few notes during the presentation so that it would look as if my talk was extemporaneous.
(c) I believe in being spontaneous. As long as I'm familiar with a subject, I don't see any reason to work up a formal presentation. I'd just get up and talk.
17. How do you feel about making speeches in public?

- (a) I love it.
(b) I don't necessarily relish the idea of getting up in front of hundreds of people, but it's important to air your views when you have the opportunity.
(c) I hate making speeches and will do anything to avoid it.
18. Do you like to argue?
(a) Yes, arguing is a form of sport or recreation for me.
(b) I don't think of myself as contentious by nature, yet I do like to feel that I can convince others of the correctness of my views.
(c) No, arguing is a waste of time. You don't change people's minds by arguing with them.
19. Do you have the type of personality that can delegate responsibility?
(a) yes
(b) I can delegate responsibility in small matters. But if a project is really important, I want to be the one who handles the major details, since I'm the one who in the end will be held responsible.
(c) No, to get something done right you usually have to do it yourself.
20. If money were no object, what kind of automobile would you own?
(a) I'd get the most economical and dependable one I could find.
(b) I would buy an expensive but "sensible" car — like a Mercedes-Benz, BMW, or top-of-the-line Volvo — something that impresses people but isn't overly flamboyant or unusual.
(c) I'd like an exotic, unusual car. If money were no object, I wouldn't care if the thing guzzled juice and required expensive service.

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 100 points; the lowest, 20.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. a-1, b-4, c-5,
d-3, e-1 | 6. a-1, b-3, c-5
7. a-1, b-5 |
| 2. a-1, b-5, c-3 | 8. a-5, b-1 |
| 3. a-3, b-5, c-1 | 9. a-1, b-5 |
| 4. a-3, b-1, c-5 | 10. a-1, b-5, c-5,
d-3 |
| 5. a-5, b-1 | |

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 11. a-1, b-3, c-5 | 16. a-3, b-5, c-1 |
| 12. a-1, b-5, c-3 | 17. a-1, b-5, c-3 |
| 13. a-1, b-5, c-3 | 18. a-1, b-5, c-3 |
| 14. a-1, b-5, c-3 | 19. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 15. a-1, b-5 | 20. a-3, b-5, c-1 |

If you scored 74 to 100 points:
You have true practical intelligence. You instinctively seek out the most efficient way to achieve the end you want. You can look at the confusion of everyday life and pick out the pressure points and key relationships that will make things fall into place for you. Interestingly, people in this category don't always do the most stereotypically "practical" things. In money matters, for instance, you aren't likely to be a lavish spender but neither are you a cheap-skate. You use money wisely, knowing when to save and when to spend. You make plans and set objectives but remain flexible enough to change them if circumstances call for it. You are not afraid to try solutions that appear downright impractical but, more often than not, turn out to be the best way to achieve long-term results.

47 to 73 points:
Other people probably consider you extremely practical. When given choices, you invariably select the most obvious "practical" alternative. Yet you seem to lack the flexibility and vision that characterise people who scored in the category above you. You're almost too practical for your own good: You're so intent on working sensibly toward short-term goals that you may be overlooking the opportunities that can bring you the best long-term success. You display a level of caution and narrowness of vision not found in people with true practical intelligence. However, if you can broaden your horizons a little, your natural practicality may enable you to achieve some striking things.

20 to 46 points:
You appear to be wildly impractical, and you're probably happy to be that way since practical people are likely to bore you stiff. People in this category often have trouble coping with the mundane details of everyday life. Getting places punctually, paying your rent on time, and keeping your wardrobe up to date may sometimes be completely beyond you. Show you a map, a train schedule, or a legal paper and your eyes glaze over. Yet it's from the ranks of people like you that the great scientific and artistic visionaries often emerge. 



Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail your

order now to avoid disappointment.

The price is \$10.50, but if you are a subscriber the cost will be just \$9.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

Australian PENTHOUSE 

Australian Penthouse
P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, N.S.W.

Please find attached cheque/money order for

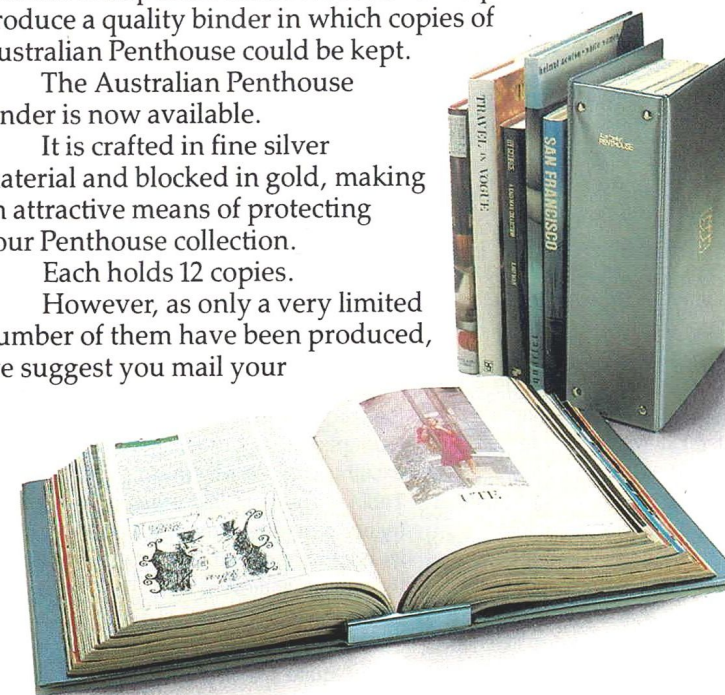
_____ Penthouse binders at \$10.50 ea. \$_____ or

_____ Subscriber binders at \$ 9.50 ea. \$_____

Name _____

Address _____

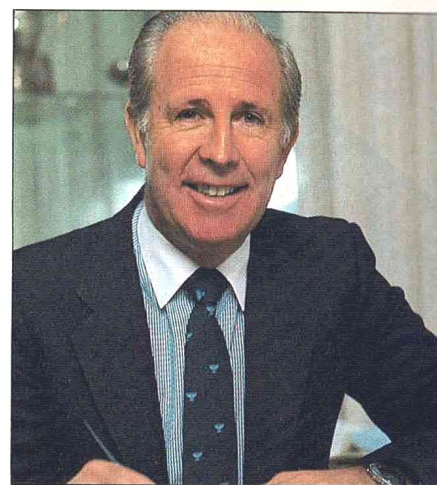
_____ Postcode _____





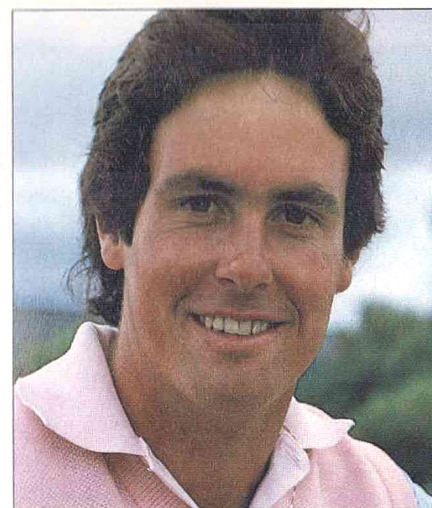
LIDDY CLARK

Maybe it stands to reason that someone who's four foot eleven should be a down to earth type. Liddy Clark certainly is. You could say the 31-year-old actress is short and to the point — a very earthy, knockabout sort. In fact, she recently played an earth spirit in the New Moon Theatre Company's zany production of *Beach Blanket Tempest*. The successful musical was a cross between Shakespeare's *Tempest* and a Sixties surf stomper and Liddy Clark's role required her to wear bikie's leathers and, for the first time in her 13-year career, to belt out a few numbers. It was to round out her experiences and further explore her talents that she joined the New Moon group, a progressive and energetic company based in Far North Queensland. A very hectic three-month touring schedule, award wages, haphazard accommodation and plenty of hard yakka both on and off stage didn't perturb Liddy. "We played as hard as we worked — my liver may never be the same but I loved it. In fact, I've loved everything I've done." That would include everything from a bundle of "Hector Crawford-type things" like *Matlock* to extensive theatre work in Sydney and Melbourne and movies like *Mad Dog Morgan*, *Blue Fin*, *Annie's Coming Out* and her role as Kitty in *Kitty And The Bagman*. Substantial TV work has included her role as Shannon in the ABC's acclaimed *Ride On Stranger* and the role of Jo Travinska opposite Ray Barrett in *Sporting Chance* — a part written for her. She's also clocked up a lot of time doing theatre in education: "You know, taking plays around to schools. I've got a bee in my bonnet about that." Another one buzzing around in there concerns the rights of actors. Out of working hours Liddy likes to indulge her hobbies of "knocking back a few glasses of plonk and starting correspondence courses in things like Tai Chi and Greek history and never finishing them."



BRIAN TOBIN

It's lucky for Australian tennis that Brian Tobin turned out to be a better administrator than a player. At the peak of his amateur playing career in the early Sixties, Tobin was ranked as high as eighth in Australia. And although he wasn't in the same class as contemporaries like Ken Rosewall, Neale Fraser and Rod Laver, he achieved some success overseas, particularly in doubles. But his greatest tennis achievements have been off the court. Tobin, 53, has been involved in tennis administration for the past 25 years, rising through various clubs, committees and councils to his appointment as honorary president of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia in 1977. Since then he has guided the revival of Australian tennis and given Australia a voice in world tennis affairs. Under Tobin's presidency, the LTAA has established junior development programs that have resulted in the emergence of teenage talents like Pat Cash. He engineered the upgrading of the Marlboro Australian Open to ensure its survival as a Grand Slam tournament and was the driving force behind the plans for a \$60 million National Tennis Stadium in Melbourne. His influence at an international level is also considerable. Tobin is a member of the Men's International Professional Tennis Council, which administers the \$20 million Nabisco Grand Prix circuit. Surprisingly, though, he has been a full-time tennis administrator for only the past two years. Before becoming the first executive president of the LTAA, Tobin held a senior position with Westpac Travel. Now it is he who does the travelling, crossing the world several times a year to attend tournaments and meetings. "It's an exciting time for Australian tennis," says Tobin. "The past few years we've been trying to pull the Australian Open up by its boot straps, and I think we're well on the way to achieving that. The next challenge is the National Tennis Stadium." Brian Tobin has every reason to be "quite pleased with the way Australian tennis is progressing."



IAN BAKER-FINCH

Over the last 12 months Ian Baker-Finch — tall, tanned and, according to the females who dominate his galleries, decidedly good looking — has emerged as the latest "boy-most-likely to" on the Australian golfing circuit. The 24-year-old Queenslander made world headlines during his debut at historic St Andrews when he led the field into the final round of the 1984 British Open, before playing a poor last round and finishing ninth. His other highlights have included victories in the New Zealand Open, the Western Australian Open and the NSW Open — the latter by a whopping 13 strokes. His talents have recently been snapped up by manager Glenn Wheatley, the man who guided pop group Little River Band to the top. Baker-Finch made his debut as a public speaker at a sportsmen's dinner last November, and as one commentator noted: "The benchmark of success in most modern sports is when people not only want to watch you play, but also want to listen to you tell them all about it." The golfing Big Time is all about pressure and Baker-Finch always appears relaxed — unlike so many of the top golfers when the breaks run against them. He admits that when pressure is on he can feel himself tightening up; when this happens he tries to stick to the basics and play his natural game. He says: "It's hard to explain to a lot of people that you can't win every week; sometimes you react to their expectations." Hence he has learned not to try to force things too much. He puts it bluntly: "Pressure is what you put yourself under." Baker-Finch says he learned much from the British Open and is confident he is now better equipped to handle pressure at the top. "The more you get into that position the more you learn to cope with things better. What happened in the British Open was a great experience. It's like learning to ride a bike. You have to fall off a few times first. You have to fail before you learn how to win."



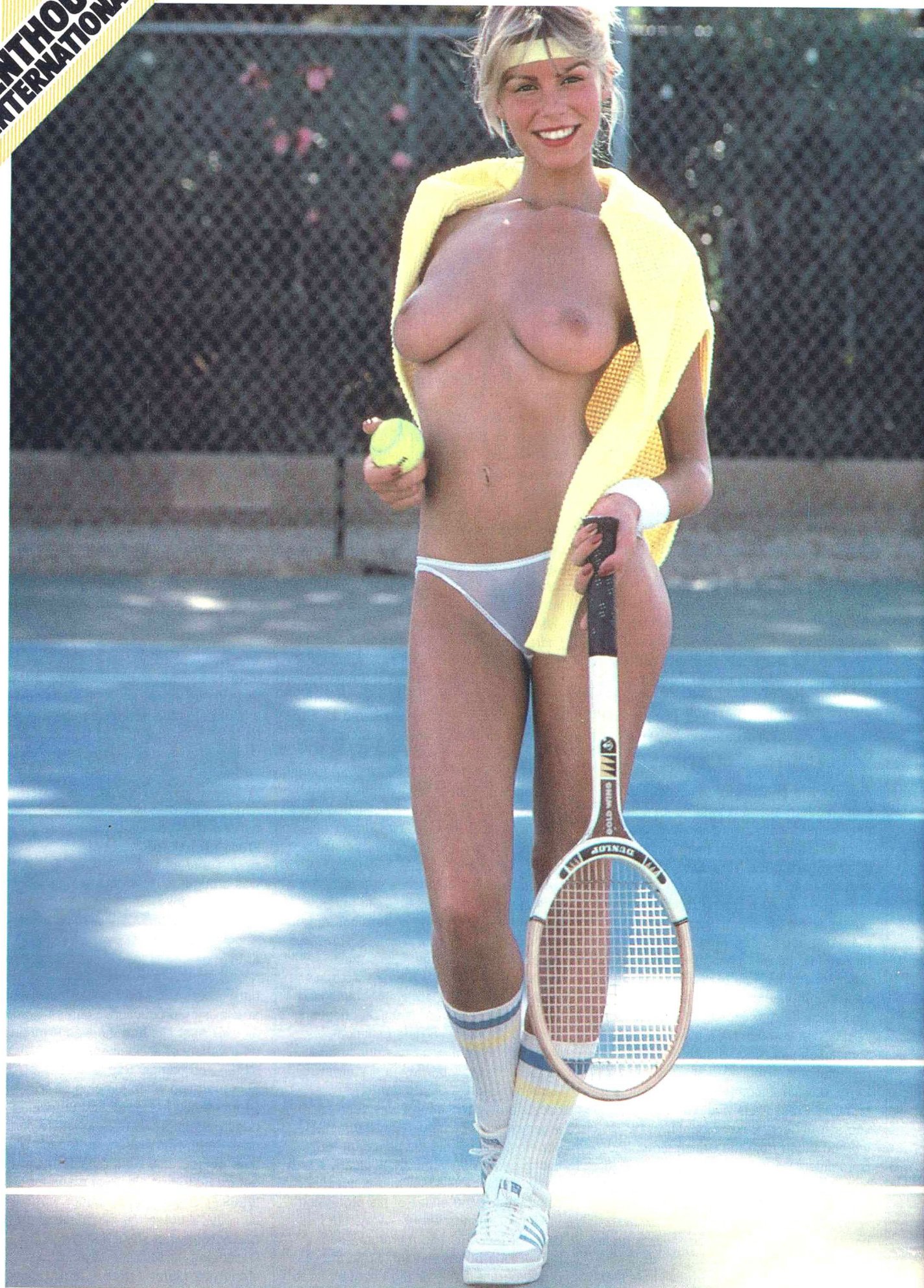
CHRIS MASTERS

Linking happily behind his horn-rimmed specs, Chris Masters has become the most lethal reporter on Australian television. So said Mike Carlton after viewing "Branded", Masters' recent investigative report for the ABC's *Four Corners* program on the removal of tattoos by laser beams. There are plenty of people who share Carlton's opinion of the diminutive, unassuming reporter who in his first appearance on *Four Corners* in April 1983 presented the ground-breaking document of corruption in NSW Rugby League circles which ultimately led to the Street Royal Commission. It was, as Masters puts it, "an extraordinary initiation — a special piece of journalism. There won't be another program like 'The Big League' for a long while." Although he regards that program as the most satisfying of his career, Masters reckons the precedents it set have created a nuisance for investigative reporters. "These days if you don't end up attacking a Premier or a High Court judge or whatever, people are extremely disappointed." Fresh from collecting a Walkley Award for Best TV Current Affairs Report of 1984 (for a program entitled "Search Without Rescue" exposing the inadequacies of Australia's sea rescue services), Masters was quick to attribute his meteoric rise to the professionalism of his colleagues on *Four Corners*. However, frequent viewers of the ABC's most prestigious program will be aware that Masters' efforts are always characterised by thorough research, fanatical attention to detail and dogged determination. Masters admits that he has one natural attribute for the job: "My family always wanted me to become a barrister because they reckoned I was such an argumentative bastard." But the man is not merely indulging his penchant for taking on an opponent; he is clearly a conscientious individual who is deeply committed to the ethics of his profession: "I know it sounds terribly corny, but I work for the ABC and therefore I see myself as a public servant. So in the case of a program like 'The Big League', I and my colleagues set out to give the public the truth and a 100 percent effort."



EDITH BLISS

The Edith Bliss story reads a bit like a fairytale — a sort of "Cinderella Of The Suburbs." It has the heart-gladdening quality that Hollywood movie barons, and audiences, cherish. Even her name has the right sort of mellifluous ring. Edith grew up in Brisbane and moved to Sydney early in 1979, where she worked in a shoe shop. (This Cinderella was fitting slippers on other people's feet.) She got her break when she accompanied a workmate to an audition at a recording studio — purely to offer moral support. Unfortunately it was back to the shoe shop for the workmate, who was tone deaf. But Edith was invited to test her range in the sound booth, and the next thing she knew she was offered a recording contract. It was all rather bemusing for her, for she had previously confined her singing to the shower — "and the neighbors moved." Within a year she had chalked up three appearances on *Countdown* and a national Top Five hit, "If It's Love You Want." It was followed up by two more singles and an album. Her singing career was brought to an abrupt halt, however, when she took on a job as a reporter on *Simon Townsend's Wonder World* in August, 1982, where she was "thrown in at the deep end", knowing nothing about television, but having to report and direct her own stories. Now she's an old hand at television production. Edith's travelled all over Australia and the world working on a variety of assignments. Not that it's all fun and games. She tells tales of being terrified when jumping off a 21-metre cliff in Hawaii and of feeding a bunch of hungry lions at a wildlife park near Perth. She was inside a cage with their dinner; they were outside trying to get in. Edith has plenty of plans for the future — singing with a band, musical comedy — but in the meantime she's happy with what she's doing now. Describing herself, she says: "I'm an archetypal Libran... or at least I think I am." That's okay, Librans are renowned for being indecisive.



LUXEMBOURG
ASTRID



Nineteen-year-old Astrid Bacoul came to a sort of prominence in Luxembourg a year and a half ago when she was voted the principality's Cheese Queen. It wasn't quite in the Miss Universe class, but Astrid was thrilled all the same, especially with the healthy contract for promotional work that came along with it. Her crowning also carried on a family tradition, as her mother was the Luxembourg Cheese Queen in 1952. So that makes Astrid a slice off the old block, edammit!

PHOTOS BY JACQUES MONCOURT

Holly Myers could have walked out of a joke about California. Like the one about it taking 10 Californians to change a light bulb — one to do it and nine to share the experience. The 23-year-old from San Francisco used to be into EST, then it was primal scream therapy. A recent nasty bout of laryngitis prompted her to quit that and take up fire walking. One wonders why she bothers. As it is she's pretty hot to trot.
PHOTOS BY TEX MCKENZIE



USA
HOLLY





UNRESTRICTED EDITIONS AVAILABLE

The Australian Penthouse you buy at the newsstand is not the same Penthouse you get when you subscribe.

The only way to get the complete picture is to subscribe. In this magazine you'll find a subscription card.

Fill it out. Send it in. And you're a subscriber.

Every month, you get to read the best investigative journalism in Australia.

And see the best women in Australia. All of them.

As a Penthouse subscriber, you're automatically a member of the Penthouse VIP Club.

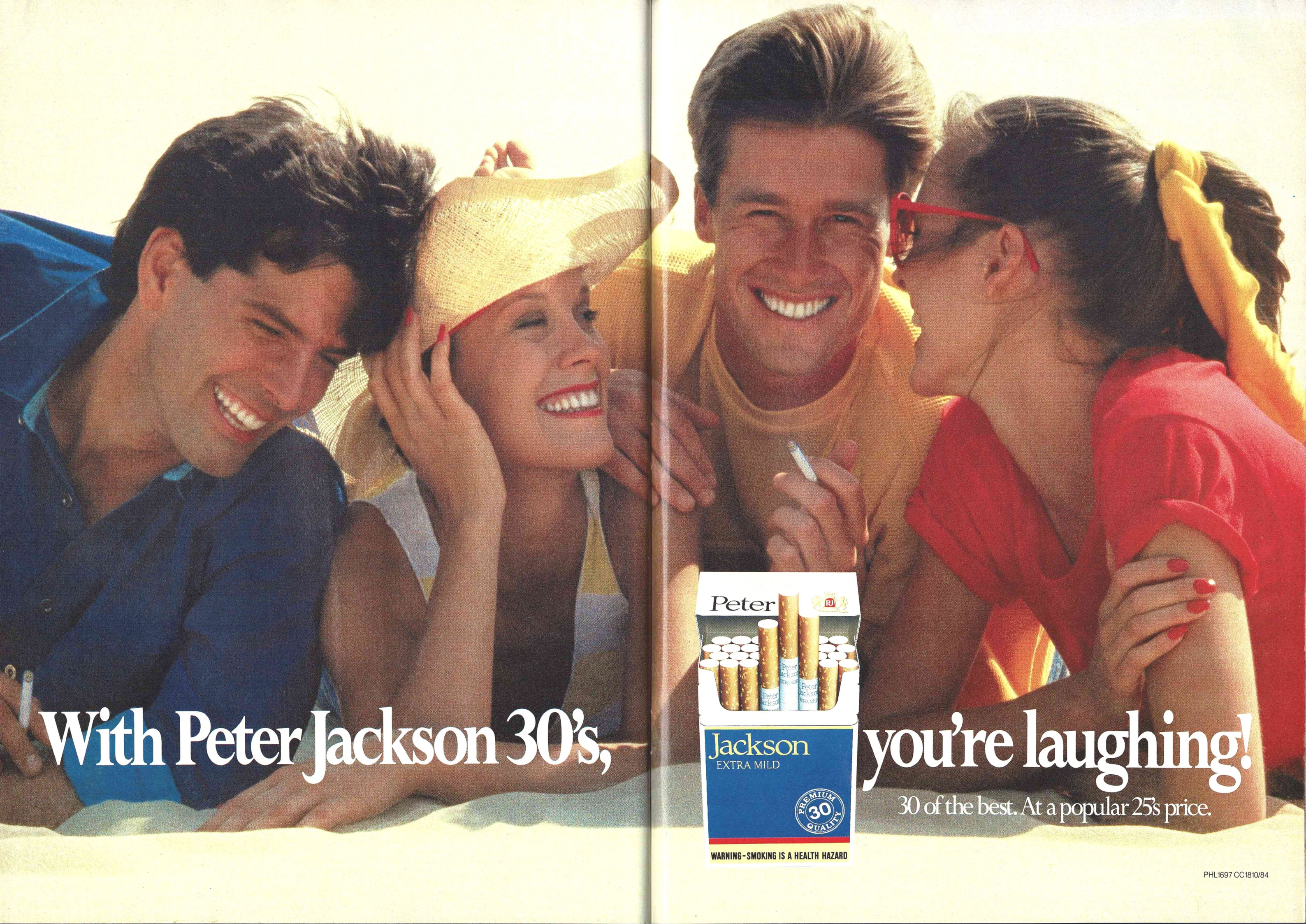
Because when your first subscription issue arrives, so will your membership card. It looks like a credit card, only it's going to save you money.

Up to 10% off the standard price on a select group of goods and services, rental cars, hotels, motels and restaurants, not to mention an ever expanding list of Penthouse merchandise available only to VIP members.

Send in the subscription card, and you're a subscriber, and a member of the VIP Club.

And a member of the Australia wide family of Penthouse readers.

Australian
PENTHOUSE 

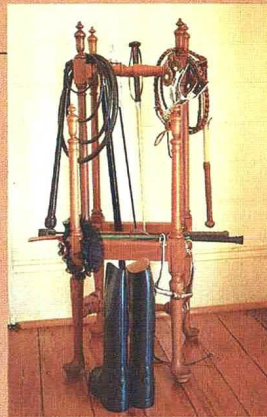


With Peter Jackson 30's,

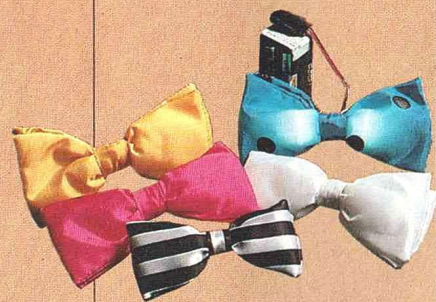


you're laughing!

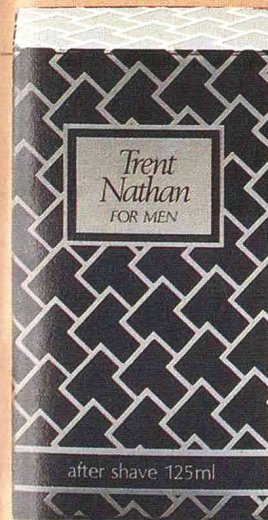
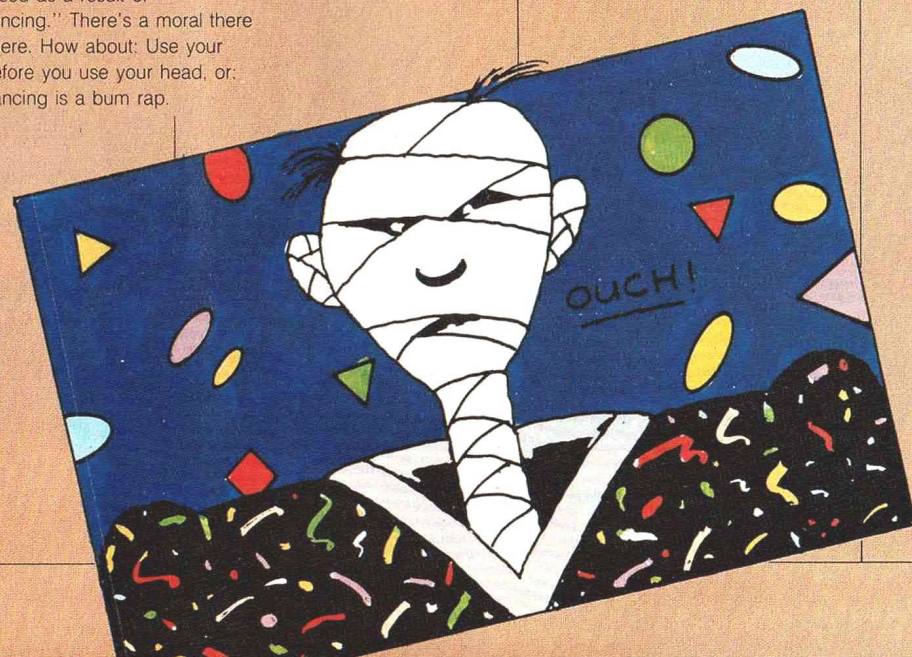
30 of the best. At a popular 25's price.



Penthouse has always like to think it caters for a wide range of tastes. So when someone sends in a photo of a whip and crop stand he's, er, flogging, we give it a run for the benefit of our horseriding readers. The stand's design is based on an 18th Century original and it's crafted in Honduran mahogany by reputed wood-turner Mike Darlow. This sporty addition to your playroom costs \$950 at Outside In, Australian Fine Art and Craft Gallery in Sydney. You'll need the whips if you want to crack one — with extras it's \$1400.



If you've wondered why breakdancing is so-named you might pick up a few clues from this excerpt from a recent US newspaper story: "A Mexican accountant who was visiting Chicago was so fascinated by the movements of breakdancers that he got into the act himself, with disastrous results. While attempting to do the famous 'headspin', Efrain Arreola fell and broke his neck, leaving him paralysed. It has been discovered that at least 10 other people in Chicago have been injured and hospitalised as a result of breakdancing." There's a moral there somewhere. How about: Use your head before you use your head, or: Breakdancing is a bum rap.

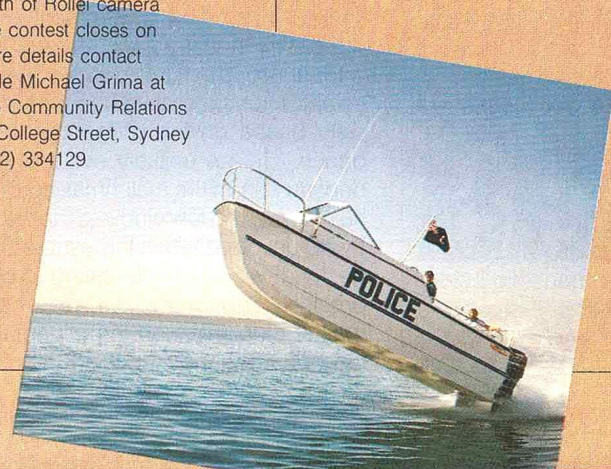


One day cosmetics manufacturers are going to wake up to themselves and start calling their aftershaves things like "Panty Remover" and "Damp Knickers Downwind." In the meantime they're coming up with names like "Trent Nathan For Men" as in the latest men's toiletry range available across the country. Not to say the product itself is lacking in punch. The famous Mr N has lent his name to a range of six products which are said to "embody an ideal of masculinity and an essence that is exciting and sensuous." Sounds like they've bottled Mel Gibson. Prices start at \$10 and range up to \$32.

Every year hundreds of sporty types lose or damage their watches while engaging in activities like squash, windsurfing, tennis, swimming and the like. A new item of sporting apparel called an Aquastrap is designed to protect your watch and keep it in place during your most exertive diversions. The Aquastrap is made of durable neoprene and is available in a wide range of colors and several sizes at jewellers and sporting goods shops across the country. For around \$5, it's an inexpensive insurance policy that looks pretty macho into the bargain.



Ever worried about being under police surveillance? Well here's your chance to turn the tables. The NSW Police Department's Community Relations Bureau is offering you the opportunity to snoop on the force with the introduction of the Rollei-Police photographic awards. A variety of competition categories allow both the amateur and professional lensman the opportunity to present his photographic impressions of the police force. Prizes include more than 10 grand's worth of Rollei camera equipment. The contest closes on May 3. For more details contact Senior Constable Michael Grima at the NSW Police Community Relations Bureau, 14-14 College Street, Sydney 2000. Phone (02) 334129



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Water baby Margi Lander of Southport in Queensland is the subject of this month's winning Polaroid entry. Photographer Geoff Lander, also of Southport, wins a choice of two top-of-the-line Polaroid prizes for his aesthetic efforts. First, there's the Polaroid SLR 680 Camera with its proven track record of excellence. His option is the recently-developed 35mm AutoProcess System which allows you to develop your own trans- nies at home in a matter of minutes. The Auto Process System comprises a processing kit, Cutter/Mounter, a pack of 12-exposure film and film mounts.

If you reckon your technique is up to scratch, send one or a couple of your more revealing shots (taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise) and you're in the running for a Polaroid prize. The subject of your photo also has the chance to be a *Penthouse* Pet and pick up a modelling fee of \$5000. So get snapping together now.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject).....of..... am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse* I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: _____ Date: _____

Signature of witness: _____ Date: _____



Sydney's Francesca Van Der Made

COMING IN MARCH AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Electronic Church — American evangelists are reaping a fortune from a gullible Australian congregation. Their dubious techniques are far more sophisticated than the old collection plate. Television has brought these high-powered holy rollers into the homes of thousands of rural folk who are often unaware that their mentors' motives are hardly Christian. *Penthouse* investigates.

Goodbye Swy — Two-up, the original Australian gambling game, is in a state of decline in the Eighties, although there are still a few schools around the country where the committed punter can do his dough. *Penthouse* surveys the current two-up scene across Australia and says a fond goodbye to the ultimate mug's game.

Imran Khan Interview — He is one of the greatest cricketers of all time, one of only a handful of players who have scored more than 2000 runs and taken more than 200 wickets in Test cricket. In this exclusive interview the Lion of Pakistan talks freely about cricket, politics, marriage and his status as a sex symbol.

Aural Sex — Every day hundreds of women talk dirty for fun and profit at fantasy telephone agencies across Australia. *Penthouse* gets a line on the newest and hottest business import from the States and talks to some of the girls who are heavy breathing all the way to the bank.

Pet Of The Month — Francesca Van Der Made's delicate and faultless beauty is almost too good to be true. The 17-year-old Sydney girl had never modelled before she posed for *Penthouse*, but the mind-blowing results of her first session prove she's a natural.

MATING GAME

Continued from page 41

control." Darby claimed the imbalance could be overcome by charging clients to have individual ads placed. "An agent has to be prepared to take more money from a person who's less likely to find someone in order to give that person a greater opportunity." As to the content of those personal ads, Darby admitted that they were sometimes embellished and added that in some states the law relating to advertising was so restrictive he had difficulty in complying with it. "Sure, the marriage agent's advertising makes it look all rosy. In some cases it is all rosy; in many cases it's not — but then neither is it all rosy with alternative means of finding a partner." (This justification appears to conflict somewhat with a provision in Darby's own adopted code of ethics, which states: "All advertising must comply with the codes and standards set out by the Advertising Standards Authority; it should be realistic and avoid arousing expectations which cannot be fulfilled.")

The selective use of advertising had led, according to Darby, to a current membership for The Sydney Marriage Agency of "probably 600 people of either sex who are available to meet someone right now." As a result, said Darby, his success rate was "very good. I normally get two or three happy couples a day. I would say that I have been responsible for more relationships and marriages than anyone else in Australia; I'm the greatest thing that's ever happened to unattached people in this country."

Despite his claims of unparalleled success as a matchmaker, Darby reckoned he was operating with a great many hidden costs and cited the tremendous burden of "ideologically retraining" staff as a major hindrance to expansion. However, several sources have referred to the huge turnover of clients at Darby's agencies and the man himself is rumored to have at one stage been a millionaire — an allegation he strenuously denies. "I've not made nearly as much out of this business as I'm worth," he said. "My sin is that I've been too much of a giver and not enough of a receiver — in that sense I have been *un-Christian*."

Mr Darby concluded the five-hour interview with these words: "I'm a creative thinker . . . but if the government forces me out of this industry I will retire to the hills with a group of like-minded people to establish an alternative free-enterprise society based on the philosophy of abundance." In the unlikely event of Darby's departure from the matchmaking business, he may well be followed into the wilderness by his devotees within this extraordinary industry. It would be interesting to discover precisely how many disciples he could muster to join him on the pilgrimage to a land of unbounded opportunity. ☐

In Melbourne, it's a winner with just a dash.



LB 8240 AB 3344/84

BELL'S

As you like it.

Fresh is Alpine.

Cool carefree Menthol freshness.

